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THE HISTORY OF TH
SQUARES *of* LONDO

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLO

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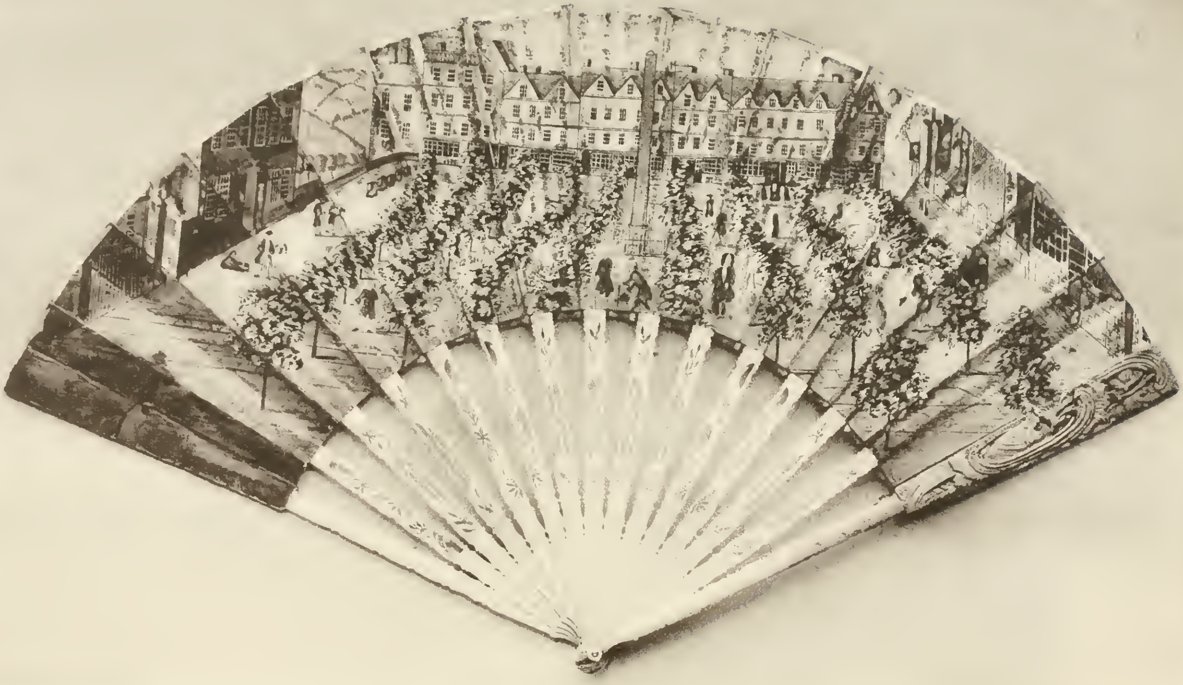
THE HISTORY OF
THE SQUARES OF LONDON



KENSINGTON SQUARE.

THE HISTORY OF THE SQUARES *of* LONDON

TOPOGRAPHICAL & HISTORICAL

BY

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A.
F.R. HIST. SOC.

WITH THIRTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
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DEDICATED

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TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL

DUCHESS OF FIFE

THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY
RESIDING IN ONE OF THE SQUARES
OF LONDON

PREFACE

MY aim in the writing of this book has been to give the history of the various Squares dealt with in as concise a form as possible, together with, in some cases, short accounts of past interesting inhabitants and anecdotes bearing on them or the localities in which they lived.

It has been obviously impossible to be exhaustive in the treatment of the different Squares, I mean, to trace the history of each house and its successive owners from the earliest days of their dual history, for had I attempted any such feat, my work would have been well-nigh endless, and I fear the volumes, like the valley of bones, would have been very many and very dry. I have, however, consulted many Rate Books to confirm a date, or with the hope of discovering fresh names of interest, and my search has, I am glad to think, not always been unprofitable.

If I attempted to tender my individual thanks to every one who has given me help, during the writing of this book, my task would be a pleasant, but it would also be a lengthy, one. Not only have very many of the present residents in the various Squares of London afforded me every assistance in their power, but the Rectors and Vicars of churches which in many instances stand in the precincts of the Squares, have also given me help on matters in which their knowledge is extensive and peculiar.

There are, however, some to whom my indebtedness cannot be discharged by a mere general line of thanks, and their names should rightly be found here, even if their claims on my gratitude are not specifically stated; but under the general heading of direct information, loans of books, &c., and researches on behalf of this work, the following, among many others who have shown interest in its progress, it gives me pleasure to particularly thank:—

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie; Lady Burne-Jones; Mrs. J. R. Green; Mrs. Godfrey Clark; the Marquis of Lansdowne; the Earl of Kerry; Lord Carew; the Archdeacon of Westminster; C. B. B. McLaren, Esq., K.C., M.P.; G. Harland Peck, Esq.; the Hon. Percy Wyndham; Godfrey Hamilton, Esq.; W. T. Boodle, Esq.; H. J. Fielding, Esq.;

Sir Howard Vincent; John B. Chubb, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.; Weedon Grossmith, Esq.; Walter P. Daniell, Esq.; Lord Haversham; Graham Vivian, Esq.; the Earl of Powis; A. Rhuvon Guest, Esq.; A. S. Sadler, Esq.; H. E. Hamilton-King, Esq.; Robert Birkbeck, Esq.; J. H. Yoxall, Esq., M.P.; G. P. Willoughby, Esq.; Francis Ricardo, Esq.; Halsey Ricardo, Esq.; Herbert C. Gibbs, Esq.; W. Harris, Esq.; L. L. Berman, Esq.; T. F. Blackwell, Esq.; A. R. O. Stutfield, Esq.; F. W. Hunt, Esq.; J. Mackintosh, Esq.; besides many others who have taken an interest in the work during its progress, and have helped with advice and encouragement.

To these sources of information must be added both that of the offices of the various ground-landlords, as well as the Rate Books. From the heads of the former and the custodians of the latter I have received every courtesy, which I here most gratefully acknowledge.

To speak in any detail of the books I have consulted—historical, biographical, and topographical—is unnecessary; but had I not had the splendid piece of work which Mr. Arthur Dasent has done in his *History of St. James's Square*, or the excellent account of Leicester Square by Tom Taylor (the only two books, so far as I know, dealing specifically with Squares), my chapters on those two places would have been far less adequate, than, thanks to them, I hope I have made them.

Of a more embracing nature, I need hardly say how much I owe to Mr. H. B. Wheatley's great amplification of Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, under the title of *London Past and Present*, a monumental work which combines the various labours of those who have more amply dealt with particular districts, whose individual works have also laid me under deep obligations; to which Mr. Harrison's *Memorable London Houses* and Mr. Hutton's *Literary Landmarks* must be added, as affording those short cuts to information which might otherwise have been easily overlooked.

To all these, and to how many others, I can but say, in Hamlet's words—

> "Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you."

E. B. C.

29 Elm Park Gardens, S.W.

INTRODUCTION

> "London! thou comprehensive word,
> What joys thy streets and squares afford."
>
> LUTTRELL, *Advice to Julia.*

THE "Square" as we know it, that is, as a residential quarter, is essentially an English institution. It is neither exactly analogous to the French Place, the Italian Piazza, or the German Platz; nor do we find on the Continent, to take but this quarter of the globe, any collocation of private houses, the inhabitants of which have a sort of prescriptive right over the ground on which their residences abut, as have those in the residential Squares of London; for such as Trafalgar and Sloane Squares, which have much in common with the *Places* of Paris, are not included in the perambulation which we are about to undertake.[1]

Those which I have dealt with in this volume, are practically all the residential Squares in London; their number is a larger one than many people would at first imagine, and their characteristics are curiously diverse. As Charles Lamb speaks of certain books which are "no books," so I may well describe certain Squares as being "no Squares"; and by this is not meant merely that their form logically precludes the appropriateness of such a designation, for were this so, this book would be a small one, as it is a curious fact that hardly any of the Squares of London are, in form, square at all; there are some which are triangles, some with only three, and many with unequal sides, and a few mere wedges and excrescences from adjoining thoroughfares; but by "no Squares" are meant such curious survivals of a past time, as, to take an instance, Gough Square, which contains one house of great interest and a few other buildings of little or none.

Then, the diverse characteristics of London Squares will be found in the antithesis of those in the east, to those in the west, end of the City. The former, once important in their buildings and their past residents, but now fallen from their high estate to merely commercial and professional uses; the latter still retaining their original character, but even here, in some instances, as in the case of Hanover Square, which appears to be following in the wake of Soho, Red Lion, Golden, Devonshire, and Salisbury Squares, to mention but these, gradually undergoing a metamorphosis no less sure because it happens to be slow.

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[1] Neither are the Squares belonging to the various Inns of Court dealt with, as being in their character *sui generis;* and requiring for their adequate treatment, a volume to themselves.

We shall find that, apart from those in the City, the great majority of London Squares are of comparatively recent date, that is, not earlier than the eighteenth century; the exceptions can be counted on the fingers, and many of the more important, not historically but residentially speaking, if the word can be used in this connection, will be found to be situated on ground regarded, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as being almost, if not quite, in the country; some of which were not formed till the century had reached the second half of its course.

Some Squares that are no longer in existence will be found dealt with; some, like Queen Square, Westminster, now known as Queen Anne's Gate, that have lost their identity in a change of nomenclature, but have otherwise practically retained their original features; some having so little of historic or antiquarian interest attaching to them that they have to be perforce dismissed with a mere allusion; others so full of interest that it has been difficult to discriminate between what should be said about them and what left unsaid. What I have attempted to do, is to set down the history of the various Squares, to describe their formation, to trace the occupancy of their houses to interesting, notable, in some cases notorious, people, and to, here and there, enliven a mere dull enumeration of names and dates, by some story or anecdote, which may seem to be not wholly out of place in a book of this character. Had I attempted to do more than this, the result would have been stupendous, the number of volumes required appalling, and the time needed for its completion lifelong, for it is a fact that, taken as a whole, the history of the Squares of London and their inhabitants, past and present, makes a large inroad on the literary, the artistic, and the political annals of the country. Statesmen and poets, writers and politicians, men and women of fashion, artists and doctors, people who have been famous or infamous, those who have been celebrated and those who have only been notorious, will all be found among the past residents, all having the same varied characteristics and the same various claims to attention as the Squares in which they once lived, and who are now

> "Cold, cold as those who lived and loved a thousand years ago."

Obviously I have been forced to refrain from any excursion into what may be termed conjectural hypothesis, for had I done this, I might have reasonably connected with the many houses, with the very stones of the Squares, nearly all the great ones of the past who have made London their home, and whose footsteps must so often have echoed on the pavements or in the rooms, from Devonshire Square in the east to St. James's in the west.

But although I have not attempted any such rehabilitation of life in the past as this, I have noticed the residence in various Squares of such real personages as Esmond and Sir Charles Grandison, Ralph Nickleby and Amelia Sedley; and even if these names are not to be found in the Rate Books, their ghosts must surely haunt the Squares where their actual presence seems hardly less real than does that of the many famous men and women whom we shall meet with in the following pages.

Apart from the intrinsic interest attaching to the various Squares,[1] we must remember that they all form part of that great organic whole, that wonder and mystery, that microcosm of the universe, London! Johnson once said that "London is nothing to some people; but to a man whose pleasure is intellectual, London is the place." If my readers agree with the great lexicographer, to borrow Miss Pinkerton's phrase, I shall hardly want a further inducement to tempt them into a perambulation of these lesser lungs to which the innumerable arteries of this great organism lead, and they will be more ready to find excuses for the many imperfections and shortcomings in the following pages, because these pages try to tell, however inadequately, something of the City they love.

NOTE

DURING the writing of this book a few alterations have taken place in the occupancy of some of the houses in the various squares, apart from the changes of private ownership which are constantly occurring, and these call for a word of notice.

In Hanover Square, Harewood House has been sold this year (1907) by the Royal Agricultural Society to the Central London Property Syndicate for £45,000, and the Society's new headquarters are now at 16 Bedford Square.

No. 20 St. James's Square, late the residence of the Watkin Wynn family, has been purchased by the Earl of Strathmore; while Winchester House, next door, has ceased to form part of the War Office, in consequence of the completion of the new War Office buildings in Whitehall.

In Cavendish Square, Harcourt House, as indicated in the text, has now been completely demolished, and on its site residential flats are being erected.

I have not mentioned the so-called Audley Square, because it cannot, notwithstanding its name, be regarded as other than an integral part of South Audley Street ; its seven houses simply standing back from the main thoroughfare. It is, however, interesting to know that the Duke of York was occupying one of the houses at the time of his death, although that did not actually occur here, in 1827 ; that Spencer Perceval was born here in November 1762 ; and that Lady William Russell, the mother of the late Lord Ampthill, whose charm of manner attracted to her *salon* so many notable people, lived at No. 2 for a number of years.

---

[1] Those mentioned, some *only* mentioned I need hardly say, number about 200. To these the tiny Princes Square, situated between Little Queen Street and Gate Street and once in the parish of St. Giles, might be added.

There should, too, be added to the account of Orme Square, the fact that the late Lord Leighton occupied No. 2 from the autumn of 1859, till he removed to his house in Holland Park Road in 1866 ; while the eminent Lord Chief Justice Coleridge resided at No. 1 Sussex Square.

An error has crept into p. 46. It was not the " Princely Chandos " who died of grief at the loss of his infant son, as there stated, and as mentioned by Hare ! As a matter of fact, the duke died in 1744, aged seventy-one, and was succeeded by his sixth son, the second duke.

The date of the planting of the plane-trees in Berkeley Square should be 1789, and not 1759.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

INTRODUCTION vii

CHAP.

I. Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares 1

II. Cavendish and Hanover Squares 42

III. St. James's, Panton, and Cleveland Squares 80

IV. Soho and Golden Squares 108

V. Leicester Square 141

VI. Red Lion, Bloomsbury, and Bedford Squares . . . 172

VII. Russell and Queen Squares 211

VIII. Tavistock, Gordon, Brunswick, Mecklenburgh, Woburn, Torrington, Regent, and Argyle Squares; and Harrington, Ampthill, Oakley, Fitzroy, Tolmers, Euston, Munster, Park, and Clarendon Squares . . . 238

IX. Portman, Montagu, Bryanston, Dorset, Manchester, Harewood, and Blandford Squares 262

X. Kensington Squares—

Cadogan, Ovington, Trevor, Montpelier, Brompton, Alexander, Thurloe, Onslow, Hereford, Edwards, and Kensington Squares.

Squares North of the Park—

Connaught, Oxford, Cambridge, Gloucester, Hyde Park, Norfolk, Orme, Pembroke, Norland, Ladbrooke, St. Charles's, and St. James's Squares 287

CHAP. PAGE

XI. WESTMINSTER SQUARES—
VINCENT, SMITH, AND QUEEN SQUARES

BELGRAVIA SQUARES—
ST. GEORGE'S, WARWICK, EBURY, VICTORIA, ECCLESTON, CHESTER, EATON, BELGRAVE, AND LOWNDES SQUARES.

CHELSEA SQUARES—
MARKHAM, MARLBOROUGH, TEDWORTH, WELLINGTON, TRAFALGAR, CARLYLE, PAULTONS, CAMERA, AND GILLRAY SQUARES 324

XII. SQUARES OF THE CITY AND EAST END—
GOUGH, SALISBURY, DEVONSHIRE, MYDDELTON, WELLCLOSE, PRINCE'S, CHARTERHOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, FINSBURY, BILLITER, HAYDON, HOXTON, CHARLES, GRANVILLE, CLAREMONT SQUARES, &C.

SQUARES OF NORTH-EAST AND SOUTH LONDON—
ARUNDEL, BARNSBURY, CLOUDESLEY, DE BEAUVOIR, AND CANONBURY SQUARES; TRINITY, MERRICK, NELSON, AND LORRIMORE SQUARES 356

INDEX 399

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VIEW OF KENSINGTON SQUARE . . . . *Frontispiece*

On a fan, temp. *William III. Reproduced for the first time by kind permission of the owner*, MISS MOSS.

BERKELEY SQUARE, WEST SIDE . . . . . . *To face page* 1

From a water-colour drawing, dated 1814, *in the Crace Collection.*

LANSDOWNE HOUSE, BERKELEY SQUARE . . . . " 7

From a drawing by SCHNEBBELIE.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, LOOKING NORTH . . . . . " 23

From the view in STRYPE'S *edition of* STOW.

CAVENDISH SQUARE . . . . " 42

On a fan supposed to have been painted by CANALETTO.

PLAN OF LORD HARLEY'S ESTATE, DATED 1719 . . . " 44

Drawn by JOHN PRINCE *and engraved by* SUTTON NICHOLLS.

HANOVER SQUARE . . . . " 60

From the print by SUTTON NICHOLLS.

PLAN OF THE PARISH OF ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE, DATED 1787 . . . . " 70

From BOWLES'S *Map of London.*

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE . . . . " 80

From the first state of SUTTON NICHOLLS'S *view.*

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE . . . . " 91

Second state of the same print.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE . . . . " 102

From the view by ACKERMANN, *dated* 1812.

PANTON SQUARE . . . . " 105

From a water-colour drawing by SHEPHERD, *in the Crace Collection.*

CLEVELAND HOUSE, CLEVELAND SQUARE . . . . . *To face page* 107
From the view published by N. SMITH *in* 1799.

SOHO SQUARE . . . . „ 109
From SUTTON NICHOLLS'S *print, dated* 1754.

PLAN OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S ESTATE, INCLUDING SOHO SQUARE . . . . „ 113
From the print by WHITE, *dated* 1799.

NORTH-EAST CORNER OF SOHO SQUARE . . . . . „ 120
From a water-colour drawing by RICHARDSON, *dated* 1826, *in the Crace Collection.*

GOLDEN SQUARE . . . . „ 129
From the print by SUTTON NICHOLLS, *dated* 1750.

LEICESTER SQUARE . . . . „ 141
First state of the print published by BOWLES.

VIEW OF THE CENTRE OF LEICESTER SQUARE, SHOWING WYLD'S GLOBE . . . . „ 170
From a water-colour drawing by SHEPHERD, *dated* 1851, *in the Crace Collection.*

RED LION SQUARE . . . . „ 172
From the print by SUTTON NICHOLLS.

MAP OF THE PARISH OF ST. GILES . . . . . . „ 177
From MORDEN AND LEA'S *Plan of London*, *dated* 1732.

SOUTHAMPTON OR BLOOMSBURY SQUARE . . . . . „ 183
From the print by SUTTON NICHOLLS.

BEDFORD HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE . . . . . „ 186
From a print by HOWLETT.

RUSSELL SQUARE, SHOWING STATUE OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD . . . . „ 211
From the engraving by MOTRAM *of* SHEPHERD'S *water-colour drawing.*

QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY . . . . „ 226
From POLLARD'S *engraving of the picture by* E. DAYES.

THE EAST SIDE OF FITZROY SQUARE . . . . . . „ 251
From MALCOLM'S *print, dated* 1807.

PORTMAN SQUARE, NORTH SIDE . . . . . . *To face page* 262
From the water-colour drawing by GINGAL, *dated* 1794, *in the Crace Collection.*

MRS. MONTAGU'S HOUSE, PORTMAN SQUARE . . . . ,, 271
From the water-colour drawing by SHEPHERD.

MANCHESTER SQUARE, SHOWING MANCHESTER (NOW HERTFORD) HOUSE . . . . ,, 281

PLAN OF THE GROSVENOR ESTATE, IN THE PARISH OF ST. GEORGE, 1723 . . . . ,, 333

VIEW OF COTTAGES ON THE SITE OF EATON SQUARE . . ,, 339
From a water-colour drawing in the Chelsea Library. Reproduced for the first time by kind permission of the Committee.

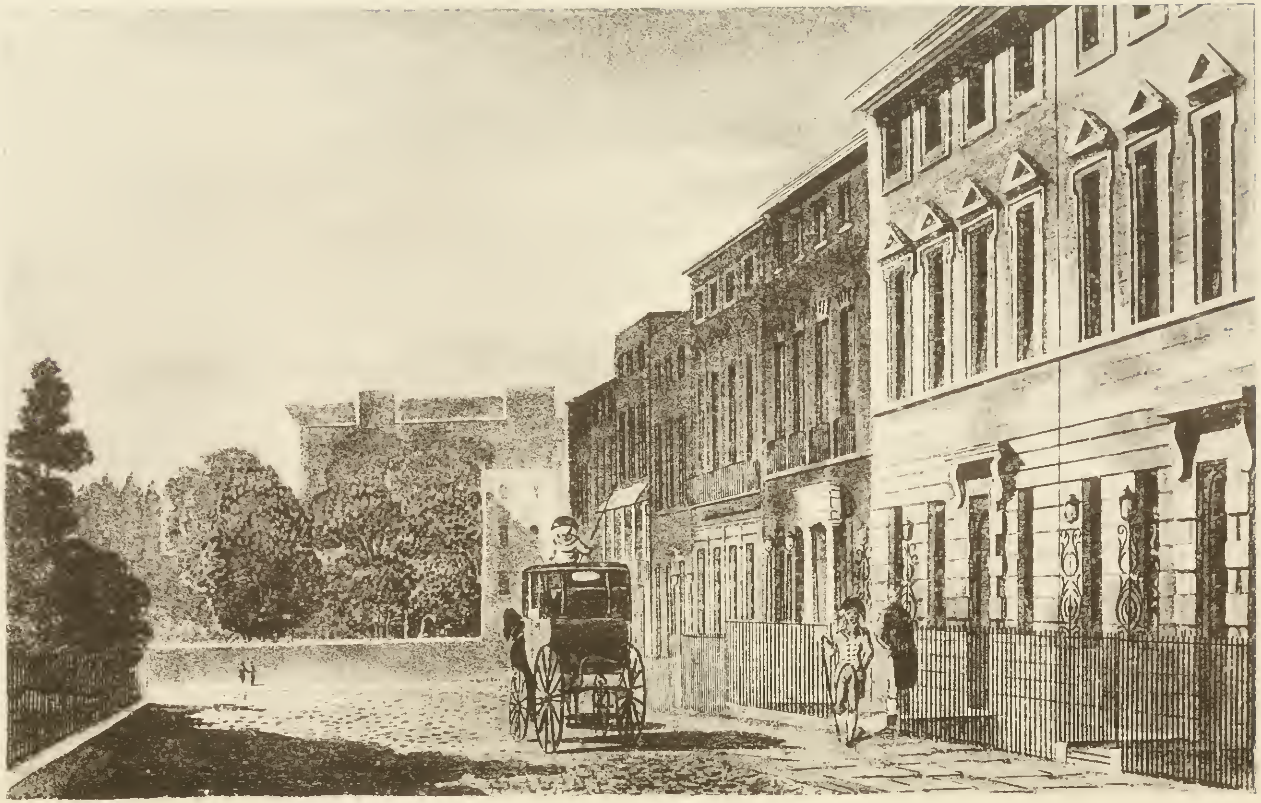
VIEW OF SPRING GARDENS, ON THE SITE OF LOWNDES SQUARE . . . . ,, 347
From a water-colour drawing in the Chelsea Library. Reproduced for the first time by kind permission of the Committee.

CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE . . . . ,, 372
From the print by SUTTON NICHOLLS.

FINSBURY SQUARE . . . . ,, 379
From the print published by JOHN FAIRBAIRN *in* 1796.

PLAN OF SHOREDITCH AND VICINITY, SHOWING HOXTON AND CHARLES SQUARES AND MOORFIELDS, THE SITE OF FINSBURY SQUARE . . . . ,, 386

CROSBY HALL, CROSBY SQUARE . . . . ,, 390
From TINGLE'S *print of* SHEPHERD'S *water-colour drawing.*



BERKELEY SQUARE.

THE SQUARES OF LONDON

CHAPTER I

BERKELEY SQUARE

> "A broad square, filled with trees, flowers, and garden-ground opens before us."
> MAX SCHLESINGER, *Saunterings in and about London.*

THOUGH not so old as St. James's or Bloomsbury Squares, Berkeley Square is one of the oldest and most important of the squares or "quadrates," as Maitland[1] terms them, in the west end of London. Its genesis, the noble family and mansion from which it takes its name, and the original appearance of many of the houses, as well as its position in the heart of the most fashionable portion of the town, all contribute to its importance and interest; while the number of remarkable people who have, at one time or another, lived in it, give it an almost historic position in the annals of the country.

It was formed in the early part of the eighteenth century,[2] on a portion of the "noble gardens," as Evelyn calls them, of Berkeley House which John, Lord Berkeley, the hero of Stratton fight, erected at a cost of over £30,000 on his return from his tenure of the vice-royalty of Ireland. "It was built not only in the country, but where a rustic structure stood, called Hay Hill farm," says the Hon. Grantley Berkeley,[3] "nevertheless it was on the north side of Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park. The estate of which it formed a part was afterwards selected for building purposes by his widow, and a square and two streets in a few years sprang up around it, much to the distaste of honest John

---

[1] *History of London.*

[2] In Aggas' plan (*temp.* Queen Elizabeth) the site is shown as open fields, as it also is in the later plan by Faithorne dated 1655.

[3] *My Life and Recollections*, vol. i. p. 78.

Evelyn, who feelingly expressed his disapprobation at the overgrowth of London!"

In 1736, Messrs. Cock and Hillyard, described in the deeds as "carpenters," had obtained building leases and erected houses in Bruton Street and Berkeley Street, and having been successful in their undertaking, were anxious to enlarge their operations, whereupon William, Lord Berkeley, agreed to grant them a lease of certain ground on the understanding that the necessary space should be left to complete the square. It was not, however, till eleven years later that Lord Berkeley's successor, John, Lord Berkeley, executed this lease, by which he granted to Edward Cock and Francis Hillyard of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, about three acres of land, which now comprises Berkeley Square. In the lease thus granted, this land is described as being "enclosed by dwarf brick walls, and wooden rails and pallisadoes set thereon." [1]

Old Berkeley House,[2] which Evelyn calls "one of the most magnificent pallaces of the towne," and which had been built by Hugh May in the classical style, in imitation of a design by Palladio, became the residence at one time of the Princess Anne until January 1695, and in 1697, was purchased by the first Duke of Devonshire, "the finest and handsomest gentleman of his time." On October 16, 1733, it was burnt to the ground, through the carelessness of workmen engaged in repairing it,[3] and although many of the more valuable contents were saved, the loss was estimated at £30,000—the sum which it was said to have originally cost. The present house, built from designs by Kent and now known as Devonshire House,[4] was erected on the site of the former mansion, of which all that was incorporated in the later building was the portico and marble staircase. Although Evelyn saddened at the thought of the extension of London, as we have seen, it was nevertheless he who was consulted by Lady Berkeley in the development of a portion of her estate, and in his *Diary*, under date of June 12, 1684, he writes: "I went to advise and give directions about building two streets in Berkeley Gardens, reserving the house and as much of the garden as the breadth of the house. In the meantime I could not but deplore that sweet place (by far the most noble gardens, courts and accommodations, stately porticos, etc., anywhere about town) should be so much straitened and turned into tenements." The Diarist, however, finds some excuse for Lady Berkeley's action, in the fact that Lord Clarendon's house close by had met the same fate, and also in consequence of "so excessive a price as was offered, advancing near £1000 per annum in mere ground rents." Could Evelyn have anticipated what would be the value of these mere ground rents two centuries later, he might have regarded the change still more philosophically!

---

[1] Information kindly supplied me by Walter Boodle, Esq., of the Grosvenor Estate Office.

[2] The only view of it known to exist is that on the large map of London published by Ogilby and Morgan about 1682. It shows a palatial erection not unlike old Burlington House close by.

[3] Wheatley's *Round about Piccadilly*, p. 96.

[4] The name seems to have been changed when the Duke of Devonshire purchased it in 1697, for his death in 1707, is stated by Bishop Kennet to have occurred at "Devonshire House Piccadilly." Note to Evelyn's *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*.

In a plan of the Parish of St. James's taken from a survey made in 1755, and reproduced by Jesse,[1] we can see the relative size of old Berkeley House and its grounds; practically the northern half of the ground there shown now forms the site of the present Lansdowne House, which occupies the whole of the south side of Berkeley Square, except the south-eastern corner, which forms the opening into Berkeley Street.

Notwithstanding the central position which Berkeley Square occupies, Beloe in his *Sexagenarian* tells an anecdote which curiously illustrates the restricted peregrinations of our forefathers; it was the last story which he heard Horace Walpole relate, and is to the effect that "in the time of Sir Robert Walpole it was the established etiquette that the Prime Minister returned no visits, but on his leaving office Sir Robert took the earliest opportunity of visiting his friends, and one morning he happened to pass, for this purpose, through Berkeley Square, the whole of which had been actually built whilst he was Minister, and *he had never before seen it.* This incident alone prevailed upon his son Horace to take the first opportunity which offered of purchasing a house here."[2]

Lansdowne House, which with its grounds occupies the whole of the south side of the square, was commenced in the middle of the eighteenth century by the Earl of Bute, from designs by Robert Adam; and it is known, as Wraxall phrases it, that this magnificent residence "exposed him to very malignant comments respecting the means by which he had reared so expensive a pile"; while political scandal, at the time, asserted that Lansdowne House was built by one Peace (Lord Bute's in 1762) and paid for by another (Lord Shelburne's in 1783). It was not, however, till 1765 that Lord Bute sold the place in an unfinished condition to the Earl of Shelburne for £22,500, although as it then stood it is supposed to have cost him some thousands more. Lord Shelburne, the "Malagrida"[1] of Junius and the "Jesuit of Berkeley Square" of George III., would appear to have been contemplating the purchase of a house, or a site on which to build one, some years previously, for we find C. J. Fox writing to him, on June 29, 1761, when he talked of retiring from public life, thus: "I see you have ordered Mr. Adam to look out for space to build an Hotel upon. The late Lord Leicester[2] and the late Lord Digby were about a fine piece of ground for that purpose, still to be had, the garden of which, or the court before which, may extend all along the bottom of Devonshire garden, though no house must be built there; the house must be where some old paltry stables stand at the lower end of Bolton Row."[3] This site was, however, secured by Lord Bute, before Lord Shelburne could make up his mind to take Fox's advice, and the present position of Lansdowne House, not facing Berkeley Square as one might have supposed it would, is thus accounted for by the restrictions mentioned by Fox—restrictions undoubtedly made when Lady Berkeley of Stratton originally developed the estate. We find a reference to the new house in Lady Shelburne's Diary, where, under date of January 14, 1760, she writes: "Lord Dunmore breakfasted here, and went afterwards with Lord Shelburne to the new house in Berkeley Square." Although Lord Shelburne gave a sort of house-warming in his new possession on August 1, 1760, it was even then in an unfinished state, for Lady Shelburne's Diary contains this entry for August 20th of the same year: "I had the pleasure of coming to Shelburne House, from whence I continue this diary My Lord was just going to the Council, as I arrived, with Lord Granby; we had some little conversation upon the steps, and I had full time to walk over and examine the house. It is very noble and I am much pleas'd with it, tho' perhaps few people wou'd have come to live in it in so unfinished a state."[4] Although Lord Shelburne held various high offices and was Prime Minister in 1782–3, being created Marquis of Lansdowne in the following year, and although, as Mr. McCarthy says, "most of his political ideas were in advance of his time, and his personal friendships prove him to have been a man of appreciative intelligence,"[5] it seems to have been rather his misfortune than his fault that he could never attain a reputation for sincerity; and we shall not be surprised to find Lord Brougham, considering that the fact that Dr. Priestley was Librarian at Lansdowne House in the time of Lord Shelburne, constituted its chief glory. The passage in the life of Priestley can, *mutatis mutandis*, be compared with Gibbon's more celebrated apotheosis of Fielding: "With whatever difference of sentiment statesmen may at any time view Lansdowne House, the lovers of science in the latest ages will gaze with veneration on that magnificent pile, careless of its architectural beauties but grateful for the light which its illustrious founder caused to beam from thence over the whole range of natural knowledge; and after the structure shall have yielded to the fate of all human works, the ground on which it once stood, consecrated to far other recollections than those of conquest or power, will be visited by the pilgrim of philosophy with a deeper fervour than any that fills the bosom near the Forum or the Capitol of ancient Rome."

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[1] *Memorials of London.*

[2] This is given in Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present.* But it is hardly correct to say that the whole Square had been built during Walpole's tenure of office. Walpole's first premiership lasted from 1715–1717, his second from 1721–1742; and, as we have seen, the Square was formed early in the eighteenth century. Allowing, however, for its very gradual development, we may substitute the word "finished" in place of "built," and be tolerably correct.

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[1] Goldsmith once naively remarked to Lord Shelburne that he could not imagine why any one should compare him to Malagrida, "for Malagrida was a very *good* sort of man."

[2] Thomas Coke, created Earl of Leicester 1744, and Edward, sixth Lord Digby.

[3] Fitzmaurice's *Life of Lord Shelburne*, vol. i. p. 106.

[4] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 183.

[5] Hayward tells a story to the effect that "when Gainsborough painted his portrait, his lordship complained that it was not like. The painter said *he* did not approve of it either, and begged to try again. Failing a second time he flung down his pencil, saying: "D—— it, I never could see through varnish, and 'there's an end.'"

Although Brougham makes this statement with regard to Priestley alone, it is probable that when he wrote it he did not foresee the illustrious ones in all walks of life whom the third Marquis of Lansdowne was to gather around him in Berkeley Square. Without taking up a large portion in the annals of his country, the third Lord Lansdowne was a remarkable man and held many high offices of state, and indeed in his later years became a sort of Nestor to the Liberal Party. Lucky in himself and his possessions, he was luckier still in his friends, and the pages of Moore's Diary and similar records of the period attest the amiability of his character and the discrimination of his judgment. One reference in Moore's journal may parenthetically be given here. He was told by Jekyll that the proprietor of Lansdowne House before the old Lord Lansdowne, presumably Lord Bute, had a project of placing twenty-seven fiddlers in an underground apartment, hermetically sealed, from which room pipes introduced into any other chamber where required, would conduct the music; Lord Lansdowne himself confirmed this, but stated that an organ and not men, was intended to be thus placed, and that the pipes were actually discovered when some repairs were being subsequently made to the mansion.

The son of the first Marquis was also a man of some little note—"a tall personable man, rather regardless of his dress," according to a contemporary authority;[1] he succeeded as second Marquis in 1805, and died four years later. His first act on succeeding to the title was to disperse the fine collection of literary and artistic treasures which his father had collected in Lansdowne House. The pictures went in all directions, but the invaluable Lansdowne MSS. were purchased *en bloc* by the British Museum. But although the second Marquis showed so little care for these treasures, he proved his appreciation of the collection of antique statues, which he took over from the executors of the first Marquis, at £6000 or £7000. It was this nobleman who tried to emulate Sir William Petty's principle of a double-bottomed ship[1]—with somewhat disastrous results. Eccentric in most things, he took a pride in emerging from Lansdowne House in the coldest weather without greatcoat or gloves, and in town he became a marked man.[2]

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[1] *Public Characters*, 1809-10.

When the third Marquis succeeded his half-brother, he found, with the exception of a few family portraits, hardly a picture in Lansdowne House, and it became his immediate care to bring together a fine and representative collection of the works of the old masters, while the contemporary records of celebrated painters show that he was a liberal and discriminating patron of the artists of his own time; he also purchased from the widow of the second Marquis, the collection of sculpture which had been left her by that peer, and which is thus proved, rather curiously, not to have been an heirloom.

The pictures which grace this noble house are too numerous to mention with anything like completeness; but special attention may be drawn to Reynolds's beautiful portrait of Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia, and the celebrated portrait of Pope by Jervas, as well as Hogarth's well-known representation of Peg Woffington, Reynolds's portrait of Horace Walpole, the sleeping child by Velasquez, and the Duc de Reichstadt by Lawrence, besides examples of the great painters from the early days of the art down to Leighton and Millais.

The beautiful furniture and *objéts d'art* equal in value and rarity the canvases that hang on the walls, and the magnificent reception rooms, of which a characteristic is that they all communicate, and thus form, on the occasion of balls and receptions, one vast and complete suite of apartments, as do those on the first floor, form a fitting setting for these treasures, and place Lansdowne House amongst the half-dozen finest private palaces (to call them houses seems inadequate) in London.

Apart from the exterior, Adam's beautiful work is to be seen to great perfection, not only in the details such as chimney-pieces, cornices, &c., but particularly in the dining-room, probably the most elaborate example of his style in existence.

The formation of the remarkable collection of statuary seems to have

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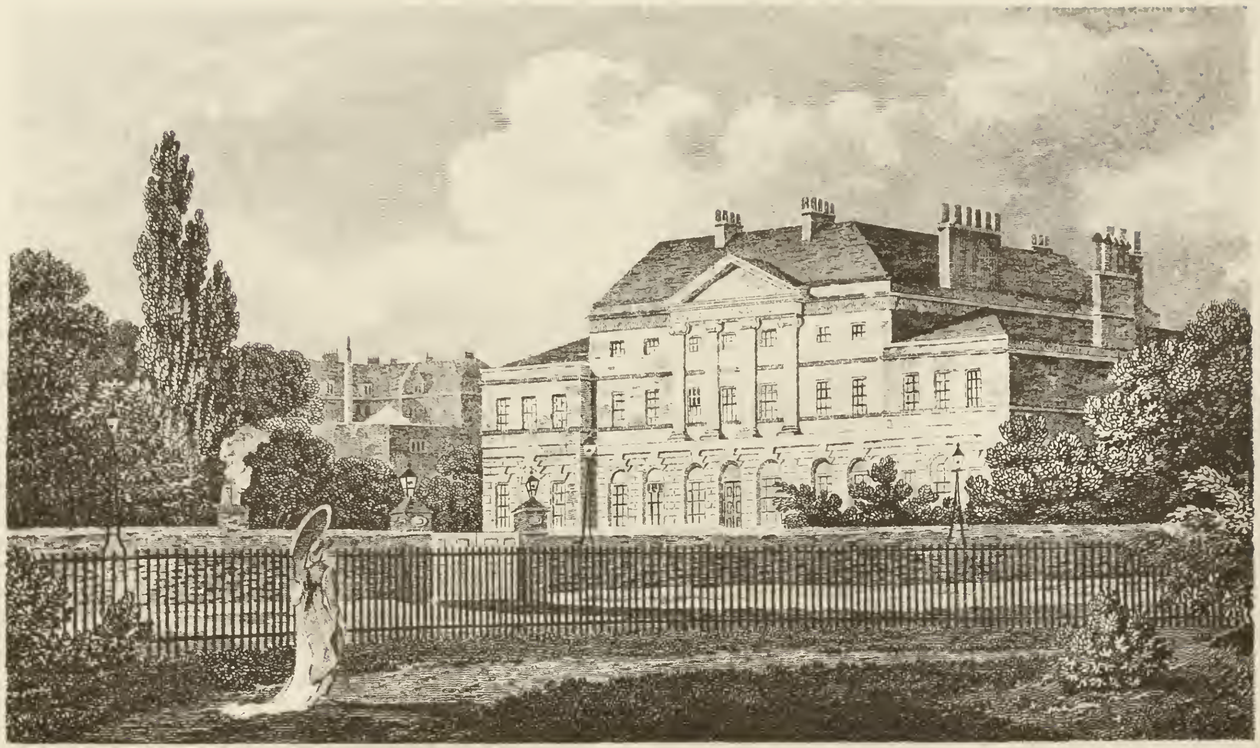
[1] Mentioned by Sorbière in his *Voyage en Angleterre*, 1666, p. 63.

[2] Timbs's *Romance of London*.



Drawn by Schnebbelie & Engraved by Sparrow.

Pub.d for Hughson's Description of London

LANSDOWNE HOUSE, Berkeley Square.

had its genesis in a visit which Lord Shelburne paid to Italy in 1771, after the death of his wife. He was aided in the acquirement of these treasures by Gavin Hamilton, who undertook on his behalf extensive excavations in the vicinity of Rome. Hamilton, a Scottish painter whom Goethe in his *Winckelmann* praised for thus enlarging the field from which artists drew their inspiration, was just the man for the work—full of knowledge, energy, and patience; and that Lansdowne House contains probably the finest private collection of sculpture in this country, is largely due to his indefatigable interest in the work of excavation. But not only this: he was as careful over the housing of these artistic relics as he was in their discovery, and he prepared an elaborate scheme for adorning the home of his patron and for preserving his *trouvailles*. The chief item in his scheme was the formation of a gallery, which it was arranged should be erected by the architect Panini.[1] This gallery was formed by the enlargement of a music-room, which had been a part of Adam's original design of Lansdowne House, and it is now used as a ball-room. Here are now to be seen the Discobolus, the Hermes, the statue of Artemis, the group of Eros and Psyche, the Marcus Aurelius, and other equally famous pieces of sculpture, together with sarcophagi, altar-fronts, busts, and torsos, one of which would be almost sufficient to give a *cachet* to a collection less richly endowed.

Lord Lansdowne was not only a patron of artists, he was also a true friend to the literary men of his day. "He did not," we are told, "extend a haughty or condescending patronage to men of talent or genius. He claimed brotherhood with them."[2] And further, "The guests at Lansdowne House were so selected that the host took care that all should share in the conversation, and when they were re-assembled in the drawing-room, he would adroitly coax them into groups, or devote himself for a minute or two carelessly and without effort to the most retiring or least known."

After the manner of Macaulay's sketch of Holland House, Hayward thus speaks of Lansdowne House: "There is the dinner-table at which Rogers, placed between Hallam and Macaulay, complained that they wrangled and fought over him, 'as if I was a dead body': at which, in precisely similar circumstances, the great French historian and statesman, Thiers, fell asleep. There are the grim grey statues, looking down from their niches on the recumbent figure (by Canova) in white marble that gave rise to the somewhat hazardous joke of Payne Knight, which the Marquis did not repeat till the ladies had withdrawn. It was in the doorway of that concert-room that the brilliant and fastidious Frenchman (Montalembert) uttered his now celebrated saying, 'You English cling to your established beauties as you stand by your old institutions;' and it was in the adjoining saloon that Madame de Staël, after a consultation with her host as to the best position for attracting notice, took her premeditated stand;"[1] while of the library, which was added in 1790, Fox[2] was used to say he always liked it, it was so vast, so retired, and he always liked the idea of a large room in the midst of a great city.

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[1] The whole matter, with Hamilton's correspondence, is fully given in the catalogue of Ancient Marble at Lansdowne House, prepared by Professor Michaelis and printed for private circulation. A copy, from which the above information is extracted, was kindly lent me by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

[2] Hayward.

Lansdowne House is the most important mansion in Berkeley Square, but some of the smaller houses more than equal it in interest so far as the fame of their former occupiers is concerned.

At No. 6, lived the second Earl of Chatham, and although this nobleman has left no particular mark on the records of his country, he has an adventitious glory in being the son of the great Earl and the brother of William Pitt. On the authority of Wraxall we know that "he strongly resembled his father in face and person," but we also know "that his manners seemed to prohibit all familiarity and almost to forbid approach." It was at this house that William Pitt when Prime Minister received, in 1784, a deputation from the City of London, which brought him the Freedom, "as a mark of gratitude for, and approbation of, his zeal and assiduity in supporting the legal prerogatives of the crown," and subsequently attended him to a banquet in the Hall of the Grocers' Company. Great crowds, we are told, had assembled early in the morning, and an immense concourse of people joined the procession on its leaving the door of Lord Chatham's house.[3]

Two interesting people lived at different times at No. 10. One was the Dowager-Countess of Albemarle, widow of the third Earl and daughter of Sir John Miller, a Hampshire baronet. She would seem to have had anything but an amiable temper, and her grandson mentions that she once boxed his ears after he had served in the Waterloo campaign! The same chronicler relates how, being a stout Burdettite when a boy, and during the Burdett Riots having cried out lustily, "Burdett for ever," but being terrified by the clattering of swords and pattering of hoofs which betokened the approach of the soldiery, he did not stop running until he found himself, safe and sound, in his grandmother's house. "That same evening," he continues, "a large and noisy multitude assembled in our Square, and smashed every pane of glass in the windows of No. 12, the house next but one to Lady Albemarle's. The object of popular resentment was the Earl of Dartmouth, who rented that house of my father."[1] This Lord Dartmouth was the third Earl, described in the Malmesbury Letters as being in 1777, "a very fat fair young man," who held many important positions, amongst others that of Lord of the Bedchamber to George IV., when Prince of Wales.

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[1] Hayward's *Essay on Lord Landsdowne.*

[2] Rogers's *Recollections*, p. 39.

[3] Tomline's *Life of Pitt*, vol. i. p. 408.

Berkeley Square was to be startled by another political demonstration, more important even than that connected with Sir Francis Burdett, for Charles James Fox, after his return to Parliament for Westminster in 1784, was the chief figure in a procession as remarkable as any that has ever perambulated the streets of London. Besides the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, each in a coach and six, trumpeters on foot and on horseback, bands, bodies of electors, emblematical banners, &c., and the "select committee, splendidly mounted, composed of the first men of rank and fortune,"[2] the "sights self," as Browning phrases it—the "hero of the hour," was in the midst "in a simple and elegantly adorned chair, interwoven with laurel, myrtle, and flowers, with a relief of thirty-two men in white." This procession, after proceeding round Covent Garden, entered the Strand by Catherine Street and went westward past Charing Cross, and after going to Parliament Street returned to Pall Mall, where it made a halt at Carlton House; thence up St. James's Street to Piccadilly, where at Devonshire House the Prince of Wales was awaiting it. The cavalcade then paraded Berkeley Square, and returned to Devonshire House, "the gates of which were thrown open, and discovered upon the balustrades the heir apparent surrounded by the first Whig families in the kingdom."[3]

The other notable, later, occupant of No. 10 was Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde; illustrious in all the wars waged by this country, from the Peninsular, to the Mutiny where he was chief-in-command. In March 1863, "he furnished a house, No. 10 Berkeley Square, and wrote to his friends, General and Mrs. Eyre, telling them he had set up two small bedsteads for their children, of whom he seems to have been very fond";[4] but he died, after a long illness, during August of the same year.[5]

Next door to No. 10, is the house, No. 11, which Horace Walpole occupied, having removed here in 1779, from Arlington Street, the lease of which had just expired. Although the house is now No. 11, it was, in Walpole's time, No. 40, and is so given in Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795. There has been some difference of opinion as to which was Walpole's actual house, Mr. Hutton[1] giving it as No. 42, at the corner of Hill Street. "This was the *old* No. 11," says Mr. Harrison,[2] "but the present numbering appears *with the old* on Horwood's plan of London for 1799, No. 11 being identical with the *old* No. 40, where, as Lord Orford, Walpole appears in the *Guide* for 1796."

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[1] Lord Albemarle's *Fifty Years of My Life*. The house was originally No. 39, and in Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795, the Earl of Albemarle is given as then residing there.

[2] Mrs. Papendiek mentions this in her Diary, and states that George Papendiek and her nephew Hugh were two of the twenty-four gentlemen of the Prince of Wales's household who immediately followed the chair in which Fox was seated. *Diary*, vol. i. p. 211.

[3] *Fashion Now and Then*, by Lord W. Pitt Lennox, vol. i. p. 135.

[4] The house was not long since occupied by Lieut.-Col. H. R. Eyre.

[5] Henry Greville notes the circumstance in his Diary for August 16, 1863.

Walpole had commenced negotiations for the purchase of this house two years previously, and in the November of 1777, he had, as he tells Lady Ossory, come to town to take possession, but difficulties arose over the purchase, and he found himself, from some cause or other, involved in Chancery proceedings. In July 1797, however, the troubles were overcome, and we find him coming up from Strawberry Hill to pay the purchase money. Two months later he moved in and was apparently delighted with his acquisition, for he writes again to Lady Ossory, on October 14th of that year, in these terms: "I came to town this morning to take possession of Berkeley Square, and am as well pleased with my new habitation as I can be with anything at present. Lady Shelburne's being queen of the palace[3] over against me has improved the view since I bought the house, and I trust will make your ladyship not so shy as you were in Arlington Street."[4]

On the day this letter was written, his "inauguration day," he writes to others besides Lady Ossory, and "it is seeming to take a new lease of life," he says to Mason. But although he had a decade and a half before him, he had "sober monitors that warn me not to delude myself," he adds. Indeed, he soon had one of the lesser ills of life to trouble him, for in the first year of his occupancy, he was summoned, he writes to Miss Berry, from Strawberry Hill; "My footman John having pawned a silver strainer and spoons, which, not being found out till noon, as it had been done here, he ran away in the night, and I have been forced to come and see if he had done no worse." But apparently he had done worse, for the man appears to have gone straight from Berkeley Square to Strawberry Hill and there to have hanged himself in the grounds.

For over twenty years Walpole divided his time between Strawberry Hill and Berkeley Square, and at the latter house he died on March 2, 1797, in his eightieth year. He left the house to his niece, Lady Waldegrave, who was living here in 1800, as is evidenced by the Hon. Grantley

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[1] *Literary Landmarks.*

[2] *Memorable London Houses.*

[3] Lansdowne House, of course.

[4] Cunningham's *London.*

Berkeley, who says that about the year of his birth (*circa* 1800), she was the occupant of the residence.[1]

This Lady Waldegrave was interested, as a relative, in the so-called Seymour case, which arose about the disputed guardianship of Mrs. Fitzherbert over Mary Seymour, the youngest child of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia Seymour. The executors of Lord Hugh did not wish Miss Seymour to remain under the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert, simply because there were relatives of her own able and willing to take charge of her, and they named Lady Waldegrave as being one of these. As Mrs. Fitzherbert had been specially asked by the mother and father to extend her protection to their child, and as both she and the Prince Regent had become very devoted to Miss Seymour, a great deal of controversy took place, which resulted finally in Mrs. Fitzherbert winning the day. In a letter from Mrs. Fitzherbert to Mrs. Browne dated June 17, 1806, telling the glad news, she mentions the fact that "Lady Waldegrave came to town on purpose, wrote to all the press to support her, turned out the people she had let her house to in Berkeley Square and fixed herself in it, telling everybody my poor child was to go to reside with her on Saturday evening."[2]

Although it appears to be uncertain as to whether he died here, it is known that Colley Cibber once lived at 20 Berkeley Square, at the north corner of Bruton Street, and here it is probable that he produced some of his numerous plays—for that they were numerous we have his own authority, did we require it, in his *Apology*, couched in these quaint terms: "It may be observable that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific, that the one was seldom the mother of a child but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each between us, of both of which kinds some died in their infancy, and near an equal number of each were alive when I quitted the theatre."

John Taylor, in his *Records of My Life*, states that his mother told him that she once saw Colley Cibber "standing at his parlour window (in Berkeley Square), drumming with his hands on the frame. She said he appeared like a calm, grave, and reverend old gentleman."

I have said that it is uncertain whether Cibber died in Berkeley Square, and the fact that Dr. Doran[3] says, "In December 1757 I read in contemporary publications that there died at his house in Berkeley

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[1] A marble tablet inserted in the wall of the house now indicates the fact that it was for some time Walpole's town residence.

[2] Wilkins's *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*, vol. ii., where there is a chapter devoted to this incident.

[3] *Annals of the Stage*, vol. ii. pp. 234–5.

Square, Colley Cibber, Esq., Poet Laureate," might seem to have authority,[1] but Dr. Doran is not wholly to be relied on, for further on he states that "Cibber was carried to sleep with kings and heroes in Westminster Abbey," which is not the case, as he was not buried in the Abbey at all.

It was probably, however, in Berkeley Square that Horace Walpole hailed him on his birthday, saying: "I am glad, Sir, to see you looking so well," to which Cibber replied: "Egad, Sir, at eighty-four it is well for a man that he can look at all." Two years later, on the 12th of December, "his man-servant, who had conversed with him at six o'clock, found him with his face reclining on the pillow quite dead at the hour of nine."[2]

The present owner, Robert Birkbeck, Esq., informs me that he bought the house, which appears to have been rebuilt in 1825, from the second Lord Brougham in 1868, and twenty years later enlarged it by taking in a portion of the next house, No. 21, the two houses having been joined together in Lord Brougham's time.

Next door to Cibber's house, at No. 21, given in Boyle (1795), as No. 26, lived during the last years of her life, Lady Anne Barnard, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, who, as Lady Anne Lindsay, is remembered as the authoress of the song "Auld Robin Gray," published in 1772; and she amusingly referred, on one occasion, to the great popularity of that ballad as being exemplified by an exhibition of the ballet of Auld Robin Gray performed under her window in Berkeley Square by *dancing dogs!* She was greatly delighted by Sir Walter Scott's reference to her song in *The Pirate*, and writing from Berkeley Square to Sir Walter, she asked him to "convey to the author of *Waverley*, with whom I am informed you are personally acquainted, how gratefully I feel the kindness with which he has so distinguishedly noticed, and by his powerful authority assigned, the long-contested ballad to its real author."

The town-house of the Earl of Powis is in Berkeley Square—No. 45. It appears to have been one of the first to be erected here, and with the adjoining one (now Mr. Mildmay's) was built by Kent. In Boyle (1795) it is numbered No. 8; it is distinguishable not only by the link-extinguishers which flank the doorway, but also as being one of the few London houses, if not the only one, which bears the name of the owner, not being a professional man, on a brass plate on the door itself. The house has, too, another and more sombre claim on attention, for it was here that Lord Clive ended his great career. The man who, as it has been expressed, "could boast that between the ages of twenty-four and forty-four he had saved a province, conquered a kingdom, and substituted in the management of its affairs order for anarchy and justice for violence," put an end to his life on November 22, 1774. According to his biographer,[1] he had long been used to take large doses of laudanum for a painful internal disorder, and for some days before the end paroxysms of agony had caused him to swallow still larger quantities. It may well, therefore, be supposed that the remedy, while alleviating the pain, produced a mental stupor which caused the loss of all self-control; while Macaulay reminds us that "his strong mind was fast sinking under many kinds of suffering." It must have been some great access of despair which caused one who had done so much and been so great and who had only just completed his fifty-ninth year, to use the razor or penknife with which, according to various accounts, the fatal deed was done.

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[1] Mr. Wheatley gives, however, his great authority to the statement that Cibber died here. See Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present*. In the Rate Books for 1751, Cibber is given as residing here, and paying £50 rates. Among other residents also mentioned may be named the Earls of Clarendon, Ancrum, Darnley, Powis, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Bell Finch (rated at £100), Lords Cornbury and Talbot, and Sir W. Wolseley.

[2] Sequel to Cibber's *Apology*.

Walpole, writing from Arlington Street on November 23rd, thus notices the event: "The nation had another great loss last night—Lord Clive went off suddenly. He had been sent for to town by some of his Indian friends—and died. . . . Lord H. has just been here, and told me *the manner* of Lord Clive's death. Whatever had happened it had flung him into convulsions, to which he was very subject. Dr. Fothergill gave him, as he had done on like occasions, a dose of laudanum; but the pain was so violent, that he asked for a second dose. Dr. Fothergill said 'if he took another, he would be dead in an hour.' The moment Fothergill was gone, he swallowed another, for another, it seems, stood by him, and he is dead."

Macaulay, in his remarkable essay on Clive, says: "In the awful close of so much prosperity and glory, the vulgar saw only a confirmation of all their prejudices, and some men of real piety and genius so far forgot the maxims both of religion and philosophy, as confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just vengeance of God, and to the horrors of an evil conscience." "It is," he adds, "with very different feelings that we contemplate the spectacle of a great mind ruined by the weariness of satiety, by the pangs of wounded honour, by fatal diseases, and more fatal remedies." No. 45 has been continuously in the possession of Lord Clive's descendants ever since, and the present owner, the Earl of Powis, has kindly given me this information regarding it.

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[1] Malcolm's *Life of Clive.*

The house next Lord Powis's, No. 44, was built by Kent,[1] and finished in 1745, for Lady Isabella Finch, Maid of Honour to Princess Amelia, aunt of George III., and the staircase was considered so fine by Walpole that he makes a special mention of it. "The staircase at Lady Isabella Finch's in Berkeley Square," he says, "is as beautiful a piece of scenery, and considering the space, of art, as can be imagined."[2]

Walpole, who was a frequent visitor here, had ample opportunities of judging of its merits, and one can see for one's self to-day that his eulogium is in no way exaggerated; it is truly a magnificent bit of work, beautifully proportioned and gracefully decorated. On the first floor landing is a small room masked by a glass screen, which Mr. Godfrey Clark, the present owner, informs me is traditionally known as Lady Betty's hiding-place, the said Lady Betty—whose identity seems to coincide with that of Lady Betty Finch, who married Mr. Murray, to the satisfaction of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—being used to watch from here the arrival of guests. The ceiling in the principal drawing-room is the work of Zucchi, and is painted in compartments *en grisaille* in the most elaborate and effective way; around the walls are mirrors and satin panels encased in a very original manner by frames formed of small hexagonal pieces of looking-glass—said to be similar to one at Versailles. Among Lady Isabella Finch's visitors here was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom we find writing to Lady Pomfret in 1738 and saying, "I passed two very agreeable evenings last week with Lady Bell Finch," and, as we have seen, Horace Walpole, who on one occasion writes to the Hon. H. S. Conway (June 5, 1764) thus: "We had a funereal loo last night in the great chamber at Lady Bel. Finch's; the Duke, Princess Emily, and the Duchess of Bedford were there." Lady Isabella is not of course to be confounded with Lady Charlotte Finch, *née* Berkeley, her sister-in-law, who married the Hon. William Finch, second son of the sixth Earl of Winchelsea, and whose name also frequently occurs in letters of the period.

Four doors off, at No. 48,[3] once lived Lord Brougham, from 1830 to 1834. Two years later we find him at No. 21, which, as we have seen, was formerly the residence of Lady Anne Barnard, where he lived till 1837.

It was when walking with Lord Albemarle early round the Square, on the day on which he was offered the Lord Chancellorship, that, as

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[1] "There was one fine room in this house, the ceiling of which was painted in arabesque compartments by Zucchi; it is now the residence of C. B. Wall, Esq." Note by Lord Dover to his edition of *Walpole's Letters to Mann*, 1833, vol. i. p. 209

[2] *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. iv.

[3] The present occupier of this house, J. B. Fortescue, Esq., informs me that it was once in the possession of the Marquis of Bath.

Charles Gore told Haydon,[1] a packet of letters was brought out. Brougham put all into his pocket except one; "This I must read," said he to Lord Albemarle; "it is from my mother." He read it and said: "She advises me against taking the Chancellorship, but to be content and remain member for Yorkshire." "This," says Haydon, "was a fine trait;" though whether he refers to Brougham's anxiety to read his mother's letter, or to the advice contained in it, is not quite clear. At this time, Brougham was living at No. 5 Hill Street, and it was only on his elevation to the Lord Chancellorship that he took Lord Grey's house in Berkeley Square in 1830. When he gave it up four years later, Lord Grey's agent told Haydon that he never saw a house left in a dirtier condition. "The bedrooms were simply unendurable; and hidden in the handsome satin curtains in the drawing-room he found a kitchen candlestick, and black-lead for the grates. The furniture was nearly all ruined by ill-usage and neglect, and although Lord Grey gave Brougham two months in excess of his term to move out, it was next to impossible to get him out, and when he went, instead of paying up the arbitrated sum—for he had insisted on 'arbitration' as to damages—he sent a cheque short of £15. The cheque was returned and in three days the full amount was sent." Well might Haydon add that, "Brougham was certainly wanting in delicate feeling in all the common transactions of life."[2]

Mr. Justin McCarthy's estimate of Brougham's public character would seem to be a commentary on his private life. "To the close of his long career," says the historian of the Georges, "he was a commanding figure in the house and in the country, but it was an individual figure, an eccentric figure, whose movements must always excite interest, must often excite admiration, but from whom guidance and inspiration were never to be expected."[3]

Another interesting person who once lived in the Square[4] was Thomas Hope, the author of *Anastasius*, an extraordinary work, which has been described as "uniting the entertainment of a novel with the information of a book of travels." This work is not the only one left by Thomas Hope, and although it was followed by a still more remarkable production, *On the Origin and Prospects of Man*, it is probable that its author is chiefly remembered as the creator of the classic "Deepdene," near Dorking. That wonderful house shows what a catholicity of taste characterised its creator, and the varied collection of sculpture contained in it proves that he was in more than mere name the patron of such men as Flaxman, Thorwaldsen, Chantrey, and Canova. In a letter from Miss Mitford to Miss Jephson the writer pays a tribute to the memory of Mr. Hope. "Of all the persons I ever knew, I think he was the most delightful. There was a quick, glancing, delicate wit in his conversation such as I never heard before—it came sparkling in, chequering his grave sense like the sunbeam in a forest," she says. "He had also (what all people of any value have) great truth and exactness of observation, and said the wisest things in the simplest manner."[1]

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[1] *Table Talk of Haydon*, p. 349. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 418. [3] *History of the Four Georges.*

[4] Mr. Hope's better known London house was the one he built at the corner of Down Street, at a cost of £30,000, in 1848–1849; it was sold by Mr. Hope's son-in-law, the Duke of Newcastle, to the Junior Athenæum Club. Wraxall mentions dining with Mr. Hope in Berkeley Square on February 10, 1799.

Mr. Hope has the honour—perhaps, considering the way he is mentioned, a questionable honour—of being referred to by Byron in an unpublished stanza to *Childe Harold*, thus:

> ". . . that lesser wight,
> The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,
> House-furnisher withal, one Thomas hight."

But he was to be the victim of a far more reprehensible attack, for having in some way offended a French painter named Dubost, that gentleman revenged himself by painting a picture which he called "Beauty and the Beast," in which Mr. and Mrs. Hope were represented according to the well-known fairy story. What was worse, the picture was publicly exhibited, drawing, it is said, thirty pounds a day, and on one of these occasions Mr. Hope's brother thrust his sword through the canvas—a proceeding which caused some noise at the time.[2]

Amongst other notable inhabitants of the Square, I must not forget to mention Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who is said to have died here[3] in 1762, after her removal from George Street. Her obituary notice was penned by Horace Walpole, which fact some have considered as the saddest incident attending her end.

Another great Georgian figure at one time occupied No. 25 (subsequently Thomas's Hotel and now being rebuilt, the original house dating from 1809), in the person of Charles James Fox, who was living here during the years 1802–3, at which time Mrs. Robinson—the Perdita of the Prince of Wales's Florizel—was, according to some accounts, residing under the statesman's protection in the same house. Fox certainly evinced great interest in the abandoned favourite of the Prince of Wales, and when that high personage, on coming of age, refused to pay the £20,000 for which during his infatuation he had given "Perdita" a bond, the friend of the people procured for her from the pockets of the people an annuity of £300.[1]

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[1] *Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford.*

[2] Notes to Lord Byron's Poems.

[3] Mr. Brimley Johnson says she died in George Street, Hanover Square, on August 21, 1762.

To come to a somewhat later date we find Lord Canterbury,[2] who as Mr. Manners Sutton was at one time Speaker of the House of Commons, residing in the Square. In 1832, Manners Sutton was proposed as Premier, but, according to Charles Greville, at a meeting at Apsley House he "talked such incredible nonsense that when he was gone they all (the Duke of Wellington, Lyndhurst, Baring, Ellenborough, Aberdeen, &c.) lifted up their hands and with one voice pronounced the impossibility of forming any government under such a head."[3] However, he appears to have made a more successful Speaker, as he was twice elected to that position before being rewarded with the Peerage, which Greville maliciously hints was his chief aim in life. This honour came to him in 1835, and ten years later we find him described in the *Times* as having "possessed all the advantages of a commanding presence, and that winning grace of manner for which our language affords no precise epithet"; while, during his first tenure of the office of Speaker, Lord Folkestone, writing to Creevey, says, "We all like our new Speaker most extremely; he is gentlemanlike and obliging."[4]

Among Lord Canterbury's many friends was numbered that extraordinary wit and amazing *improvisatore*, Theodore Hook, they having first met at General Phipps' (a relation of Hook's mother); indeed they became so intimate, that "H. B." makes them, strolling down St. James's Street arm in arm, the subject of one of his sketches. It was, too, at Lord Canterbury's house in Berkeley Square that Hook, having lunched at the Freemasons' Tavern and discussed any number of glasses of punch at "The Club" afterwards, was observed to eat very little, and on being asked if he was unwell made his memorable reply: "Oh no, not exactly, but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was foolish enough to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry by way of luncheon!" It was at Lord Canterbury's that Rogers met Hook for the last time, and saw him, at the end of the reception, marching about the hall, and to the amazement of the servants singing, "Shepherds tell me, have you seen my *hat?*"[5]

There also resided in Berkeley Square at one time Lord and Lady Clermont, the latter of whom had once been a friend of both Marie Antoinette and Queen Charlotte, and both of whom were on intimate terms with George, Prince of Wales, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The latest biographer[1] of this injured woman notices the fact. "Lord and Lady Clermont," he says, "were aristocrats of the old school, courtly and dignified in their manners, and with a high sense of *noblesse oblige.* At their house in Berkeley Square they entertained with stately hospitality. They had the best *chef* and wines in London, and invitations to the Clermonts' dinners and assemblies were eagerly sought. The Prince of Wales often dined with them, and so did Mrs. Fitzherbert"; while Wraxall notes that the Prince "enjoyed the privilege of sending at his pleasure to Lord Clermont, of commanding a dinner, and naming the persons to be invited of both sexes—a permission of which his royal highness often availed himself." Notwithstanding his intimacy with the Prince, Lord Clermont was always well received at St. James's, and this is the more remarkable, as he was also on terms of intimacy with Charles James Fox, whom he used to see much of in Norfolk, where he possessed a country seat at which Fox used to visit for the shooting. It was on one of these occasions that Lord Clermont made the extraordinary bet, for one hundred guineas, with Fox and Lord Foley, that he would find a heifer which would eat twenty stone of turnips in twenty-four hours, a bet which he is said to have won.[2]

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[1] Doran's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. iii. p. 171.

[2] Born in 1780 and died in 1845.

[3] Greville's *Diary*, 1st series, vol. ii. p. 326.

[4] *Creevey Papers*, vol. i. p. 272. A notice of Lord Canterbury is contained in the Appendix to the first volume of Madden's *Life of Lady Blessington*.

[5] Rogers's *Table Talk*.

It was at Lord Clermont's house that, in 1780, during the Gordon Riots, the Duchess of Devonshire sought shelter, sleeping during some nights on a sofa in the drawing-room, as Devonshire House was not thought to be safe from the depredations of the mob and was garrisoned by soldiers;[3] and it was while staying at her mother's, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort's house in Berkeley Square, that the Duchess of Rutland heard of the desperate state of her husband, who was then at Bangor, and who died before she could reach him,[4] on October 24, 1787. In 1814, Lord Byron accompanied Miss Hanson, the daughter of Mr. Hanson of Berkeley Square, to church, and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth, and subsequently returned to the house, "congratulated the family and bridegroom, drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherris) to their felicity, and all that,—and came home."[5]

Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day*—that storehouse of curious information—reminds us that Mr. Woodhull, the translator of Euripides, which was the first rendering into English of the Greek tragedian, also lived in Berkeley Square. Smith's description of this personage is amusing. "He was very thin, with a long nose and thick lips; of manners perfectly gentlemanly. The great singularity of his appearance arose, perhaps, from his closing his coat from the first button, immediately under his chin, to the last, nearly extending to the bottom of his deep-flap waistcoat pockets. He seldom spoke, nor would he exceed one sixpence beyond the sum which he had put down in his catalogue to give for the articles he intended to bid for, and though he frequently went away without purchasing a single lot, or even speaking to any one during the whole evening, he always took off his hat and bowed low to the company before he left the auction-room."

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[1] The late W. H. Wilkins in his *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*, vol. i. p. 142.

[2] Wraxall, *Posthumous Memoirs of My Own Time*, vol. ii. p. 358.

[3] Wheatley's *Round about Piccadilly*, p. 99.

[4] Wraxall.

[5] Byron's *Diary.*

Lady Shelley also lived in Berkeley Square, and it was at her house, as noted in his *Recollections*, that Rogers heard, on May 8, 1823, from the Duke of Wellington, this interesting reference to Napoleon: "After his Austrian marriage, Metternich was sent to Paris to see him, and to report upon his character, and to discover whether he meant to be quiet. His answer, as he told me, was in three words, 'He is unaltered.' He had then resolved to invade Russia."[1]

Martha Blount, the friend of Pope, is said to have died in a house in the Square in 1762. If this be so, which is somewhat doubtful, it is curious that the poet himself should have formerly lived within a stone's-throw, for he, possibly in 1715, resided at No. 9 Berkeley Street, on the eve of his departure for his better-known residence at Twickenham, and here Jesse thinks he may probably have penned his *Farewell to London*;[2] but I am inclined to think that it was not in Berkeley Square, but in Berkeley Row, Hanover Square, that the friend of the poet breathed her last.[3]

Various as have been the events connected with Berkeley Square, I believe that only on one occasion has a marriage service been performed in it. This has, however, occurred; for at No. 38—it has been refronted and is now a red-brick house—the residence of Lord Rosebery, the fifth Earl of Jersey was married to Lady Sarah Fane, eldest daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmorland. She was a celebrated beauty, and as we know from the Memoirs and Diaries of the time, a famous leader of fashion for fifty years. At that time No. 38 belonged to Lady Westmorland's father, Robert Child, who had bought it from the Duke of Manchester for £10,000 in 1767,[4] but became hers the next year, as heiress of the Childs of Osterley, whose name her daughter's husband, Lord Jersey, subsequently took. This Lady Jersey, who died on January 26, 1867, is not to be confounded with Frances, wife of the fourth Earl, and favourite of George IV., who became perhaps the most hated woman of her time in this country. It is a curious fact that Miss Child had eloped from this same house with her future husband, Lord Westmorland, in 1782.[1]

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[1] Rogers's *Recollections*, p. 218.

[2] Jesse's *Memorials of London*, vol. i.

[3] In Pope's will, the thousand pounds which the poet left her is bequeathed to "Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square." Ruffhead, *Life of Pope*. In the Rate Books for 1725, "Madam Martha Blount" is given as residing in Berkeley Street, and as her house may have been one at the junction of that thoroughfare with the Square, the mistake of placing her residence actually in the Square may have thus arisen.

[4] *Letters of a Lady of the Eighteenth Century*, edited by Emily D. Osborn, under date April 1767.

If we take Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795 as a fairly representative list of those who lived in the Square in former days, we find that, besides those before mentioned; Lord John Cavendish was at No. 2; Lady Theodosia and Capt. Bligh at No. 3; the Earl of Camden at No. 6; the Earl of Darnley at No. 7; the Earl of Claremont at No. 9; Lord Robert Spencer at No. 10; Lord St. Asaph at No. 11; the Hon. Edward Bouverie at No. 24; Lord Sondes at No. 34; Sir Robert Cotton at No. 36; the Dowager Duchess of Manchester at No. 37; and Mrs. Vivre at No. 44; while at a later day the well-known soldier, Sir Hugh Rose, afterwards Lord Strathnairn, occupied for some years No. 52, now the residence of Montrose Cloete, Esq.

Although Berkeley Square is essentially a square of private houses, there are yet one or two exceptions, and we find the celebrated Gunters still at No. 7, while Thomas's Hotel till lately occupied No. 25, and, according to Andrews,[2] Mr. Hutchinson, a linen-draper, whose name with those of others is found attached to a trade hand-bill dated 1788, formerly occupied No. 1. In 1805, we know that the north side was occupied by small tradesmen's shops.

The garden in the centre of the Square, the site of which, Mr. Coke told Haydon the painter, was in his recollection an excellent place for snipe,[3] was formerly in a very chaotic state, for in 1766, an Act, which contained a recital that "the late enclosure is gone to ruin," and that the inhabitants of the Square were willing and desirous by an adequate contribution among themselves to raise money sufficient for the better paving, lighting, supporting, and keeping the same in repair for the future, was passed, "for inclosing, paving, cleansing, lighting, and adorning Berkeley Square." And trustees were duly appointed, and have since been delegated by the freeholders, for the carrying out of the provisions of this Act, and to collect the necessary rates for the maintenance of the Square.

One of the adornments indicated appears to have been an equestrian statue of George III. as Marcus Aurelius,[1] which was executed by Beaupré under the direction of Wilton[2] for the Princess Amelia, who had it placed there in 1766, but this was removed in 1827. Allen speaks of "the clumsy" pedestal which supported it, while Mason, writing to Walpole, says: "I congratulate you on your removal to Berkeley Square. May you enjoy the comforts of your new situation as long as *the Phidian work* which is placed in the centre of that square continues to be its chief ornament."[3]

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[1] See an interesting account of the incident in Walford's *Londoniana*.

[2] *Anecdotes*. In *London and its Environs Described*, 1761, is given an account running to no less than thirteen pages of a collection of pictures and prints formed by Mr. Barnard at his house in the Square.

[3] Incorrect on the face of it, for Mr. Coke was not born till 1752, by which time practically the whole Square had been finished.

Although the statue has disappeared and has been replaced by a summer-house, a stone statue of a female[4] still remains at the south side of the centre garden; concerning which a story is told by the late Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.[5] "Conversation," says the Diarist, "found its way, *via* last night's discussion in the House about Cromwell's statue, to open-air statues in London generally, and I said something in praise of the one at the bottom of Berkeley Square. 'You don't, I presume,' remarked Courtney, 'agree with Herbert Spencer, who declares that it is superior to the Venus of Milo.' 'Not seriously?' I said. 'Most seriously,' was the rejoinder; 'he would be quite ready to demonstrate the truth to you on the spot.'"

The plane trees in this central garden are said to be the finest and oldest in London, and Hare, in his *Walks in London*, mentions that they were planted by Edward Bouverie, in 1759.

I suppose no mention of Berkeley Square would be considered quite complete without a reference to the so-called "Berkeley Square mystery." Readers of *Notes and Queries* will remember that in the 4th, 5th, and 6th series of that publication, there appears an exhaustive correspondence on this subject, which is one that has exercised a fascination over many people for a great number of years. A gentleman who signs himself "J. C. M.," in reply to two correspondents who desired enlightenment, vouched for the accuracy of the following facts:—

"The house in question belonged to an eccentric gentleman, who chose to spend no money on it; then by degrees began the stories. He died. His sister sent a house-agent to report as to the advisability of repairs, &c., considering the shortness of the then lease." The agent told J. C. M. that the place was in hideous disrepair. "He asked the maids if they ever heard strange noises." They said "No." "Do you ever see ghosts?" They laughed. "We never seed none." But so far from this statement satisfying the curious, it gave rise to a lengthy reply from "C. C. M.," who tabulates his answers under three headings, and as these incidentally provide us with some information about the house in question—No. 50, Berkeley Square—it will be interesting to give the substance of them.

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[1] *Modern London*, 1805, p. 392.

[2] Allen, in his *History of London*, incorrectly says Wilmot.

[3] Quoted in Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present*.

[4] This, which forms a fountain, was the gift of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

[5] *Diary*, under date June 15, 1895.

In the first place, we are told that the last name appearing in the London Directory as an occupier of the house is that of the Hon. Miss Curzon, who died in 1859, aged ninety, and from that date till 1880 the house had the, at any rate, external appearance of an unoccupied dwelling. There is, too, no doubt about the fact of the late Lord Lyttelton having written to *Notes and Queries* in November 1872, in these terms: "It is quite true that there is a house in Berkeley Square (No. 50), said to be haunted, and long unoccupied on that account. There are strange stories about it, into which this deponent cannot enter." Another investigator thereupon took the trouble to call at the house to make inquiries, and was told that the house was occupied, his informant refusing to say by whom.

Our next reference is very much of this world, being no less than an application by the collector of taxes at Marlborough Street Police Court against a Mr. Myers, then the occupier, for taxes overdue,[1] for which a warrant was issued. This communication was followed by a mass of correspondence from various people—the most sensational being the story told by Mr. J. F. Meehan of Bath, and incorporated in a letter addressed to Bishop Thirlwall from a correspondent whose name is not given, and dated January 22, 1871. It is a good ghost story, and those interested in such matters will find it in *Notes and Queries*.[2]

From other sources we learn that on Miss Curzon's death the house came into the possession of Mr. Todhardy[3] (*sic*), who sold it to the Mr. Myers mentioned before. On his death his legatee, Miss Myers, was bedridden, and determined during her life to do nothing with the house, which would be quite sufficient to account for its dreary appearance. Subsequently Lord Fitzhardinge sold a reversionary lease to Mr. Fish, the well-known builder.

The matter was not allowed to die, however, and four further lengthy references, including another "creepy" story,[4] appeared on this subject, which nobody, with the best of intentions, seems to have been able to invest with a sufficient degree of gruesomeness to satisfy some of the correspondents.

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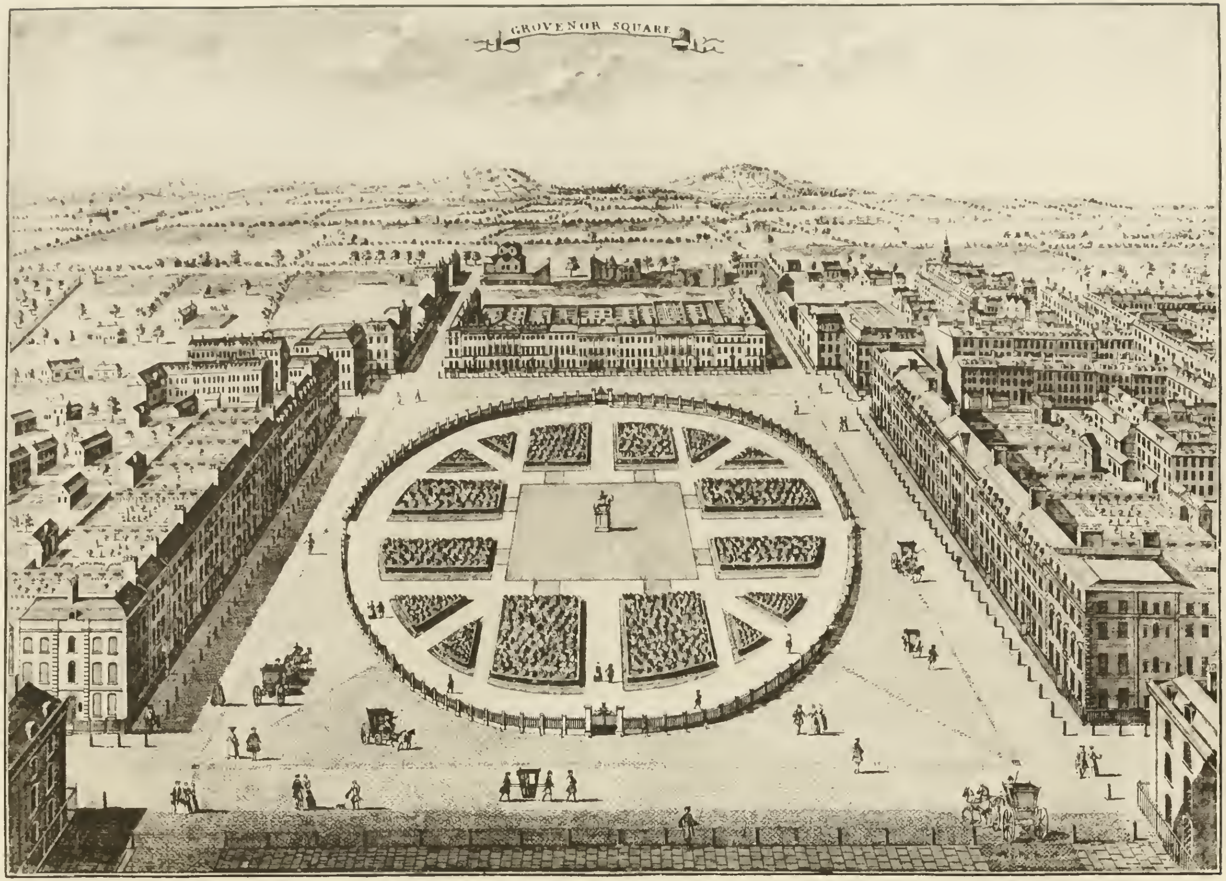
[1] *Weekly Times*, May 4, 1873.

[2] *Notes and Queries*, 6th series, p. 515.

[3] Can this be meant for the late Mr. Tod-Heatly, who owned so much London property?

[4] *Notes and Queries*, 6th series, p. 111.


GROVENOR SQUARE

As a pleasing mystery, which was unintentionally parodied by Miss Broughton, and may have had its genesis in Lord Lytton's fearful story,[1] the ghost of Berkeley Square does not seem to have been an unqualified success.

Although to trespass, as a general rule, beyond the actual limits of the Squares of London would involve me rather in a history of London than in a notice of these particular parts of it, yet Hay Hill is so much an integral part of Berkeley Square, and is besides so closely connected with an historical incident, that I may be pardoned for making it an exception, for here occurred a critical phase in the ill-starred rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt against Queen Mary in 1554, a skirmish between the royalist forces and the rebels taking place at this spot. Machyn, in his invaluable *Diary*, writes: "Ther the qweyns men and (Wyatt's) men dyd skryssmys, wher he and ys captayns wher over-cum, thanke be unto God," and Stowe says: "Wyat and his companie planted his ordinance upon a hill beyond S. James, almost over against the parke corner, and himselfe after a few words spoken to his soldiers came down the old lane on foote, hard by the court gate of S. James, with foure or five ancients, his men marching in good array." The outcome of Wyatt's rebellion is a matter of history, and it is only interesting to us here to note, that after his execution on Tower Hill, "his head was set up on the gallowes on Hay Hill neare Hyde Parke, from whence it was shortly after stolen and conveied away."[2]

GROSVENOR SQUARE

> "Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
> The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square.
> Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there."
>
> BROWNING.

BOTH in size and importance Grosvenor Square may fittingly be described as one of the great squares of London. When formed, indeed, it was intended to throw all other then existing squares into the shade, and

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[1] *Haunters and the Haunted.* In her recently published book of *Reminiscences,* Lady Dorothy Nevill has an interesting reference to this matter.

[2] Stowe, *Chronicles.* Machyn adds, "where dyd hang 3 men in chynes a-pon a stayke." Walker in his *Original,* tells also how on one occasion, George, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York were held up by a highwayman at this spot; and in connection with the Prince a curious tract entitled *The Vis à Vis of Berkeley Square,* a poem "on the matchless Perdita," without date, may be mentioned as still to be met with.

Malcolm remarks that his readers "must know that this square is the very focus of feudal grandeur, fashion, taste, and hospitality," and in a work published in 1786, it is given with Lincoln's Inn Fields as one of the sights of London, while a writer in 1805, styles it "the most magnificent square in the Metropolis." It is essentially the fashionable centre to-day that Soho Square was during the better part of the eighteenth century, and both in extent and grandeur of its houses it leaves that old-world, now almost forgotten, locality far behind it.[1] We cannot conceive the fate of such squares as Russell Square, Bedford Square, or Brunswick Square overtaking it any more than we can contemplate the turning of Berkeley Square into offices or business premises; but in the ever-tending migration westward, who shall say but that it may not yet undergo a transformation as complete as that which has come over Cavendish and Hanover Squares, and become so heterogeneous as to its inhabitants that it will, like them, almost defy logical classification!

The author of *A Critical Review of the Publick Buildings in London*, who is now generally known to have been James Ralph, regards, however, its pretensions with anything but a favourable eye. "Grosvenor Square," he writes in 1734, "is not only the last addition which has been made to the town, but the last in situation too; and 'tis generally understood to be the finest of all our squares. I am sorry I have the opportunity to say it has so few advantages to recommend it. . . . It was meant to be fine, but has miscarried very unfortunately in the execution. There is no harmony or agreement in the parts which compose it;" and although he is particularly severe on "the triple house on the north side," describing it as "a wretched attempt at something extraordinary," we must remember that Mr. Ralph could find very little indeed to admire in the whole of his peregrination of London, a peregrination which in one part of his work he deliberately terms "a painful survey."

We are hardly accustomed to think of Grosvenor Square as being one of the older ones, but its history dates so far back as 1695, in which year it was laid out; and that it must have progressed apace is evidenced by the fact that Pope, writing from Bristol to Martha Blount in 1716, refers to it, in speaking of the sights of Bristol, where he says "nothing is fine in it but the Square, which is larger than Grosvenor Square."[2] But it is yet probable that it was some years before it became fashionable, for we find no notice of it, for instance, in the *Diary* of Lady Cowper (1714–20), who would probably have mentioned it had it become one of the then restricted localities favoured by the *ton*.

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[1] Mrs. Montagu, writing to her sister, in 1744, on the choice of a house, says: "As to the house you mention in Grosvenor Square, I think the fault cannot be in the goodness of the house or situation, for, as I take it, they are all calculated for large fortunes." Among the various views of the Square may be mentioned those by J. Maurer, 1746, and T. Bowles, 1751.

[2] Pope's *Letters*. It is right to add that the date of this letter has been questioned.

The Square was formed by Sir Richard Grosvenor—a mighty builder of that day, indeed "as great a builder as the Duke of Bedford,"[1] who is remembered besides as having acted as cup-bearer at the Coronation of George II.[2] The actual completion of the Square did not take place till 1725, when Sir Richard summoned his intending tenants to a "splendid entertainment," at which the new streets and squares were solemnly named.[3]

The original site of Grosvenor Square is not without its historical importance, for here the rebel citizens in 1641, on the approach of Charles after Edgehill, threw up a redoubt, long known as Oliver's Mount, from which the present Mount Street takes its name. The actual site of this fortification was that which the central gardens of the Square now occupy.

The earliest mention we have of any individual house in the Square is in the year 1739, when, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the centre house on the east side, which had been built by a Mr. Simmons, was raffled for and won by two persons named Hunt and Braithwaite. The possessors valued it at £10,000, we learn; but two months after they sold it to the Duke of Norfolk[4] for £7000. This house occupied ground held by Sir Richard Grosvenor for eighty-four years from 1737, at a ground rent of £42 per annum![5]

Besides this nobleman, we shall find that a great number of important people have lived at one time or another in Grosvenor Square, just as, to-day, the pages of the Directory will show that its reputation in this respect is well maintained.

An early inhabitant was the notorious rather than celebrated Ermengard de Schulemberg, Duchess of Kendal. She, it will be remembered, arranged the interview between the youthful Horace Walpole and his sovereign, so graphically detailed in Walpole's *Reminiscences*, and she is there described as "a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady," which coincides with other accounts of the *maîtresse en titre* at the time. The meeting, as we know, took place in the apartments (at St. James's Palace) of Lady Walsingham. This lady, known as Melusina de Schulemberg, was the reputed niece of the Duchess, but really her daughter by George I., and she was married in September 1733, to the Earl of Chesterfield, who is ungraciously described by Lord Hervey as being "very short, disproportioned, thick and clumsily made; with a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth and a head big enough for a Polyphemus."[1] Johnson, however, who, as all the world knows, had no reason to love him, speaks of his manner as being "exquisitely elegant."

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[1] Malcolm.

[2] He died in 1732.

[3] McCarthy, *History of the Four Georges* (vol. i. p. 36), who thinks that Grosvenor Square was not commenced till 1716.

[4] The ninth Duke, born 1686, died 1777.

[5] *Old and New London*, vol. iv. p. 339.

On his marriage Lord Chesterfield took the house next door to that of the Duchess of Kendal, and resided here from 1733 to 1750, having removed from 18 St. James's Square. We find him writing to Bubb Dodington on September 4, 1741, in these terms: "If the Duke of Argyle sounds to battle I will follow my leader; if he stays in Oxfordshire, I'll stay in Grosvenor Square."[2] It was here,[3] and not at the better-known Chesterfield House in Mayfair, that Dr. Johnson, as he phrased it in the celebrated letter he addressed to Lord Chesterfield, "waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your doors." The letter was written on February 7, 1755, and the Doctor explicitly mentions the term of seven years since his ill-usage, which would make the date of it 1749. This is not the only connection of Dr. Johnson with Grosvenor Square, for we are told by J. T. Smith,[4] that he "once saw him follow a sturdy thief, who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands, and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose; and then, with his open hand, give him so powerful a smack on the face, that sent him off the pavement staggering."

The neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square was indeed, nearly up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, a happy hunting ground for such depredators, and we have an instance of it given in the *Annual Register* for June 10, 1777, thus: "H. E. the Neapolitan Ambassador was attacked in his carriage in Grosvenor Square by four footpads, one of whom presented a pistol to his coachman, two more one to each of the footmen, while the fourth robbed his Excellency of a gold watch and money."

We know that this sort of thing continued for a number of years, and as time went on Grosvenor Square might have naturally been considered an advantageous spot by thieves, &c., for it was the last of the squares in London to be lighted by gas,[5] an innovation that had been successfully tried by Winser, in Pall Mall, so early as 1807.

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[1] Croker, the editor of *Hervey's Memoirs*, naturally finds it difficult to reconcile this bitter description with the portraits which are extant, even allowing for flattery on the one hand and hatred on the other.

[2] Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, vol. ii. pp. 164–5.

[3] The Whartons, in their *Wits and Beaux of Society*, think it may have been in the old Chesterfield mansion in Bloomsbury Square, but this is improbable.

[4] *Book for a Rainy Day*.

[5] This was in the year 1839, and we find Moore in his *Diary* mentioning a letter he had received from Byng, in which the latter says: "Are you aware that Grosvenor Square is at length completely lighted with gas?" (vol. vii. p. 254).

To return to past inhabitants worthy of being recorded, I find by the Rate Books for 1751, the Marchioness of Blandford, the Earl of Halifax, Sir James Dashwood, Lord Guernsey, the Duchess of Somerset, the Countess of Thanet, Lord Maynard, Peter Delmé, Lord Carpenter, probably removed from Hanover Square where he was living in 1725, Dudley North, Lord de la Warr, and the Earl of Jersey all residing here, and all paying rates on rentals varying from £130 to £140.[1] Bishop Warburton came to live in the Square, from Bedford Row, in 1757. A letter of his to Bishop Hurd, in which he says, "We have been here near a week," fixes the date and indicates his exact residence, for it is dated "Grosvenor Square, the Parkside, and the last door at the south side, February 7, 1757." It would appear that another ecclesiastic was once, at least, staying in the Square, for a letter from the Rev. Thomas Newton, afterwards Bishop Newton, to David Garrick, dated Dec. 28, 1741, is headed Grosvenor Square. In it, Newton remarks that he is "to thank you in the name of our company for our entertainment last Wednesday," which refers to a performance of *Richard III.* by Garrick.[2]

Here, too, a year later, came Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, a man of great ability, of whom Hervey once said that "no one could make more of a good cause"; he lived to make a great name and to leave a permanent mark on the history of the country, and he died in Grosvenor Square on March 6, 1764, having filled so many high offices that the mere enumeration of them would fill a page.

Two other later Georgian statesmen are connected with the Square. One, Lord Rockingham, whom we shall meet with as having married Miss Bright, of Golden Square, "was one of those ornaments of the English Senate," to quote the historian of the Georges,[3] "for the benefit of whose biographers the adjective 'amiable' seems especially to have been invented," and who lived in Grosvenor Square till his death in 1782. The other was Lord North, of whose personality—his equability of temper, which allowed him to meet political reverses with the most smiling good-humour; his equability of mind, which enabled him to indulge in sleep at the most critical moments—the Diaries and Memoirs of the time contain so many amusing reminiscences. He was Prime Minister from 1770 to 1782, during that eventful time when we lost America, and few ministers have had to undergo so large a share of unpopularity as fell to his lot. But if mistaken and bigoted he was an able man, a characteristic that was not, indeed, to be gathered from his appearance. Horace Walpole[1] has left this little vignette of his outward man: "Nothing could be more coarse or clumsy or ungracious than his outside. Two large prominent eyes that rolled about to no purpose (for he was utterly short-sighted), a wide mouth, thick lips, and inflated visage, gave him the air of a blind trumpeter . . . yet within that rude casket were enclosed many useful talents." Not a pleasing portrait; but Butler in his *Reminiscences* adds that "the word 'gentleman' was never applied to any person in a higher degree, or more generally, than it was to Lord North," and Wraxall notes "the sallies of genuine humour with which he always illuminated and often enlightened subjects of parliamentary discussion." He died in his house in Grosvenor Square, where Wraxall notes having frequently seen him, with Gibbon, who was often a guest, disclosing "the stores of a classic mind, wit, and variety of interesting information," on August 5, 1792.

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[1] Of these I may remind the reader that Lady Thanet, wife of the seventh Earl, was daughter and co-heiress of the second Marquis of Halifax, and sister therefore of the third Marquis, who is also given as residing in the Square at this time, and whom Cumberland describes as graceful in his person, and William Pitt called "a pretty man." The Lady Blandford here mentioned was wife of the Marquis who subsequently became third Duke of Marlborough, while the Duchess of Somerset was probably the wife of the eighth Duke, as the word "Dowager" is omitted. Lord Maynard was the sixth Baron, and Lord de la Warr the sixteenth Baron, who was created an Earl in 1761, and whom Lord Hervey describes as "long, lank, and awkward."

[2] *Celebrated Friendships*, by Mrs. Thomson, vol. ii. p. 243.

[3] Mr. McCarthy, vol. ii. p. 23.

Two years before the death of Lord North, the inhabitants of the Square received a new neighbour of a very different type, for here came to what is now No. 35—but was then No. 30—at the corner of South Audley Street, the demagogue, John Wilkes. His latest biographer[2] thus notices the circumstance. "In 1790 he removed from the old, unpretending house in Prince's Court to a more stately one in Grosvenor Square, whence, with unfailing punctuality, he walked into the City to attend to his duties." And here, says his biographer Almond, "in a salubrious situation he resided with his daughter during the winter months for several years." Leigh Hunt puts the matter in a somewhat different form thus: "Wilkes prospered so well by his patriotism that he maintained three establishments at one time; one in the Isle of Wight, another in Grosvenor Square, where his daughter Mary kept house for him, and a third in Kensington Gore."[3] But although Leigh Hunt could hardly speak well of any successful man, he might, considering his own opinions, have refrained from the sneer implied in this statement. As a matter of fact Wilkes died insolvent, to the amazement of many who regarded a large house as indicating necessarily a large fortune.

Angelo in his *Reminiscences* thus refers to Wilkes's house in Grosvenor Square. "Mr. Wilkes removed to the corner of South

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[1] *Memoirs of George III.*, vol. iv. p. 78.

[2] Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Life of Wilkes.*

[3] *Old Court Suburb*, p. 19.

Audley Street, with one front leading into Grosvenor Square, and the last time I had the honour to meet him was immediately after the Mount Street rioters broke the glass of his parlour windows, which perhaps were the most valuable of any in the world, for the whole of the lower sashes, composed of very large panes, were of plate glass, engraved with eastern subjects in the most beautiful taste. These were naturally the more valued by Mr. Wilkes as they were the ingenious labour of his daughter."

Wilkes was taken ill in December of 1797, and after a short struggle for life expired on Christmas Day,[1] meeting death, we are told, "with exemplary calmness and fortitude," a characteristic of many strong minds whether they be religious or otherwise. By a provision in his will, he ordained that his body should be carried from his house in Grosvenor Square to the vaults of the church in South Audley Street, where he lies buried, by six poor men. His old house is now the residence of the Duke of Somerset.

Another shadow of those times comes before us in the person of Henry Thrale, the brewer, an estimable man in every respect, but perhaps best known to us as the husband of Mrs. Thrale and the friend of Dr. Johnson. Mr. Thrale only lived in Grosvenor Square for a short time—but a few months indeed; for we find Boswell, under date of March 20, 1781, writing: "I found on visiting Mr. Thrale, that he was now very ill, and had removed, I suppose by the solicitations of Mrs. Thrale, to a house in Grosvenor Square." And on the following 4th April, in answer to a *call* of the Literary Club, Dr. Johnson penned this note, pathetic in its brevity: "Mr. Johnson knows that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the other gentlemen will excuse his incompliance with the call, when they are told that Mr. Thrale died this morning." The good Doctor thus mentions the sad loss he then sustained in his Diary:[2] "*Good Friday*, *April* 13, 1781.—On Wednesday 11th, was buried my dear friend Thrale, who died on Wednesday 4th, and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. About five, I think, on Wednesday morning he expired. I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect or benignity."

At No. 8 Grosvenor Square, now occupied by Lord Amherst, resided for three years, 1796 to 1799, the Hon. Mrs. Damer. The year after she had taken it, Horace Walpole died leaving her the classic Strawberry Hill, and as we find her subsequently, after resigning Strawberry Hill to Lord Waldegrave, living at York House, Twickenham, and also having a town house in Park Lane, it is probable that she had the house in Grosvenor Square merely on a short tenancy and gave it up at the end of that period.

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[1] Almond says on December 26.

[2] Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. viii. p. 59.

Another friend of Horace Walpole had many acquaintances and stories to tell of them and their doings in Grosvenor Square; this was Gilly Williams, whose appearance is known by Sir Joshua's celebrated picture, in which he figures in company with George Selwyn and the Hon. Richard Edgecumb. Writing to the former, who was then in Paris, in 1763, he tells of a characteristic reply which Lord Berkeley's brother sent to Sir Charles Bunbury "at Lord Coventry's in Grosvenor Square," with regard to the character of a servant. Anon we find him informing Selwyn, in 1766, that "Lord Lisburne had taken an excellent house in Grosvenor Square and will give dinners"; adding, "Pray come over and eat them." That he himself tested their excellence is proved by another communication, in which he says: "Lord Lisburne has an excellent house in Grosvenor Square, and some of the best old claret I have ever drank;" while on December 26th of the same year he writes: "You have one enemy less in the world than you had: the Countess of Guildford expired yesterday. It is imagined she has left her estate among the St. Johns, but as the will is not opened yet all is conjecture. Lord Sondes gets a rent charge of £2000, and the house in Grosvenor Square."[1] Lady Guildford was the widow of Lord Rockingham—not the Marquis mentioned before, but Lewis Watson, the second Earl, who died in 1745; and the Lord Sondes here spoken of was a son of the first Lord Monson, who took the name of Watson in 1746, in which year Lady Guildford became the third wife of the first Earl of Guildford, and thus stepmother to Lord North, whom I have noticed as also residing in the Square, probably in the same house.

A more tragic interest attaches to another letter in the Selwyn correspondence, for Lord Holland writes to Selwyn on May 2, 1770, in answer to a communication from him, thus: "You saw Mr. Delmé the night before he shot himself. I suppose you took care to see him the night after."[2] This refers to the suicide of Peter Delmé, a man of fashion who ran through a large fortune and put an end to his life in his house in the Square on April 10, 1770.[3]

Delmé, who had married Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister of Lord Carlisle, was called Peter the Czar, in allusion to his great wealth. I have said that he committed suicide in 1770, but Anthony Storer (who, by-the-bye, lived in Golden Square), in a letter to Lord Carlisle dated February 28, 1781, writes: "Delmé has sold all his hunters, and sold them at very extraordinary prices; his hounds, too, sold excessively well; it was fortunate at all events to part with them, but the people who bought them, according to all accounts, were as mad as he had been in keeping them." This hardly sounds the tone which any one would have employed in recounting an event which had taken place eleven years previously, but the evidence of the dates seems to confirm the correctness of both the period of the tragic circumstance and Storer's reference to the sale of Delmé's belongings.

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[1] Jesse's *Selwyn and his Contemporaries.*

[2] It is hardly, perhaps, necessary to say that this is an allusion to Selwyn's well-known love of viewing dead bodies.

[3] See *George Selwyn*, by Roscoe and Clergue; and *Selwyn and his Contemporaries.*

Among other notable inhabitants of the Square must be numbered William Beckford, who resided at one time at No. 22, where he surrounded himself with a collection of magnificent objects only second to his vast accumulations at Fonthill. When Lord Nelson returned after the victory of the Nile, the Hamiltons were staying with Beckford in Grosvenor Square, and the victorious captain was a frequent and honoured guest.[1]

According to Walford,[2] it was here that occurred, on one of these visits, the incident which one would be sorry to regard as characteristic of the great naval captain's habitual temperament. He was dining with Beckford on one occasion, at a time of great scarcity, when even the very rich denied themselves the use of bread at dinner, and when even such an epicure as William Beckford was content to do without it. Lord Nelson, however, contrary to customary usage, called for bread at dinner, and was told by one of the servants that, owing to the scarcity of wheat, bread was not served at Mr. Beckford's table; whereupon his Lordship, looking angry, drew from his pocket a shilling, and calling for his own servant ordered him to go out and buy a loaf, observing that having fought for his bread he thought it hard to be denied it by his own countrymen.

The house, No. 23, next door to Beckford's, is notable as having been the scene of the wedding, in 1797, of Lord Derby and the beautiful actress, Miss Farren,[3] who was then living in the neighbouring Green Street. Lord Derby had awaited the death of his first wife for this event, and according to the witty Walpole had been "as constant as the wind." There was an indecent haste about the whole thing: the first Countess died on March 14th, Miss Farren took leave of the stage on April 8th, and on May Day was married to the head of the Stanleys.[1] One of Lord Albemarle's pleasant memories, he tells us, was of a ball given by Lady Derby in Grosvenor Square,[2] in the house which continued to be the town residence of the Derby family until their removal to St. James's Square, in 1852.

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[1] He was one of the few whom the eccentric owner would consent to receive at Fonthill.

[2] *Old and New London*, vol. iv. p. 340.

[3] The entry in the Parish Register is as follows: "The Rt. Hon. Edward Smith Stanley, Earl of Derby, widower, and Elizabeth Farren, spinster, married by special licence in the dwelling-house of the Earl of Derby in Grosvenor Square." Given in Clinch's *Belgravia and Mayfair*.

Although Grosvenor Square cannot be looked upon as a home of artists, one painter did live here in the person of Sir George Beaumont, who resided at No. 29 till 1827, in which year he died. Although a painter and so represented in the National Gallery, which he helped to found, he is chiefly remembered as a connoisseur and art patron. Readers of Haydon's *Diary* and *Reminiscences* will be familiar with his name, and the dispute that that extraordinary man, who seems to have been fated to fail in art and to succeed so admirably in chronicling his failures, had with him. The story of the commission from Sir George, and the subsequent disagreement as to the size of the picture, &c., is set out at great length in Haydon's *Autobiography*;[3] during its progress we find Haydon calling on his somewhat reluctant patron. "I walked away to Grosvenor Square and found Sir George dressing for dinner, but I was admitted instantly," he writes. "I said, 'Sir George, I will paint the smaller picture, as you seem to wish it.' He looked blank, as if he was rather disappointed than pleased," adds the ingenuous Haydon. "To be sure he looked blank," chuckled Northcote, on being told of the interview, "he disn't want 'ee to paint large or small," which was probably about the truth, but Haydon was the last man to credit such a thing. However, Haydon was subsequently commissioned to paint a picture, the subject being Macbeth, for Sir George had said in 1807 "he must have a sketch by me,"[4] this being probably on the occasion when Haydon and Wilkie dined in Grosvenor Square, when "the door opened, and we were marched through a line of servants, who bawled out our names from the entrance."[5] Had Haydon always attended to Sir George's sound advice, his life might have been a happier and certainly a less controversial one, for on one occasion his patron wrote him from Grosvenor Square in these terms: "As your sincere well-wisher I earnestly require you to abstain from all writing except on broad and general subjects, chiefly allusive to your art. If any severe or unjust remarks are made on you or your works *paint* them down. You can. But if you retort in words, action will produce reaction, and your whole remaining life will be one scene of pernicious contention;" the appropriate nature of these wise words, readers of Haydon's life will realise. Sir George did not, however, live to see the truth of his prediction, or the chronic inability of Haydon to follow his advice. On September 17, 1827, Haydon has this entry in his journal: "I took my child Frank to-day to see Macbeth at Sir George's, Grosvenor Square. As we wandered through the deserted gallery and drawing-rooms, I thought, 'Here have assembled more men of real genius, and more pretenders to it, than in any other room perhaps in Europe.'"

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[1] See Doran's *Their Majesties' Servants*, vol. iii. p. 96, *et seq.*, for an account of Miss Farren.

[2] In the Crace collection is a plan of Lord Derby's house, which was designed by Adam, in 1773.

[3] Vol. i. pp. 136–145.

[4] Haydon's *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 136.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 58.

At this house, the corner one in the Square, between Upper Grosvenor Street and South Audley Street, subsequently lived for a number of years Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, known more generally, perhaps, by his former name of Sir Stratford Canning. He was a brother-in-law of Thomas Raikes, having married Miss Harriet Raikes in 1816. A great diplomatist, he represented this country successively in Switzerland, America, Russia, and Turkey, and sat in Parliament from 1828 to 1841. He negotiated the treaty of Bucharest in 1812, and was raised to the peerage in 1852. At his house in Grosvenor Square, when at a very advanced age, he produced various literary efforts, and died so lately as 1880, at the great age of 94.

A near relation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's in the person of Earl Canning, the third son of George Canning, was living, in 1841, at No. 10 Grosvenor Square, with Lord Granville (then Lord Leveson). Lord Canning is remembered as Governor-General of India from 1855 to 1862, in which latter year he died; and I find in Henry Greville's *Diary*, under date of June 17th of that year, the following entry referring to the circumstance: "At 11 at night Sydney and I went to Grosvenor Square, where we heard that during the last three hours he (Canning) had made so great a rally that some of his family entertained hope, which, however, the doctors considered illusory. This morning Meryon called to tell me that at 6 A.M. this morning he expired."[1]

The name of the other joint occupant of the house, Lord Granville, is still a household one among politicians of all opinions, as an exemplification of tact and urbanity; and the Life of Lord Granville which Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice has recently written bears out to the full these amiable characteristics, and shows at the same time the strength of character which underlay them—the iron hand within the velvet glove!

Next door, at No. 9, another statesman who, as our Ambassador to many countries, merited a similar designation, Lord Dufferin, was living in 1866, and here the present holder of the title was born. Lord Haversham, who now occupies the house, informs me that Lord Cowper, who inhabited it till 1882 (in which year Lord Haversham succeeded him here), bought the panelling of the dining-room in Paris at an auction, it having been removed from the Hotel de Finances to escape destruction during the Commune. Part of it was removed to Lord Cowper's subsequent residence in St. James's Square, and the rest remains *in situ*.

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[1] Henry Greville's *Diary*, 4th series, p. 56.

A few doors off No. 9, at No. 6, once resided Mr. Joseph Neeld, M.P., and here he formed that magnificent collection of pictures with which his name is associated. Mr. Neeld was a millionaire—when such were not so common as they appear to be in these days. The foundation of his vast wealth was the property left him by his uncle Philip Rundell, the wealthy goldsmith of Ludgate Hill, who died in 1827, at the age of eighty-one. Although possessed of riches, Rundell had not married, nor indeed had a regular home of his own, but lived alternately with two nieces—one at Brompton, and the other the wife of John Bannister the actor. His eldest son inherited £10,000, and Bannister himself £5000, but the residuary legatee was Joseph Neeld, who came into something over £1,000,000.

Gronow tells a story of the latter which would seem to show that Neeld did not always carry his good fortune as gracefully as might have been expected. It appears that Lord Alvanley had been invited to dine with him, and before dinner his host was expatiating on the merits and beauty, and particularly the cost, of the many pictures and articles of *virtu* with which the rooms were crowded. This form of monologue was continued when the guests entered the dining-room ; and Neeld was just describing the gilding of the room and the money expended on it, when the mutton was brought in. Lord Alvanley, who had been intensely bored for some time, hereupon broke out with : "I care not what your gilding cost, but, what is more to the purpose, I am anxious to make a trial of your carving, Mr. Neeld, for I am exceedingly hungry !" Gronow complacently adds that the *nouveau riche* was rather astonished, but that his anxiety to form a circle of aristocratic acquaintances obliged him to let it pass without notice. To the plain man it would seem a difficult matter to discriminate as to whether the host or his guest showed the greater want of taste.

At No. 24, in the Square, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, whose name has become a synonym for philanthropy, lived for more than thirty years—the same house is given in Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795, as the residence of the Dowager-Countess of Shaftesbury ; and at No. 35 lived for a short time, from 1838, the well-known theologian, Edward Bouverie Pusey, with his mother, Lady Lucy, after the death of his wife, on account of whose precarious health he had come to stay in London in order to be near the best medical advice. The connection of Pusey with the Tractarian movement is too well known to need amplification here; but mention may be made of the fact that Baron Bunsen was a frequent guest here, as he continued to be in Hertford Street, whither the Puseys moved in April 1839.

If Grosvenor Square has not been particularly connected with the art of painting, it can certainly boast, in a one time inhabitant, an illustrious exponent of that of writing, for here once resided the great Lord Lytton. It was his last abode in London, and the house he selected was No. 12, on the north side of the Square. In that house, which is not, of course, identical with the No. 12, now in the occupation of J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., with its early Georgian front and its characteristic pillar supports, the novelist produced, not perhaps the greatest, but certainly one of the most brilliant of his many works, for here he wrote *The Coming Race*. He spent the last five years of his life in Grosvenor Square, having come there in 1868, two years after he had been raised to the peerage, and dying in 1873, at Torquay; his funeral taking place from his London residence.

Another one time resident, who, although not a literary man, is remembered now-a-days chiefly by his entertaining *Journal*, was Thomas Raikes, the brother of the more justly celebrated Robert Raikes. Raikes, who was called by the club wits of the day, Apollo, because he rose in the east and set in the west, in allusion to the hours he spent alternately in his banking-house in the City and the clubs of the West-end, was in the habit of entertaining here, not only merely fashionable people, but such brighter luminaries as Pope and the elder Charles Mathews, the actors, Tom Sheridan, the son of the great Richard Brinsley, Charles Calvert, &c. Indeed the first time Raikes ever met Mathews was when Pope once brought him to dinner in Grosvenor Square, when, as Raikes records, "his imitations of Kemble, Munden, Bannister, Quick, &c., were inimitable." It was on this occasion that Pope (I will give the story in Raikes's own words) "alluded to some old gentleman in the country, who was so madly attached to the society of Mathews, that whenever he came to town he went straight to his house, and if he did not find him at home, would trace him, and follow him wherever he might happen to be. This did not excite much attention; but at about nine o'clock, we all heard a tremendous rap at the street door, and my servant came in to say that a gentleman was in the hall, who insisted on speaking with Mr. Mathews. The latter appeared very much disconcerted, made many apologies for the intrusion, and said he would get rid of him instantly, as he doubtless must be the individual who so frequently annoyed him. As soon as he had retired, we heard a very noisy dialogue in the hall between Mathews and his friend, who insisted on coming in and joining the party, while the other as urgently insisted on his retreat. At length the door opened, and in walked a most extraordinary figure, who sat down in Mathews' place, filled himself a tumbler of claret, which he pronounced to be execrable, and began in the most impudent manner to claim acquaintance with all the party, and say the most ridiculous things to every one. We were all, for the moment, thrown off our guard; but we soon detected our versatile companion, who had really not taken three minutes to tie up his nose with a string, put on a wig, and otherwise so metamorphose himself, that it was almost impossible to recognise him."[1]

When Raikes was in Paris in 1820, he was induced by John Warrender to visit a fortune-teller, who, among other predictions, said, "Vous serez arreté dans six mois par un huissier pour cause de dette." This was verified in the following way. "I was then in very prosperous circumstances," says Raikes, "living in Grosvenor Square. The repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned. The difference was only £150, but the assignees really did send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time."

Among other bygone residents in the Square I can trace Sir Lionel Darell (to whom it will be remembered George III. gave a piece of ground adjoining Ancaster House, Richmond Park),[2] who is given in a Directory for 1798, as a Director of the East India Company, and as living here; and the Countess of Pembroke, who occupied No. 44; and in the *New Review of London* for 1728, are given the names of the Earl of Hertford and Lord Bernard as residents here, while I find Sir Edward Jerningham writing to his sister Charlotte in 1785, and dating the letter from Grosvenor Square. The Hon. Edward Petre, a friend of Lord William Pitt Lennox, who mentions him in his *Reminiscences*, also had a house here; and in 1838, Hayward records an invitation to dine with the Brinsley Sheridans, who were then living in the Square.

I have left the notice of Lord Harrowby's house, No. 44, till the last, but it is probably the most interesting mansion in Grosvenor Square, for, from its connection with a well-known incident, it hangs on to the skirts of history. In 1820, it was numbered 39, the renumbering of the houses on the west and south side of the Square having taken place in

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[1] Raikes's *Diary*, July 9, 1835.

[2] See the author's *History of Richmond*, pp. 204–5.

1888; and at No. 39, the Cato Street conspirators hoped to make a holocaust of the whole of the Ministers of the Crown, who were to dine there with Lord Harrowby—then Lord President of the Council—on February 23, 1820.

As readers of the history of the period know well enough, this was a time of much popular discontent, and the moment was seized by one Arthur Thistlewood—who had previously suffered conviction for sending a challenge to Lord Sidmouth, and was a man "full of blood and fury"—to gather around him a band of ruffians as desperate as himself, and to concert plans almost emulating the attempt associated with the name of Guy Fawkes, and, had they been successful, almost as far-reaching in their effects as the Gunpowder Plot.

The conspirators were accustomed to meet in a house in Gray's Inn Lane, and their deliberations seem to have been known to two Government spies, Oliver and Edwards. At this time their plan was to assassinate the Ministers individually in their own houses, but finding probably that such a course would lay their scheme open to frustration before they had completed it, they changed their methods, and the arrangement for the dinner at Lord Harrowby's having come to their knowledge, the *venue* was altered. Their subsequent meeting, at which they put the finishing touches to their nefarious scheme, took place in Cato Street, Edgware Road, in the loft of a stable belonging to General Watson. The larger of the two rooms into which the loft was divided accommodated at one time, it is said, no less than twenty-four conspirators.

Their plan was as follows. Some of the desperadoes were to watch No. 39 at a convenient distance, while one of their number was to call at the house and deliver a despatch-box, and when the door was opened the others were to rush in and murder the Ministers as they sat at dinner; and their further atrocious purpose was to bring away the heads of Lord Sidmouth and Lord Castlereagh, at whom the conspiracy was chiefly directed, as trophies of their success, in two bags provided for the purpose. Further depredations were in view with the help of the people who, they calculated, would rise as in revolutionary Paris, at the sight of the mangled remains of their oppressors! Greville states, indeed, that the conspirators intended firing a rocket from Lord Harrowby's house as soon as their dastardly deed was accomplished, as a signal to their friends; an oil shop was then to have been set on fire to add to the confusion and to collect a mob, and then the Bank was to be attacked and Newgate thrown open. The plot was revealed by Edwards, who had wormed himself into the confidence of Thistlewood and his confederates, and information was given to those concerned. It was, however, decided that no outward notice should be taken of the fact,[1] and the preparations for the dinner went on as if nothing was anticipated. This wise resolution also seems to have suggested itself to Lord Lyndhurst, then Solicitor-General, who thought it the best means of effecting the capture of the conspirators. Lord Eldon, we are told, exclaimed on hearing this advice, "You won't be there! I strongly object to the dinner taking place."[2] However, Lord Eldon was overruled, and as if to help in the deception, it so happened that the Archbishop of York, who lived next door, was also giving a dinner party on the same evening, and the spies of the conspirators being deceived by the carriages setting down the guests, reported the fact in Cato Street, and added that "all was well." Thistlewood and his gang thus lost the time in which, had they known the true state of the case, they might have effected their escape, and the Bow Street officers, headed by their leader Smithers, came upon them while they were arming themselves by the light of two or three candles. The ascent to the loft was by a ladder, and on Smithers appearing at the top of it and trying to seize Thistlewood he was run through the body and fell;[3] the lights were extinguished, and in the confusion Thistlewood and some of his companions escaped out of a back window. Nine of the conspirators were, however, taken the same evening with arms upon their persons, and Thistlewood himself was apprehended before eight o'clock the next morning at a house in White Street, Little Moorfields. The whole gang were sent to the Tower;[4] Thistlewood and four of his chief confederates being subsequently hanged, five others transported for life, while one was pardoned.

Lord Harrowby's house is connected with another stirring event, the news of the battle of Waterloo. An interesting account of the incident is given by Lord Stanhope,[5] who received it from Arbuthnot, who was sitting in his room at Downing Street, on his return from the House of Commons, when he heard a commotion in the street below, and going down to ascertain the cause of it, saw a chaise and four at the door of the Colonial Office, with a number of French standards sticking out of the windows, and Percy, who had brought them, inquiring for Lord Bathurst. Arbuthnot happened to know that Lord Bathurst was dining with the other members of the Cabinet at Lord Harrowby's in Grosvenor Square, so he got into the carriage with Percy and drove there. On their arrival the sight of the trophies caused a large crowd to collect, and Arbuthnot went out to the head of the staircase, by direction of Lord Bathurst, to make known the great news. He is said to have announced the total destruction of the French army, when Lord Harrowby, in his usual critical way, corrected him by saying: "Not exactly. I think you are going a little too far."

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[1] This was due to the Duke of Wellington's advice. See the interesting account of the whole incident told by himself and included in Lady de Ros' *Reminiscences*, p. 160 *et seq.*

[2] Sir W. Fraser's *Disraeli and His Day*, p. 73.

[3] There is a well-known and curious contemporary coloured print of the incident, by Cruikshank.

[4] They were the last persons imprisoned there.

[5] *Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington.*

The whole of Grosvenor Square covers about six acres, and the central garden is of considerable extent. It was laid out by the celebrated Kent, and in the middle of it formerly stood the gilt statue of George I. by Van Nost,[1] which Sir Richard Grosvenor erected in 1726, practically on the spot where the redoubt known as Oliver's Mount was formed during the Civil Wars, as we have seen. A view of the Square reproduced in Strype's edition of Stow, 1755, in which it is called Grosvenor Square, shows the circular garden, railed in with wooden palings, and the equestrian statue standing on a square grass plot, with flower-beds around, which is practically identical with the smaller plan by Rocque, 1741–45; while Pollard's later view of 1787, shows only a portion of the Square in perspective.

Some months after the statue had been placed in the garden, "some villains dismembered it in the most shameful manner," according to Allen,[2] "and affixed a traitorous paper to the pedestal." Every effort was made by Sir Richard Grosvenor to bring the perpetrators of the deed to justice; in fact he offered a reward of £100[3] for their apprehension, but they were never discovered. The statue has long been removed, and its site is occupied by a summer-house.

As in other of the older London squares, specimens of the old link extinguishers can still be seen in Grosvenor Square. Apropos of the link-boys of a bygone day, it is possible that some of the depredations on unwary pedestrians and others, committed in Grosvenor Square, may have been due to their instrumentality, or at least connivance, if we are to believe the poet Gay, who in his *Trivia* gives this necessary warning:—

> "Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
> Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
> In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
> And share the booty with the pilfering band."

Looking at Grosvenor Square to-day, it is difficult to imagine it as surrounded by meadow land, as it was about 1706, when Colley Cibber could write in his *Apology* of the "green fields of pasture, from whence little or no sustenance could be drawn, unless it were that of a milk diet";

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[1] In the *Daily Journal* for August 17, 1726, the erection of the statue is mentioned.

[2] *History of London.*

[3] See *London Gazette* for March 14–18, 1726.

but if we glance at the pages of Boyle's *Court Guide* for nearly a century (1795) later, we shall find no difficulty in endorsing Malcolm's description of the Square as being "the very focus of feudal grandeur, elegance, and fashion." As representing the inhabitants of a century ago, it may be interesting to give the names of those who were then living here. I would premise this list by reminding the reader that about ten years since all the houses, with the exception of those on the east side, were renumbered, and therefore only those from No. 1 to No. 8, are identical with the old numbering:—

No. 1. Sir Richard Heron.
„ 2. The Duke of Leeds.
„ 3. Earl Sydney.
„ 4. Earl Fitzwilliam.
„ 5. The Duke of Beaufort.
„ 6. Lady Anne Connolly.
„ 7. Lady Penrhyn.
„ 8. Hon. Mrs. Damer.
„ 9. Hon. Robert Petre.
„ 10. Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.
„ 11. Mrs. Allanson.
„ 12. Mrs. Knightley.
„ 13. Mrs. Hopkins.
„ 14. Colonel Egerton.
„ 15. William Drake, Esq.
„ 16. Viscount Courtney.
„ 18. Paul Benfield, Esq.
„ 19. The Earl of Leicester.[1]
„ 20. Edward Dawson, Esq.
„ 21. Dowager Duchess of Chandos.
No. 22. Marquis of Abercorn.
„ 23. Earl of Derby.
„ 26. Lady Heathcote.
„ 27. William Jennins, Esq.
„ 28. William Egerton, Esq.
„ 29. Sir George Beaumont.
„ 30. John Wilkes, Esq.
„ 31. Earl of Jersey.
„ 32. Richard Benyon, Esq.
„ 33. Sir H. G. Althorpe.
„ 35. Sir Joshua Vanneck.
„ 36. Lady Manners.
„ 37. Mrs. Grosvenor.
„ 38. Dowager Lady Dashwood.
„ 39. Earl Grosvenor.
„ 40. Dowager Countess of Aylesford.
„ 41. Lord Grimston.
„ 42. Hon. Percy Wyndham.
„ 43. Christopher Bethell, Esq.

In 1875, I find Mrs. Arabin living at No. 36, and Lord Sandon, eldest son of Lord Harrowby, at No. 40; while to-day Sir Howard Vincent is at No. 1, the Duke of Portland at No. 3, Earl Fitzwilliam at No. 4, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester at No. 5, Lord Farquhar at No. 7, Sir Arthur Hayter at No. 9, Col. Ralph Vivian at No. 15, the Italian Embassy at No. 20, Lord Strathcona at No. 28, the Marquis of Bath at No. 29, Lord Calthorpe at No. 38, Lord Durham at No. 39, Sir Charles Tennant (till his death recently), at No. 40, and Sir Ernest Cassell at No. 41.

Of those named several have at various times been elected Trustees for the Square: thus in 1884, we find Sir Charles Tennant so acting; in 1894, Lord Calthorpe; in 1896, the Duke of Portland; in 1900, the Duke of Somerset and Lord Farquhar; in 1902, Lords Durham and Bath; and in 1904, Lord Fitzwilliam, in addition to various other noblemen and gentlemen. The present garden committee consists of Sir Howard Vincent, Lord Newlands, and Col. Ralph Vivian.[1]

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[1] As helping to identify in some way the old and new numbering, I may mention that Horwood, in his plan of 1792, gives Lord Leicester's house as being the corner one at the west end of the north side of the Square, now No. 21.

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[1] I am indebted to Sir Howard Vincent for giving me information on these and kindred matters.

CHAPTER II

CAVENDISH SQUARE

"I must breathe some vital air
If any's to be found in Cavendish Square."

BY a plan of the Marylebone Estate taken in 1708, when it was purchased by the Duke of Newcastle—"the black ruddy complexioned man,"[1] who married Lady Margaret Cavendish, heiress of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle, and thus joined the Holles and Cavendish lines[2]—we see that the ground which Cavendish Square now occupies was then surrounded by fields on all sides. To the north were the Clay Pits, covering nearly twelve acres, now intersected by Wimpole Street, and the Ten Acres, on the site of which Langham Place to-day stands; to the west, Mill Hill Fields (about eleven acres); to the east, Burgesses' Farm of thirty-three acres, on what is now the north end of Regent Street; and to the south, the House Field, between Old Cavendish Street and Holles Street. But although this estate had been purchased in 1708, it was not till about seven years later that the plan for its proposed development was prepared. In that plan the site of Cavendish Square is seen to be crossed by a pathway which ran from a cottage at the corner of Princes and Oxford Streets, in a north-westerly direction, through the Clay Pits past a building called the Water House, to a cottage close by, about where Marylebone and Thayer Streets join.[3] About two years later (1717), the Square was actually laid out, and the central garden enclosed with a low wall surmounted by wooden railings, and planted with shrubs; but although this was done, the building of the surrounding houses proceeded but slowly. Nevertheless the elaborate plan published in 1719, and entitled "A Design of Buildings already begun to be built in ye Parish of St. Mary la Bonne, Belonging to the Rt. Hon. Edward Lord

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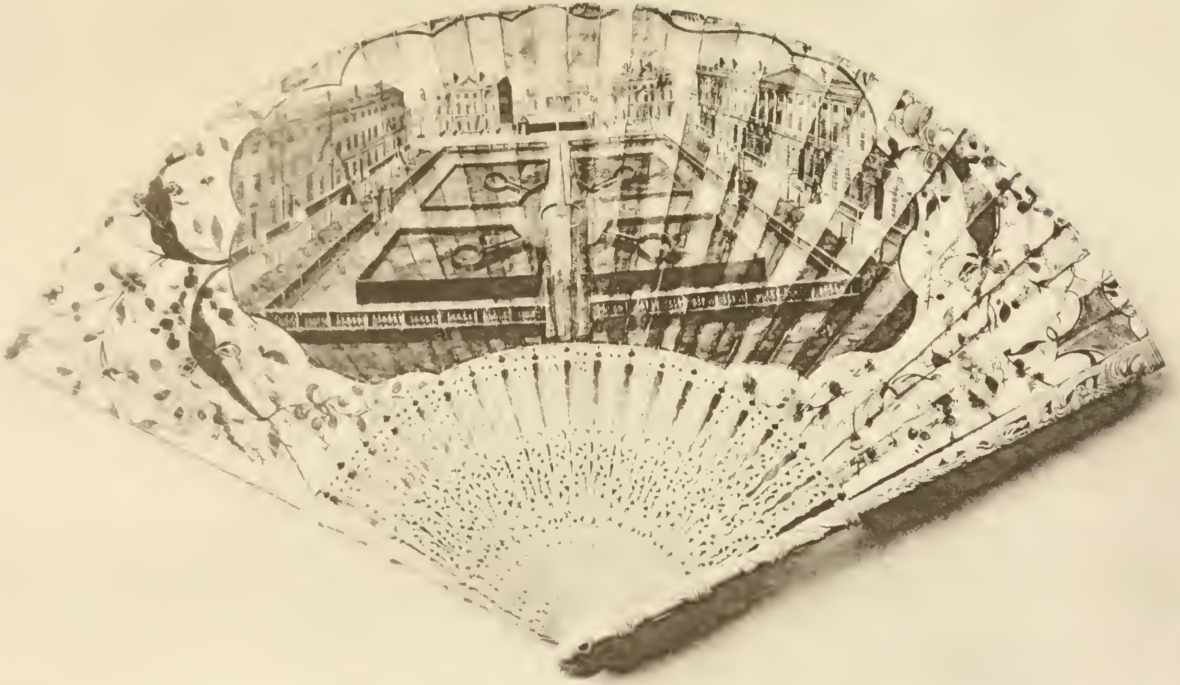
[1] Macky.

[2] He was originally John Holles, son of the third Earl of Clare, and had been created Duke of Newcastle in 1692.

[3] Known then as Lovers' Walk.



CAVENDISH SQUARE.

Harley[1] and ye Rt. Hon. Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley," shows how complete was the scheme of development, and fully enlightens us as to what an impetus to this parish was given by it, enabling us to realise how, as Maitland and Lambert both state, the increase of houses from 577 in 1739, to 9000 in 1806, was effected.

As an elaborate list of distances from Cavendish Square and various other squares, as well as St. James's Palace and Westminster Hall, is given on this plan, it is obvious that it was intended to proceed with building operations, but unfortunately the bursting of the South Sea Bubble in 1720,[2] seems to have interfered with the design; indeed in the map by Sutton Nicholls dated 1754, the Square is shown as standing practically isolated amidst the fields to the north of Oxford Street; and as a further proof of the rural nature of this part of London at that period, I may remind the reader that Mr. Coke, in 1832, told Haydon that he remembered a fox being killed in what is now Cavendish Square—a much more probable story than his assertion that the site of Berkeley Square was within his recollection a capital place for snipe![3]

The Square appears to have been first called indiscriminately Cavendish and Oxford, Square (although in the plans mentioned it is uniformly given as the former), and Ralph in his *Critical Review* is consequently uncertain which to term it, "but," says he, in his usual lugubrious tone, "whichever name we choose, we shall see the folly of attempting great things before we are sure we can accomplish little ones. Here it is the modern plague of building was first stayed; and I think the rude, unfinished figure of this project should deter others from a like infatuation." "I am morally assured," he adds, "that more people are displeased at seeing this Square lie in its present neglected condition than are entertained with what was meant for elegance or ornament in it." There was no pleasing the critical Ralph, who might have remembered that ruin little short of national was the chief cause of the interruption of building operations.

According to Wallace,[4] in order to induce the builders to take up leases, a chapel as well as what was known as Oxford Market were projected for the convenience of the new inhabitants. These buildings were designed by Mr. Gibbs, and were finished so early as 1724; the

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[1] He, a son of the great Harley, had married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, heiress of John, Duke of Newcastle, who had purchased the estate in 1708.

[2] In this year the name of Cavendish Square, although incomplete, appears on the general maps of London (Pennant). Of later views of the Square, mention may be made of the print by T. Malton, showing the north side, and dated 1800; and of the west side by J. P. Malcolm, dated 1808; while another of the north side by the latter engraver appeared in 1815.

[3] Haydon's *Table Talk*, vol. ii. p. 360.

[4] *London*, 1810.

Market, however, was not opened till 1732, in consequence of the opposition of Lord Craven, who feared that it would prejudicially affect the profits of Carnaby Market.

The first house to be completed in the Square was Harcourt House, No. 15, according to the original numbering, which occupied until quite recently the centre of the west side. This was erected by Benson, Lord Bingley, whose widow, once Lady Elizabeth Finch, eldest daughter of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, was the subject of one of Horace Walpole's epigrams,[1] in 1722–23, and whose name appears in the Rate Books for the year 1730, &c. According to the author of *London and its Environs Described* (1761), a Mr. Lane succeeded Lord Bingley in the tenancy of the house, but his name does not appear in the Rate Books for 1732 or 1735, in which former year Simon, Earl of Harcourt, who had been living previously in the Square in a smaller house which he had built on the east side, bought the place, and I find his name given simply as "Harcott," in the Rate Books for 1732, while in those for three years later he and Lady Harcourt are given as living in separate houses, and in 1738, Lady Harcourt is alone mentioned as residing in the Square.

Harcourt House was enlarged and greatly improved by Lord Harcourt's grandson and successor in the title, whom Walpole calls "civil and sheepish," and who had been selected to act as Governor to George, Prince of Wales, in succession to Lord North. He subsequently filled the more important posts of Ambassador in Paris in 1768, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1772, although, according to Wraxall,[2] he was "too grave and reserved in his manners to acquire general attachment in Ireland." Harcourt House subsequently passed into the possession of the Duke of Portland.[3] Its gloomy, almost monastic appearance, with its high walls inviting the utmost seclusion, enable us for once to agree with the author of *The Critical Review of London Houses*, when he calls it "one of the most singular pieces of architecture about the town, rather like a convent than the residence of a man of quality, a copy of one of Poussin's landscape ornaments than a design to imitate any of the genuine beauties of building"; and we cannot agree with Angelo[4] that "it presents, with its high court-walls and *porte-cochère*, more the appearance of a Parisian Mansion than any other house in London." The original design for the house is now in the Crowle Pennant; it is described as drawn by

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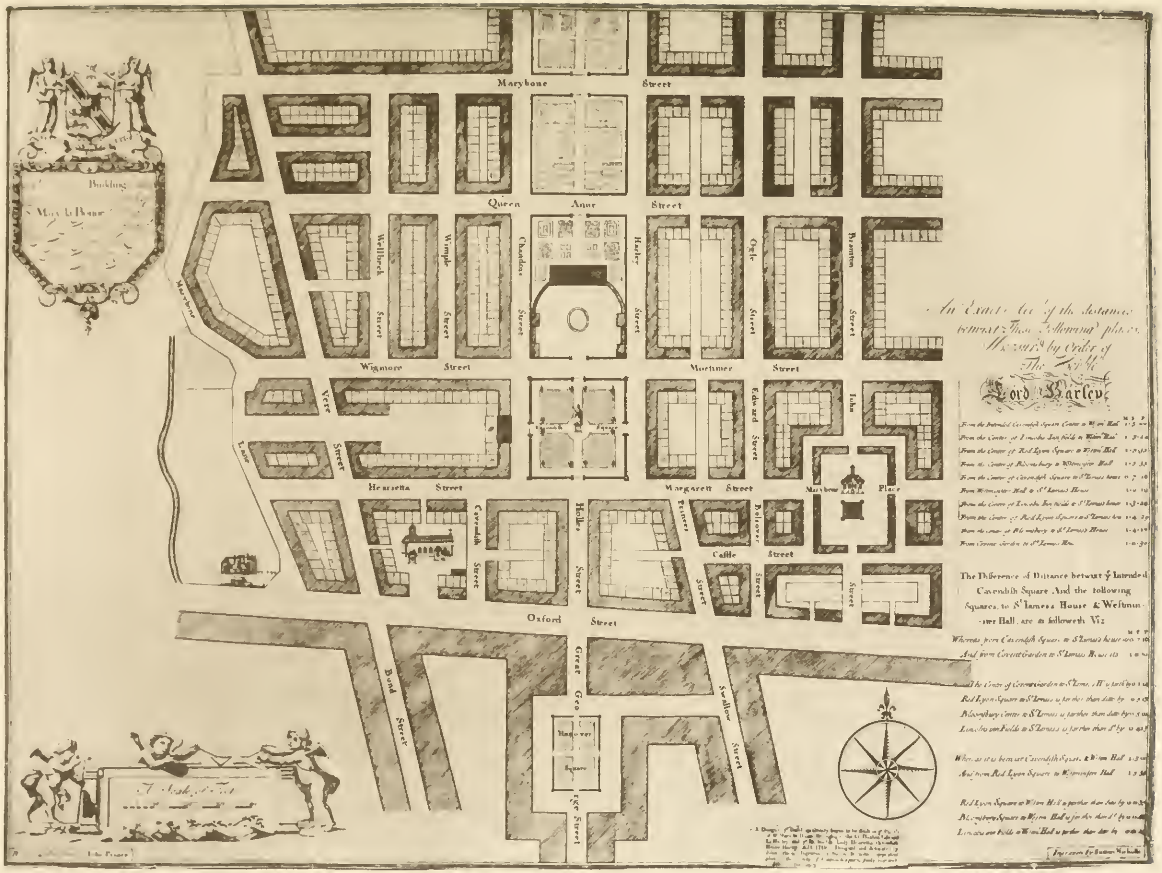
[1] See *Letters to Mann*, vol. ii. p. 453.

[2] *Historical Memoirs.*

[3] The second Duke of Portland, said to have been the handsomest man in England, who died in 1762, married Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, heiress of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, who, we have seen, succeeded to these estates through his wife, who was heiress of the Duke of Newcastle who purchased the property in 1708.

[4] Quoted by Timbs in his *Curiosities of London.*


Building
Mary le Bone
Marybone Street
Queen Anne Street
Wellbeck Street
Wimple Street
Chandois Street
Harley Street
Ogle Street
Bramton Street
Wigmore Street
Mortimer Street
Vere Street
Edward Street
John Street
Henrietta Street
Margarett Street
Marybone Place
Marybone Lane
Cavendish Street
Holles Street
Princes Street
Belsover Street
Castle Street
Oxford Street
Great George Street
Hanover Square
Swallow Street
Bond Street
Lord Harley
The Difference of Distance betwixt ye Intended Cavendish Square And the following Squares, to St James's House & Westminster Hall, are as followeth Viz

PLAN OF LORD HARLEY'S ESTATE.

Mr. Archer, but built and altered to what it now is, by Edward Wilcox, Esq., this referring to the alterations made by the second Lord Harcourt.

It is probable that more legendary tales have clustered around those gloomy walls than around any other private dwelling in town. Some of this was due to the eccentricities—greatly exaggerated—of the fifth Duke of Portland, who lived part of his secluded life within its walls, and even when he took his drives was carefully guarded from the gaze of the *profanum vulgus* by elaborate means of concealment; but perhaps still more to the fact that Thackeray took the house as the original of Gaunt House in *Vanity Fair*, the mansion of the notorious Marquis of Steyne, for whose character a well-known nobleman of the day served as part model. All the world knows the description of the mansion and the Square in the 47th chapter of the immortal book, and "the vast wall in front, with the columns at the great gate . . . and over the wall the garret and bedroom windows, and the chimneys, out of which there seldom comes any smoke now," is alone sufficient to differentiate it from Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, which Mr. Clinch opines is the identical Gaunt House.[1] The illustration by Thackeray of Captain Rawdon Crawley's arrest in the Square, where an equestrian statue is shown in the background (there is not, nor ever was, one in Berkeley Square), is an additional proof that Cavendish and not Berkeley Square is the real *locale*.

The condition of Harcourt House, now demolished, was up till quite recently one of desolation. As one crossed the large courtyard and entered the great dining-room, with its fine old Jacobean chimney-piece, or the reception rooms, three of which had the ceilings painted *en grisaille*, surrounded by heavy and elaborate cornices, one felt that such a house may have had a past, but would certainly have little or no future. The drawing-room and its adjacent ball-room, and the other "state-rooms" on the first floor, where the solitary owner may have paced, or the immortal Becky Sharp have fretted her hour on an amateur stage, were obviously destined to soon pass away, and those great glass screens, which once warded off the gaze of the vulgar, to be pulled down, and Gaunt House to only live—but with what an immortality—in the pages of *Vanity Fair*.

Harcourt House was the only house built in the Square when the Duke of Chandos—the "Princely Chandos"—then Earl of Carnarvon, formed the idea of erecting a mansion[2] which should cast all others into the shade,[1] and not only this, but to purchase all the land to the north of his contemplated palace as far as his palatial residence, so well known as Canons, at Edgware, in order that he might ride from one to the other through his own property. For this purpose he took the whole of the north side of the Square, and from a view of the proposed house, from designs by John Price, dated 1720, which is preserved in the British Museum, we can see what grandiose ideas possessed the mind of the "Grand Duke," as he has been called. Unfortunately the complete design was never destined to be carried out, for the Duke died of grief at the loss of his infant son and heir, who expired under tragic circumstances while being christened. Two wings of the mansion—themselves forming large houses and giving evidence of the intended grandeur of the completed structure—alone were erected. Dodsley[2] refers to them when he writes: "In the centre of the north side is a space left for a house intended to be erected by the late Duke of Chandos, the wings only being built; there is, however, a handsome wall and gates before this space, which serve to preserve the uniformity of the Square." Ralph, this time in sceptical mood, questions this, without as it seems the slightest authority, except what he is pleased to give from his own views of architectural uniformity; "I am apt to believe," he writes, "that this is a vulgar mistake; for these structures, though exactly alike, could have been in no way of a piece with any regular or stately building."

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[1] *Mayfair and Belgravia*, p. 107.

[2] Although this house was never completed, I find by the Rate Books that the Duke was rated on the sum of £1203, in 1735.

Even in his own day, when men of wealth erected mansions of vast proportions, the Duke was regarded as having somewhat of a *Cacoethes ædificandi.* Pope, it will be remembered, in his *Epistles*, calls him Timon, and *àpropos* of the projected house in Cavendish Square, writes:

> "Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
> As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought;
> To compass this his building is a town,
> His pond an ocean, his parterre a down."

But in an age when Houghton and Wentworth Wodehouse, Blenheim and Castle Howard laid their heavy weight on the long-suffering earth, it might be thought that a wondering people would have become too used to stupendous buildings to be unduly excited by such a place as the Duke contemplated. The portrait which Dahl painted of the "Princely Chandos," shows us a fine and intelligent-looking man, and the character which Speaker Onslow has left of him,[3] coming from the pen of a careful judge of men, proves that he had many of the elements of a great one. "He had," says Onslow, "parts of understanding and knowledge and experience of men and business, with a sedateness of mind and a gravity of deportment, which more qualified him for a wise man than what the wisest men have generally been possessed of. . . . A man of more true goodness of nature or gentleness of manners never lived."

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[1] At this time the value of the land here is given at 2s. 6d. a square foot!

[2] *Environs of London*, 1761.

[3] See Burnet's *History of His Own Times*, vol. vi. p. 47.

Chandos Street, on the north-east side of the Square, preserves the name of the Duke, while Harley Street is named after the original ground landlord. In Morden and Lea's plan, taken in 1732, the names of these two streets are, curiously enough, reversed; this is, of course, an error, but a somewhat strange one, in an otherwise very correct survey. This plan, which shows the development of the estate, also indicates the spaces left unbuilt in the rear of the projected Chandos House, which finally lose themselves in large enclosures marked as then being known as "Marybone Parke."

I have mentioned the two relatively small portions which now remain of what was to have been Chandos House, and which the Duke, it is said, intended for his porters and other members of his household,[1] and by the plan dated 1719, and before referred to, we see that they were merely destined to serve as the ends to a vast elongated semicircle of buildings forming two large wings to the main structure,[2] which latter stood back about halfway between the Square and Queen Anne Street. The gardens behind the house are shown as being laid out, as is also another large space immediately behind them extending to Marybone Street, now New Cavendish Street; another similar space behind this latter abutting on open fields where Weymouth Street now runs. In the middle of the semi-circular courtyard in front of Chandos House a small circular pond was projected and is shown in the plan.

Of these two houses, that at the corner of Harley Street was subsequently occupied by Sir Richard Lyttelton, from whom it was afterwards taken by the Princess Amelia,[3] the daughter of George II., who is given in the Rate Books for 1769 and 1786, *inter alia*, as then residing there. This lady is known to readers of Lord Hervey's gossiping and sometimes scandalous memoirs; and a more impartial judge has left this record of her character, for the first Lord Holland calls her "a lively, meddling, mischief-making and mischief-meaning woman, has parts without any understanding, and has employed them all her life in doing all the harm she can. She would not do so much if she had sense to see, what she would regard extremely if she did see it, her own interest."[1] Had Lord Holland known what Princess Amelia once said of his famous son, Charles James Fox, he might have felt inclined to soften this picture, for on one occasion she exclaimed, "I tell you what. That Fox may be a rogue—I know nothing of that; all I know is that he is a great man, and this country is ruined unless such a great man governs it, so I wish him success with all my heart."[2]

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[1] *Greater London*, vol. i. p. 293.

[2] A somewhat similar design on a much smaller scale is that of the White Lodge in Richmond Park.

[3] Walpole to Montague, October 31, 1760, says: "Princess Amelia is dealing for Sir Richard Lyttelton's house in Cavendish Square."

We know from other sources that she was of a masculine turn of mind; that she rose early, and always drank her morning chocolate in a standing posture, or walking all the while about the room; that she took immoderate quantities of snuff, and was an inveterate card-player; and there is a story that being one evening at the Pump Room at Bath, and having her snuff-box open on the table, an officer impertinently took a pinch from it, whereupon her Royal Highness ordered her servant to throw the remaining contents of the box into the fire.[3] The inhabitants of Cavendish Square, when the Princess lived there, and before they became used to the sight, must have been surprised to see her emerge nearly always attired in a riding-habit in the German fashion; and she was used to constantly visit her stables, especially when any of the horses were ill, when she would discuss their disorders with her grooms and veterinary surgeon, with all the knowledge and assurance of a man.

Princess Amelia died in 1786, and her house became the home of Lord Hopetoun, who is duly entered in the Rate Books for 1787, as Lord Hopeton. Succeeding him in its occupancy was Mr. Henry Hope[4]—not Thomas Hope (who lived first in Berkeley Square and then in Piccadilly), as stated by Jesse; and it was at this house that occurred the incident which Rogers used to relate thus: "I was at a great party given by Henry Hope in Cavendish Square. Lady Jersey said she had something particular to tell me; so, not to be interrupted, we went into the gallery. As we were walking along it we met the Prince of Wales, who, on seeing Lady Jersey, stopped for a moment, and then, drawing himself up, marched past her with a look of the utmost disdain. Lady Jersey returned the look to the full; and, as soon as the Prince was gone, said to me with a smile, 'Didn't I do it well?'"[5]

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[1] *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, vol. ii. p. 42.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i. pp. 11–12.

[3] *George III., His Court and Family*, vol. ii. p. 56.

[4] In the *Picture of London*, 1806, amongst private collections of pictures is given Mr. Henry Hope's, "which may be seen by applying at his house in Cavendish Square."

[5] Rogers's *Table Talk*, pp. 264–65.

Mr. Hope,[1] who stood in the Tory interest for Marylebone in 1833, but was defeated by the Radical candidate, Sir Samuel Whalley,[2] would appear to have been Henry Philip Hope, brother of the better-known Thomas. He died in 1811, and his executors paid rates till 1820, when they were succeeded in the tenancy of the house,[3] which appears to have remained empty till 1820, by Mr. Watson Taylor, of whom Sir Robert Peel once said that "no man ever bought ridicule at so high a price." This was an allusion to the fact that, although when he was fifty-five he came into an income of £60,000 a year, his subsequent extravagance of living, and the huge sums he spent on forming the very valuable collection of paintings which he assembled here, ruined him in the space of ten or twelve years and he became a bankrupt. He spent, too, vast sums of money on the decorations and alterations of this house, and Croker in a letter says: "I have seen Mr. Watson Taylor's bills for the repairs and additions; they are £48,000, besides the original purchase-money, which was £20,000." The Watson Taylor collection was dispersed by Messrs. Christie in June 1823, and formed the sensation of the day; when we know what magnificent works of art it contained, and then learn that it realised a little over £18,000, out of which £6000 worth of pictures were bought in, we may well be amazed at the extraordinary increase in the prices which works of such a character fetch nowadays.

Mr. Watson Taylor's house, which had subsequently been divided into two, and later into three, residences, one of which was properly in Harley Street,[4] and in which was the main staircase of the original mansion, was afterwards occupied, so far as that portion of it, No. 16, is concerned, by Viscount Beresford, who purchased it in 1828, and in whose family it remained till 1854.

The corresponding mansion at the corner of Chandos Street was for many years the town residence of the Earls of Gainsborough, and was originally No. 8. The original structure has now disappeared, and on its site a large block of flats has been erected. In the open space in the centre, on each side of what is now Dean's Yard, were subsequently built two fine houses, numbered 10 and 11 in Horwood's plan, ornamented with corinthian columns somewhat in the manner of Inigo Jones, which are said to have been the work of another architect once in the pay of the Duke of Chandos at Canons, named James, an inhabitant of Greenwich where he was employed on various works. It was he who built St. George's, Hanover Square, as well as a portion of Twickenham Church, and that he was as interested in landscape gardening as in ecclesiastical architecture is proved, on the authority of Walpole, by the fact that he translated various French books on gardening into his own language.[1] The two houses which he designed in the Square still remain; they are of stone and have some fine ironwork, with link extinguishers on each side of the doorways. One of them is now the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, and the other a private residence. Between them runs Dean's Yard, leading to stabling attached to these and other houses in the Square.

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[1] Miss Berry calls Henry Hope, the author of *Anastasius* and owner of "Deepdene," but this mistake may have arisen from the fact that Thomas's second name was Henry; see for the family, Brayley's *History of Surrey*, vol. v. p. 82.

[2] See Raikes's *Diary* for March 19, 1833.

[3] It is a curious fact that in the Rate Books this house is invariably given without a number, being placed between Nos. 12 and 13 (original numbers).

[4] By Horwood's plan of 1792, we see that this house was really No. 1 Harley Street, and not numbered in Cavendish Square at all.

Among the other past illustrious inhabitants of the Square may be mentioned Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who appears to have been living here, at No. 3, now No. 5, intermittently from 1723 to 1730,[2] during which time Pope published some of his most scurrilous satires on her, and here in the words of Jesse she held her court, "composed of youth, rank, and beauty," before her long absence from England. Here she received her friends, among whom were such opposite characters as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and Henry Fielding, on Sundays, keeping her special favourites to sup with her. In one of her amusing letters she tells her daughter, Lady Bute, that she had sometimes an inclination to desire the latter's father to send her "two large jars that stood in the windows in Cavendish Square." Some years later Lord Bessborough was living in the Square; in 1769, according to the Rate Books, at No. 1, then the large corner house at the south end of the east side; then from 1786 till 1826, No. 2 was the town-house of the family which, in 1828, we find removed to No. 3. These various numbers arise from the fact that the Square has been twice re-numbered, once between the years 1769 and 1786, and again in 1826. The present Lord Bessborough's house is No. 17, in the Square. The original house plays a part in the well-known story of how Sheridan was elected to Brooks's Club by a stratagem concocted by Fox's party after Sheridan's entrance into the House of Commons in 1780. The tale has been variously told, and in fact one version connects the Prince of Wales directly with the artifice,[3] but the following is, in substance, the account given by Jesse in his *Selwyn and His Contemporaries*.

On the evening on which it had been arranged to ballot for Sheridan's election, his two determined enemies, Lord Bessborough and George Selwyn, were found as usual prepared and awaiting the attack. Sheridan's friends, therefore, knowing how hopeless would be the struggle with the two certain black balls which would inevitably be dropped into the box, arranged for a chairman to bring a note, written in the name of Lady Duncannon, Lord Bessborough's daughter-in-law, who with his son lived with him in London, informing him that a fire had broken out in the house in Cavendish Square, and beseeching him to return home immediately. Unsuspicious of any trick, and forgetting, probably, in the face of such a catastrophe, his object in being present at Brooks's, Lord Bessborough, without a moment's hesitation, jumped into a sedan chair and was conveyed to Cavendish Square. One of the enemies had thus been disposed of, and it remained to get rid of the other. Selwyn had, as all the world knows, one weak spot—his devotion to the child of whom both he and Lord March disputed the paternity—and his enemies knew it and took a mean advantage of the fact; for he received a message about the same time as Lord Bessborough had done, intimating that Miss Fagniani had been suddenly taken ill. It is probable that Selwyn saw through the ruse, and either did not want to risk a mistake (for the story might after all be true), or was unwilling to bear the onus of Sheridan's rejection alone—whichever reason actuated him, he departed forthwith. Hardly had his back been turned than Sheridan was balloted for and duly elected, and on the return of the duped pair they found they were too late to remedy the effects of the ballot, and we may hope bore their deception and defeat with as good a grace as they could.

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[1] *Anecdotes of Painting*.

[2] In the Rate Books, Wortley Montagu is given as residing here during the year 1738.

[3] For a lengthy account of this version see Huish's *Memoirs of George IV.*, vol. i. p. 95.

This Earl of Bessborough, who, by-the-bye, was the grandfather of the well-known Lady Caroline Lamb, is met with in the pages of the gossiping J. T. Smith,[1] who records that he was so well known to Nollekens' otherwise implacable house dog, that whenever he saw his lordship's leg advancing through the gate he immediately ceased barking and welcomed the visitor, who always had a French roll in the pocket of his blue great-coat ready for his canine friend. Smith takes the occasion of this reference to Lord Bessborough to tell another story of him showing the kindliness of his disposition. "His lordship was once standing to see the workmen pull down the wooden railing and brickwork which surrounded the centre of Cavendish Square," says Smith, "when a sailor walked up to him and asked him for a quid of tobacco. His lordship answered: 'My friend, I don't take tobacco.' 'Don't you?' rejoined the sailor; 'I wish you did, master, for I have not had a bit to-day.' As he was turning away, his lordship called to him and said, 'Here, my friend, here is something that will enable you to buy tobacco,' and gave him half-a-crown."

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[1] *Nollekens and His Times*, p. 119.

It was in Cavendish Square, too, that Nollekens, with his usual parsimoniousness, desired his man Dodimy to take up some sop which a boy had just thrown out of a beer-pot, saying that it would do for his dog Cerberus; when Dodimy exclaimed: "Lord, sir! I take it up! What, in the sight of yonr friends Lord Bessborough and Lord Brownlow? Sir, sir, there's Mr. Shee looking down at you. No, sir, I would not do it if you were even to scratch me." By which last expression he meant scratched out of Nollekens' will. Which, adds Smith, Nollekens nevertheless eventually did.

A few years after the Sheridan incident the peace of Cavendish Square was disturbed by no less a person than the redoubtable Lord Camelford, whose turbulent career of quarrelling and its then attendant duelling, coupled with his natural pugnacity and success, made his name a terror to all peacefully inclined citizens. On this occasion he was associated in an attack on four watchmen in the Square; and what may have been intended for one of the then not infrequent exploits of finding the "Charlies" slumbering, and either overturning them and their boxes bodily, or at least awakening and giving them a drubbing, resolved itself into a conflict lasting nearly an hour; at the end of which time the watchmen, having been reinforced, overcame Camelford and his associates, who, guarded by no less than twenty armed custodians of the law, were taken to the watch-house and confined during the night, being the next morning brought up at Marlborough Police Court and there fined.[1]

To return to the past inhabitants and their houses in the Square, I find that what is now No. 15[2] was formerly well known as Charleville House, where the Dowager Countess of Charleville formed a sort of *salon*, which in some way equalled the more celebrated *rêunion*s at Gore House. One who knew Lady Charleville tells us that she was a very remarkable person, eminently gifted and highly accomplished, and that few women possessed sounder judgment or were more capable of forming just opinions on most subjects.[3] Lady Charleville's name was disagreeably connected with the notorious translation of Voltaire's *Pucelle d'Orleans*, but there is every reason to believe, indeed she herself always stated the fact, that she had nothing whatever to do with the book; but she seems fated to go down to posterity—the posterity, at any rate, which reads the catalogues of second-hand booksellers—as the author of that very free production.

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[1] Timbs's *Romance of London*. See article on Lord Camelford.

[2] In the Rate Books for 1828, however, Lord Charleville is given as residing at No. 14, and No. 15 is marked as "In Building." Both houses were part of the former house occupied by Mr. Watson Taylor, as we have seen.

[3] Madden, in his *Life of Lady Blessington*, vol. i. p. 165.

For a number of years preceding her death she had lost the use of her legs, and she might have been seen being carried out of her house in the Square, to the carriage or bath-chair which she used constantly; in the latter she used to be wheeled about her apartments when she held her receptions, which not even this affliction caused her to discontinue. These receptions, we are told, were hardly exceeded by any in London, so much agreeable society and intellectual conversation was to be found there. Lady Charleville died in Cavendish Square in 1851, having survived her husband about sixteen years. At her death, Abraham Hayward, who had been a great friend and constant correspondent of hers, as readers of his *Letters* will remember, wrote a notice of her life which appeared in the *Times*, and is also inserted in Lady Morgan's *Memoirs*. Writing to the latter in 1851, Hayward says: "I send you my tribute to the memory of our dear old friend. It was first read and sanctioned in Cavendish Square. When I once told her I should do something of the sort, if I survived her, she said, 'Then remember to clear my name from that calumny about the book.'"[1] No. 15 is now occupied by Jonathan Hutchinson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.

Another former resident in the Square was Edmund Hoyle, at one time Registrar of the Prerogative Court, who died here on the 29th August 1769, at the great age of ninety-seven. He is remembered as the author of a standard book of games, and as the great authority on "Whist," a treatise on which was included in his larger work.[2] It is a pity he gave up to games what was meant for mankind, for as his life extended through no less than six reigns, covering a peculiarly interesting period, had he left us his recollections they could hardly have failed to prove of the greatest value. It was Mrs. Nollekens who would insist on the nice precision of the game of whist as much as ever did the immortal "Mrs. Battle," and she would play it as her mother had done, "according to Hoyle, Mr. Edward Hoyle," and Smith tells us that she remembered Mr. Hoyle being buried at Marylebone, on August 23, 1769, and that he was ninety years old when he died; but here her memory played her false, for Hoyle was born in 1672, and was therefore, as I have stated, ninety-seven.[3]

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[1] Hayward's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 155. "The book," of course, refers to the translation of *La Pucelle*.

[2] He once lived for a time in Queen Square, Bloomsbury. For his treatise on whist he received £1000 from his publishers, and it ran through five editions in one year.

[3] Smith's *Nollekens and His Times*, p. 44. Edward is a mistake for Edmund.

I find Anthony Collins, the Freethinker, who died in 1729, bequeathing to his wife "his dwelling house in Cavendish or Oxford Square," but which this identical house was I have been unable to trace. Other old time residents in the Square include Captain and Mrs. Horatio Nelson, who, in October 1787, were residing at No. 5. As this house is given in the Rate Books for that year as belonging to Sir Herbert Mackworth, with the word "tenants" attached to his name, it is probable that the Nelsons had hired part of it as a temporary abode. At No. 6, Lord Barrington was residing in 1769, and also in 1786; while his son, Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, was occupying, according to the Rate Books, the same house in 1821. Boyle, for 1795, also gives him as residing here in that year. No. 12, which was empty in 1769, was occupied in 1786, by Sir James Langham (he was here also as late as 1795), and in 1821, by Lady Langham; while General Sir Robert Wilson is recorded as having died at Thompson's Hotel in the Square, in 1849.

Matthew Baillie, a fashionable physician of a past day, also once resided here; and, as we shall see by the Directory, the traditions of the healing art are well kept alive by the numerous notable exponents of it who reside there to-day. Moore refers to Dr. Baillie, in a letter to his mother, in the year 1800, when he was ill in London: "I have not wanted for care and nursing of the best kind," he says. "Dr. Baillie, the first physician here, has attended me every second day;" while ten years later he confirms his high opinion of the Doctor, by telling Lady Donegall he thinks she is very right in consulting him instead of relying on her own physician. Baillie, indeed, seems to have had a large and interesting number of patients, for Rogers, writing to Moore at the end of 1809, says "Bile and Baillie have been my only companions," while it was this doctor who is referred to by Croker as being "the late excellent Dr. Baillie, who advised a gentleman (Croker himself), whose official duties were of a very constant and engrossing nature, and whose health seemed to suffer from overwork, to play at cards in the evening, which would tend, he said, to quiet the mind, and to allay the anxiety created by the business of the day." Dr. Baillie, who lived at No. 25,[1] died there in 1823. Not far from this house, at No. 27,[2] lived the Marquis of Winchester, who is given in the Rate Books for 1828, as then residing here; and in later years Mr. Birch, a Governor of the Bank of England, occupied it. The premises have been rebuilt and are now occupied by a Bank. Other later inhabitants of the Square were the late Earl of Fife, the well-known physician, Sir Andrew Clark, and Mr. (now Sir) Squire Bancroft.

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[1] By Horwood's plan of 1792, I find that only three sides of the Square were then numbered, the houses on the south side being numbered in Henrietta Street.

[2] No. 25 is the old numbering; No. 27 the later numbering.

Cavendish Square is not to-day an artistic centre, but at one time it numbered several well-known—and one certainly great—painters among its inhabitants. To be chronological, I must first mention John Wootton, the well-known delineator of horses and dogs. If not as celebrated as Stubbs or Sartorius in this branch of art, he was yet a very successful exponent of it. Walpole says that he was a pupil of John Van Wyck, a painter of battle scenes and hunting pieces, who died at Mortlake in 1702, but Pilkington doubts this on the ground that at Wyck's death Wootton must have been a mere child. Walpole calls Wootton "a very capital master in the branch of his profession to which he principally devoted himself . . . the painting of horses and dogs, which he both drew and coloured with consummate skill, fire, and truth." He was wont to frequent Newmarket to study equine life there, and prints from his hunting and racing pictures are to be still met with with some frequency, while many of his original pictures are to be seen, especially in country houses. He died at his house in Cavendish Square,[1] which he had built for himself, in January 1765, and that he had given up active work some years previously is proved by the fact that his collection of unsold works was disposed of four years previously.

Another painter who built himself a house in the Square—No. 24—was Francis Cotes, the portrait painter, a pupil of Knapton. Cotes died so comparatively early—in his 45th year—that he hardly had time to do full justice to his undoubted talent. Walpole mentions some of his works, and adds, "If they yield to Rosalba's in softness they excel hers in vivacity and invention"; but this is very faint praise, for there was something virile and forceful in Cotes's work which should have saved him from such a comparison as that instituted by Walpole, who might with propriety have placed his name near even that of the great Reynolds himself; indeed Hogarth once declared that he was superior to the Master, but this was to err on the other side. Cotes died in Cavendish Square on July 20, 1770, and was buried at Richmond.[2]

But a more famous even than Cotes was destined to shed lustre over Cavendish Square, and indeed over the very house which Cotes had himself built, for here[1] came to reside, in 1775, George Romney—"The Man in Cavendish Square," as Sir Joshua, his early rival, somewhat contemptuously called him. Here he painted those marvellous portraits of which a nation of slow apprehension seems only just beginning to realise the worth and beauty; here, to use the words of one of his biographers, he "often wrought thirteen hours a day, commencing at eight or earlier, and, except when engaged out, which was not frequently, prolonging his application into the night."[2] This was the heyday of his fame, and although he had basely left a wife and young family to shift for themselves in the country, and had allowed himself to be fascinated by the meretricious beauty of the woman known as Lady Hamilton, everything was forgotten in the anxiety of fashionable people to be painted by the man of the day; so great, indeed, was the desire to be perpetuated by Romney that he tells us, "that at one time he thought he must have planted cannon at his door to overawe the eager crowds that pressed upon him for their portraits." He had no need now to tremble every morning in his new and spacious house in the Square, "with the painful apprehension of not finding business sufficient to support him," as Hayley tells us was the case when he first took possession of Cotes's old house at Christmas, 1775. Cunningham very properly reprobates his not now sending for his wife and family, and giving her "the keys of his house in Cavendish Square, when he had obtained fame and opulence, with a well-furnished table and all that he wished for."[3] But the fact was that the woman whom the brush of Romney, and the love of Nelson, have alone made famous, was wrecking Romney's life. In order to have more of her company, he lessened the number of his sitters, and although he painted Emma Hamilton in every pose and under every condition, such continual work given to a single face and form, however beautiful, could not but have enervated his powers and vitiated his perception for reproducing faithful likenesses of other sitters, if indeed it did not take from him the desire to paint any one but the siren who had bewitched him. The time came when Cavendish Square was deserted, and Romney, the once great and fashionable, was left without a sitter.[4]

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[1] In the Rate Books for 1730 *et seq.*, he is given; but as the houses were not numbered in these early years there is no clue to the actual house he occupied. As, however, in 1730, only thirteen houses are given, it must have been on the north or east side, as these were first built on.

[2] Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters.*

A mania for the painting of works on a vast scale came upon him —it was a species of madness which had afflicted the unhappy Haydon—

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[1] Walford, in *Old and New London*, says No. 24, while Harrison in his *Memorable London Houses* gives it as No. 32. This discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that the old 24, on the renumbering of the houses in 1826, became 32. Thus in the Rate Books for 1769, I find Cotes at No. 24; in 1786, Romney at the same house (paying, by-the-bye, £16 on £120 rental value); and in 1821, Martin Shee at No. 24, whereas in 1828, Martin Shee is given at No. 32.

[2] Lord Ronald Gower's *Life of Romney*.

[3] *Lives of the Painters*, vol. v. p. 93.

[4] Frith in his *Further Reminiscences*.

and thinking the house in Cavendish Square too small to contain such a studio as he dreamed of, he spent a large sum of money in erecting one to suit his ideas, at Hampstead, whither he removed from Cavendish Square in 1797, and here he passes from our present ken!

He was followed in the occupancy of No. 24, afterwards No. 32, by an artist who, although succeeding Lawrence as President of the Royal Academy, is known to us almost solely by name,[1] Sir Martin Archer Shee, who had purchased the lease from Romney. He was, also, a fashionable portrait painter, but we have long since learned to discriminate between fashionable portrait-painting Presidents and artists, and every one knows that Shee was of such inferior calibre as hardly to deserve the latter title; indeed his success has been considered as much attributable (I should have said more), to his social qualifications as to his power as a painter. He died in the Square in 1850, at the ripe age of eighty. No. 32 Cavendish Square has had other and later illustrious occupants, for here resided Sir Jonas Quain and Sir Richard Quain, the great physicians, while subsequently, in 1887, the house was purchased by E. D. Mapother, Esq., M.D., who informed Mr. Clinch[2] of various facts connected with the house, and among others that Romney's studio was still in existence in 1892; but in 1904 the house was pulled down[3] and has since been replaced by another.

Next door, at No. 31, Sir Squire and Lady (then Mr. and Mrs.) Bancroft lived, I am told by F. L. Sandwith, Esq., the present occupier; and Lady Fife, at whose house Yates first met Sir Alexander Cockburn; and Mrs. Dickenson, a great friend of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, both resided in the Square.

A glance through the Rate Books for various years shows us a variety of other inhabitants whose names, if not exactly celebrated, it may be interesting to rescue from the oblivion of these musty records. Thus in 1730, Sir Gilbert Pickering, Lady Pearpoint, and M. Viyose were living here. In 1732, the latter gentleman has been metamorphosed into Vioyse, and Lady Pearpoint becomes Madame E. Pearpoint; while among other past inhabitants are Governor Robert Adams and Wortley Montagu, Esq. Coming to 1738, I find the Duke of Argyll a resident, as well as such well-known names as those of John Finch, George Fox, and William Velasyse; and in the following year, a time when the Square became very fashionable, the second Lord Portmore, known as Beau

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[1] Although in the *Picture of London* for 1806, the author writes of Shee's work: "There is an originality in the air and latitude of his figures which shows that he thinks for himself and is superior to servile imitation."

[2] *Marylebone and St. Pancras*, p. 104.

[3] Note in Smith's *Rainy Day*, p. 164.

Colyear, removed hither from St. James's Square. Some thirty years later (1769), Savile Finch, Esq., is given as at No. 2 (Mrs. Finch was at No. 3 in 1795), Lady Wenman at No. 5, Lord Delamere at No. 7, the Hon. Thomas Grosvenor at No. 13, and the Earl of Winchilsea at No. 18, while Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12 are set down as being empty, and the Princess Amelia's name is entered in the Books with no number against her. Coming to 1786, Lord Bessborough's house is found to be occupied by Lord Sommers, and Lord Bessborough occupying No. 2, while Savile Finch, who was previously at No. 2, is given at No. 3. On the other hand, the renumbering seems to have been only partial, for the Hon. Thomas Grosvenor is still at No. 13, as he was in 1769, and Lord Harcourt is entered as the owner of No. 15, which in 1769 is given as Lord Bingley's, whom, however, we know Lord Harcourt succeeded in the tenancy. Among other fresh names for the year 1786, I find Sir George Cooper at No. 7, Sir William Jones at No. 9, Sir James Langham at No. 12, Admiral Darley at No. 14, Lady Hales at No. 18, and the Earl of Macclesfield at No. 19, where he was also residing in 1771. In 1821, Lord Brownlow is given (at No. 1), Lord Orford (at No. 3), and Lord Dufferine Claneboyne, besides a number of other new names which it would hardly be of interest to transcribe in detail.

It was in Cavendish Square that the Dilettante Society, which was formed in 1747, and to which Knapton, mentioned before as the master of Cotes, was appointed painter in 1765, bought[1] a piece of ground on which the members proposed to erect a house, but this design was eventually abandoned; while at No. 5, in 1851, took place the celebrated International Chess Tournament, which drew the finest players from all parts of the world hither.

The central garden in the Square was originally enclosed by a dwarf brick wall, surmounted by a heavy wooden railing,[2] which, as we have seen, was being removed in Lord Bessborough's time, the present iron railing being then substituted. When the Square was formed it was intended to erect a statue of Queen Anne in the centre, in fact this is shown, by anticipation, in the plan dated 1719; but this design was never carried out; indeed the space remained unadorned till 1770, when Lieut.-Gen. William Strode erected an equestrian statue, modelled by John Cheere,[3] of William, Duke of Cumberland, popularly known as "The Butcher." The statue was made of lead and was covered with gilding, and bore the following inscription, which Cunningham,[1] from the nature of the wording, rightly calls "remarkable":—

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[1] They bought the ground in 1747, and disposed of it in 1760. Timbs's *Clubs of London.*

[2] Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day.*

[3] Nightingale, in his *London and Middlesex,* calls the sculptor, "Mr. Chew."

"William, Duke of Cumberland, born April 15th, 1721—died October 31st, 1765. This equestrian statue was erected by Lieutenant-General William Strode, in gratitude for *his* private friendship,[2] in honour to *his* public virtue. November 4th, Anno Domini 1770."

The Duke was represented in a contemporary military uniform, and this fact gave rise to much criticism; indeed Sir Joshua Reynolds was supposed to refer to this particular statue in one of his Discourses where he remarks, "In this town may be seen an equestrian statue in a modern dress, which may be sufficient to deter modern artists from any such attempt." But surely it was more consonant with reason that Cumberland should appear in the dress he actually wore than that, for instance, James II. should masquerade as Julius Cæsar, or that Louis XIV. as Pompeius Magnus should stretch out a helpless baton in command over a heedless people!

In 1868, the statue was removed to be recast, but it has never been restored to its former position. The Square is not without its effigy, however, for in 1848, a colossal bronze figure of Lord George Bentinck, for some time leader of the Conservative party and remembered now mainly through Disraeli's biography, was erected on the south side facing Holles Street. It simply bears the name and the dates of his birth and death on the pedestal, and is the work of Campbell.

Cavendish Square is to-day largely given over to the medical profession, some of the most eminent members of which occupy houses in it, while among other illustrious persons who live there may be mentioned the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at No. 2, the Earl of Crawford, K.T., who informs me that he bought the house from Lady Isabella Schuster, and that it had previously belonged to the Earl of Wicklow.

The Square has suffered, so far as the uniformity of its houses is concerned, by much rebuilding; and now that the demolition of Harcourt House is an accomplished fact, the probable covering of its site with new buildings will still further alter its once old-world appearance, and I fear will not improve its general aspect.

NOTE.—The very interesting view of the Square which is reproduced at the beginning of this chapter is on a fan once in the famous collection of Mr. Walker, which was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, on June 8, 1882. The following is the description of the fan given by Mr. Walker himself: "A Fan, paper mount, painted with a view of *St. James's Square,* attributed to Canaletto; at the back a view of Wanstead House, Essex." Now it is quite obvious that the view does not represent St. James's Square, but Cavendish Square, and it is therefore probable that the picture on the other side depicts not Wanstead House but Canons, Edgeware; especially as it is known that the columns of Canons formed subsequently the portico to Wanstead. The fan would thus incorporate views of the Duke of Chandos's town and country residences, and may conceivably have been made to his order. Being ignorant of the present whereabouts of the fan, I can merely surmise this, but I think it seems a not unreasonable supposition. I am indebted to the courtesy of T. Hodge, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge, for permission to reproduce the fan here.

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[1] *Handbook to London*, vol. i. p. 171.

[2] Nightingale gives it "kindness," and in a note says, "It is singular that Lysons and Malcolm should have copied this inscription very erroneously." *London and Middlesex*, vol. iii. pt. 2, p. 734.

HANOVER SQUARE

"London has many fine open spaces called squares, because they are of that shape. The centres of these squares are shut in by railings . . . and contain gardens with flowers, trees, and paths."—M. de Saussure (1725).

Hanover Square has found favourable acceptance from the most exacting, and even the hypercritical Ralph[1] has some praise to bestow on it. "The west side of Hanover Square is uniform," he writes, "argues a very tolerable taste in the architect, and deserves a good deal of approbation." But he qualifies this by adding that, "the rest are (*sic*) intolerable and deserve no attention at all;" while a contemporary newspaper writer,[2] about the time the Square was in course of formation, says: "Round about the new square which is building near Oxford Road, there are so many other edifices, that a whole magnificent city seems to be risen out of the ground, that one would wonder how it should find a new set of inhabitants." We shall see that from its earliest day it not only did not lack inhabitants but contained many of importance.

In 1716, Pennant speaks of the Square as being unbuilt, but as it is marked in the various plans of London published in 1720, we can place the time of its formation and completion between these years.

In that storehouse of curious and valuable facts about the town—*London Past and Present*[3]—an interesting quotation is given from *Apple-*

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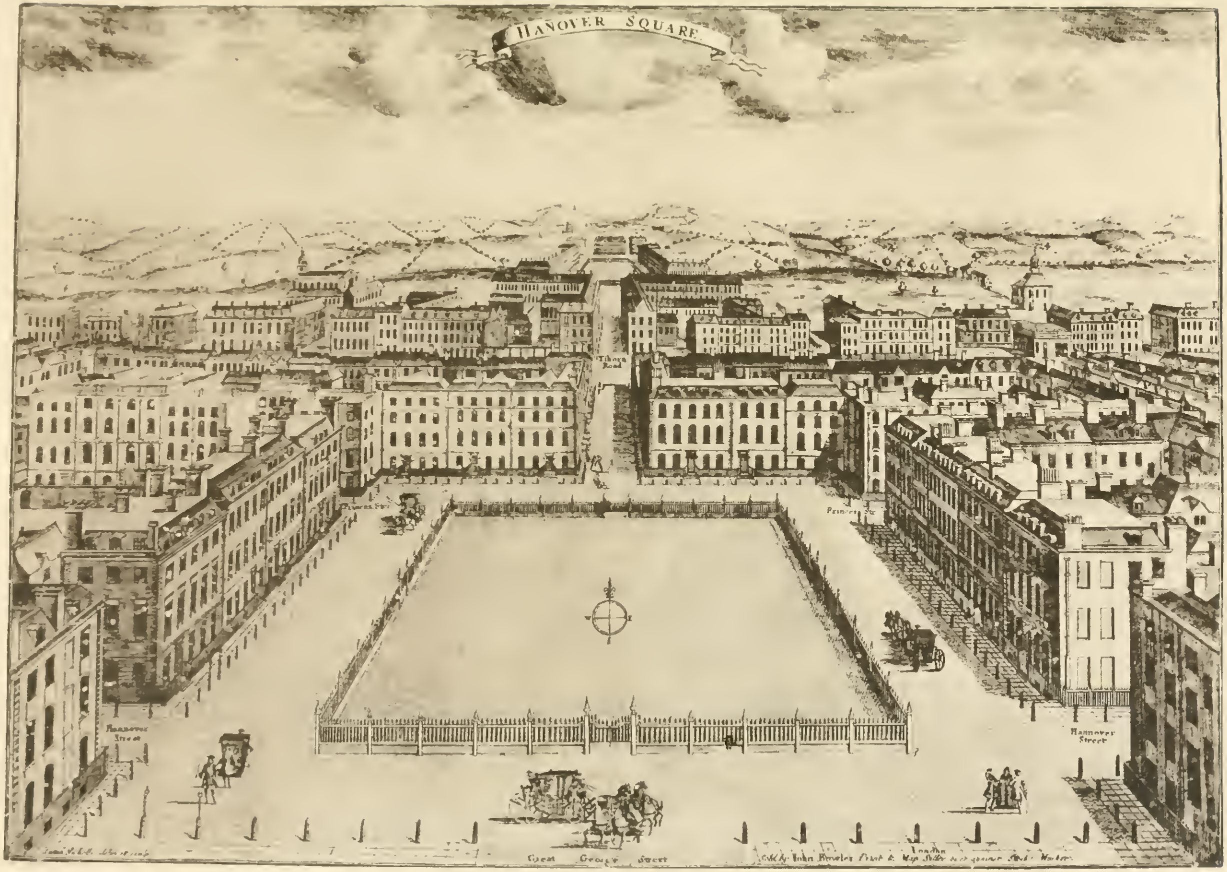
[1] *Critical Survey.* There are two views of Hanover Square by Sutton Nicholls, being the first and second states of the same plate, dated respectively 1720 and 1754; and one by Overton, dated 1727.

[2] In the *Weekly Medley* for the year 1717, quoted in Malcolm's *Londinum Redivivum.*

[3] By H. B. Wheatley, Esq., based on Cunningham's *Handbook to London.*


HANOVER SQUARE
Tiborn Road
Princes Str
Princes Str
Hannover Street
Hannover Street
Great George Street
London
Sold by John Bowles Print & Map Seller over against Stocks Market

bee's Journal, with regard to Hanover Square in its early days. Under date of September 4, 1725, the Diarist has this entry: "I went away towards Hyde Park, being told of a fine avenue made to the east side of the park, fine gates and a large *visa*, or opening, from the new square called Hanover Square. . . . In the tour I passed an amazing scene of new foundations, not of houses only, but as I might say of new cities, new towns, new squares, and fine buildings, the like of which no city, no town, nay, no place in the world, can show; nor is it possible to judge where or when they will make an end or stop building."

The *visa* mentioned above is obviously what we now know as George Street, for it was then, as it is now, an opening to be seen from both Hanover and Cavendish Squares, which Applebee refers to when he uses the words "new squares." It was this *visa* that extorted admiration even from Ralph. For him, he is mildly enthusiastic, as witness what he says of it: "I must own that the view down George Street, from the upper sides of the Square, is one of the most entertaining in the whole city: the sides of the Square, the area in the middle, the breaks of building that form the entrance of the vista, the vista itself, but above all the beautiful projection of the portico of St. George's Church, are all circumstances that unite its beauty and make the scene perfect;"[1] to which I may append Wordsworth's dictum: that the view from Harewood Place was one of the finest in old London.[2]

It seems difficult nowadays to connect Hanover Square with the idea of a suburban situation, but such it undoubtedly had at the time it was built. Pennant himself remembered the neighbouring Oxford Road as having, eastward from this spot as far as High Street, St. Giles's, only a few isolated houses on its northern side, and the road itself being a deep hollow way full of sloughs and ruts, with here and there a dilapidated tenement, which formed a convenient hiding-place for the footpads and cut-throats who infested this district; so bad a reputation had it indeed in this respect that the worthy antiquary writes: "I never was taken that way by night in my hackney-coach, but I went in dread the whole way."

Many of these disadvantages were of course removed, during the development of the Duke of Newcastle's estate, by the formation of Cavendish Square and its adjoining streets on the opposite side of the Oxford Road, which took place about the same time as the building of Hanover Square; but this development was very gradual, and many of the terrors caused by bad roads and questionable company must have lasted for a number of years; even so late as 1771, the Square itself appears to have been in anything but a satisfactory condition, and although it is the author of the *Critical Observations on London* who speaks, and therefore some allowance should doubtless be made, yet there can be little doubt that there was something more than a mere substratum of truth in his complaint. "As to Hanover Square," he says, "I do not know what to make of it. It is neither open nor enclosed. Every convenience is railed out, and every nuisance railed in. Carriages have a narrow, ill-paved street to turn round in, and the middle has the air of a cow-yard, where blackguards assemble in the winter to play at hustle-cap, up to the ankles in dirt." Perhaps nothing attests its then comparatively isolated position better than the fact that when first developed the ground sold at half-a-crown a foot, and the fact that this small price quickly rose to fifteen shillings[1] also shows with what rapidity its prosperity grew. This latter circumstance is further proved by the fact that Strype gives it as a current report that "the common place of execution of malefactors at Tyburn shall be appointed elsewhere . . . for the removing any inconvenience or annoyance that might thereby be occasioned to (Hanover) Square or the houses thereabouts."[2]

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[1] *Critical Observations on the Buildings in London.*

[2] Allsop's *Recollections of Coleridge.*

It was customary to vary the position of the gallows at Tyburn from time to time, but we may roughly put its approximate position at where the Marble Arch now stands, and therefore it was a considerable way from the newly formed Square (which, by-the-bye, we may note was at first called Hanover Square Street),[3] but its suggested removal was to avoid the scandalous scenes which accompanied the last journey of a condemned man to the gallows from affecting the inhabitants of the Square through or near which the gruesome procession would pass. A foreign visitor faithfully describes such a scene as frequently took place, and adds, "In this way part of the town is crossed, and Tyburn, which is a good half mile from the last suburb, is reached,"[4] . . . and he adds that "executions are frequent in London; they take place every six weeks, and five, ten or fifteen criminals are hanged on these occasions;" while another foreigner, writing thirty-five years later, is able to state that "Tyburn was formerly a village, which vanished when the city extended in that direction, so that at present the name of Tyburn only applies to a site where the gallows and a turnpike stand."[5]

In a fine view of Hanover Square looking north which gives us an excellent idea of its appearance when completed, what is now Oxford

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[1] Malcolm's *Londinum Redivivum*, vol. iv. p. 337.

[2] Strype, quoted by Cunningham.

[3] Rate Books of St. Martin's.

[4] *Letters of M. de Saussure*, 1725, p. 124.

[5] *Diary of a Journey to England*, by Count Kilmansegge, 1761.

Street is shown as Tiborn (*sic*) Road, and what is now Harewood Place appears as a paved way planted with trees on one side and separated from "Tiborn Road" by posts and rails, with egress for pedestrians only.[1]

Notwithstanding its completion, it was yet considered so far out of town—a nearer sort of suburb, in fact—that we find Swift in his *Polite Conversation* making Neverout address Sir John with, "What do you think of Hanover Square? Why, Sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it."

Its name appears to have been the outcome of that perhaps somewhat exaggerated loyalty which, had not the Pretender been stirring over the border, would probably not have found this outward expression, for it was originally intended to name it Oxford Square, from the neighbouring Oxford Road, and its present name seems to have been a loyal afterthought. In any case it was but proper that a new part of the town should take the name of a new dynasty, especially as their advent was nearly contemporaneous. Hanover, or Hannover Square, as it is frequently to be found spelt in old topographical books, appropriately therefore exhibited, as the careful Hughson takes pains to point out, examples of the German style of architecture;[2] but we may search long enough to-day for specimens of the Fatherland's influence on the surrounding houses, for it is probable that no Square in London has undergone such a transformation as the one under consideration; where used to dwell notable sailors, soldiers, statesmen, and people generally of light and leading, is now given over to the dressmaking art; to learned societies with portentous names; or to business establishments with the most uncompromising exteriors; while the most notable house in the Square was until quite recently the home of the Royal Agricultural Society.

This mansion, No. 13, formerly No. 12, is still known by its original name of Harewood House. Before saying anything about it, however, I must mention the names of some of those who were the earliest inhabitants in the Square. From a number of names given by the writer in the *Weekly Medley*, which I have before quoted, it would appear to have been in particular favour with the army, for among those who were said to have bought houses here before the Square was actually finished, we find General Lord Cadogan, who removed hither from St. James's Square in 1787, and no less than six other generals, viz., Carpenter, Wills, Evans,

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[1] *Several Prospects of Publick Buildings in London*, by John Bowles, folio, 1724. This plate is also given in Strype's edition of Stow, 2 vols., 1755. A later print by Pollard of the Square is dated December 1787, and looks south.

[2] *History of London*, 1807.

Pepper, and two Stuarts. Besides these, in the Rate Books of St. Martin's for 1725, are given the names, among others, of Lord Hillsborough, the Duke of Montrose, Lords Falkland, Carpenter, and Dunmore, the Duke of Bolton, Col. John Fane, and Mrs. Hewers on the west side, most of whom were rated on estimated rentals of £140 to £160; on the north of the Square, Sir Adolphus Oughton, Madame Bridgeman, Lady Dashwood, Lords Pontefract and Litchfield, General Stewart, Henry Furness, Esq., and the Duke of Roxburgh; and on the east side, Count Staremberg, Col. Cotton, Lady Buckley, Sir W. Gaze, and Lord Londonderry; while other early residents included Sir Theodore Jansen, Lords Coventry and Brook, and Mr. Sheldon. A few years later it is shown by a list of the "Houses of the Nobility" given in a work on London published in 1728,[1] that the Earl of Anglesea, Lords Bolton, Carpenter, and Foley, the Earls of Litchfield, Leicester, Essex, and Pomfret, and the Bishop of Durham were among the titled occupants of houses in the Square, while the Earl of Dunmore and the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburgh are given as still living there. Henry Hope, Esq., at No. 2, Sir Richard Sutton, at No. 13, and Lord Mendip at No. 20, were residing in the Square in 1795,[2] besides others who will be found mentioned later on.

The house of the Duke of Roxburgh was that later known as Harewood House. It is evident that the Duke bought the ground on which it stands, as it is known that the mansion itself was built by the brothers Adam for his Grace.[3] He was the ducal bibliomaniac after whom the Roxburgh Club was named in 1812, at the time of the dispersal of his famous library, and here he housed many of the treasures which he picked up on the bookstalls of the town when bargains really could be found for the seeking. Dr. Dibdin, who claimed the honour of founding the club, has described with the pen of an enthusiast the Homeric contest which took place at the sale of the Duke's books for the possession of the great Valdafar Boccaccio. It was the first really great library to be dispersed, and the good Doctor waxes piously unctuous over those ten thousand "lots" of rarities—rarities which, says J. H. Burton,[4] "it was rumoured had been bargains, and that the noble collector drew largely on the spirit of patient perseverance and enlightened sagacity for which Monkbarns (another mighty bookhunter) claims credit." Readers of Burton will remember the story of a crossed love which he tells, and which is said to have been the primary cause of the Duke's bibliomaniacal tendencies! After his removal to 13 St. James's Square, the mansion became the property of the Earl of Harewood,[1] who purchased it in 1795, and from whom it takes its name. He also possessed a collection, not of books but of china, and, appropriately as it seems, considering the late use to which his old home was put, he was also an enthusiastic agriculturist. His wonderful assemblage of porcelain had been formed by his elder brother, known as Beau Lascelles, who died before coming into the title, and unmarried, in 1814. Raikes in his journal for May 14, 1837, gives an account of Lascelles, and there speaks of the collection he had formed "with great taste and judgment at a time when he had few competitors," as the finest in England, and housed in the mansion of Lord Harewood in Hanover Square, "a nobleman whose agricultural pursuits and simple habits would give little reason to suppose that he possessed an expensive article of luxury and taste."[2] Harewood House remained in the possession of the Harewood family till the year 1894, when it was purchased by the Royal Agricultural Society, which had been established in 1838, and which was previously housed in the present No. 12, in the Square, now the headquarters of the Shire Horse Association and other institutions.

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[1] *A New Review of London*, 1728.

[2] Bayley's *Court Guide*.

[3] Hughson's *History of London*.

[4] *The Bookhunter*.

Strype, in noticing the formation of the Square and the rapidity with which the newly erected houses were taken, specifically mentions one as being the new residence of Lord Cowper, late Lord High Chancellor—"the silver-tongued Cowper," as he has been called. He it was who opposed with all his logical acuteness the proposals of the organisers of the South Sea Scheme; he, too, exposed the fallacies attending the fining of Roman Catholics in 1723, and, on the evidence of Lawyer Layer, was nearly implicated in the charges brought against Atterbury. He is remembered as being in the habit of wearing his own hair, an unusual thing in those days, which led Queen Anne to insist on his having his hair cut and wearing a heavy wig; otherwise, she is reported to have said, "the world would think she had given the seals to a boy;"[3] an allusion, of course, to his being appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal in 1705, when he was in his forty-first year. His character is thus given by the historian of the period: "Cowper was a prudent, cautious, clever man, whose abilities made a considerable impression upon his own time, but have carried his memory only in a faint and feeble way on to ours. He was a fine speaker, so far as style and manner went, and he had a charming voice. Chesterfield said of him that the ears and eyes gave him up to the hearts and understandings of his audience." The portrait which Richardson painted of Lord Cowper bears out part of this statement, and Burnet speaks of his "engaging deportment," while *The True Briton*, in an obituary notice in 1723, says of him, "In his person and appearance there was plainly to be seen a fine exterior figure of that inward worth which everybody experienced." Such was the man—the most famous—who was one of the earliest inhabitants of Hanover Square. His wife, too, is remembered as having been Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and as having left us a Diary for the years 1714–20, a period which otherwise lacks personal records of this sort, of the greatest value. In that Diary no mention is, however, made of the house in Hanover Square, and from this fact it is probable that Lord Cowper's residence here was only a temporary one after all—in any case, as he died in 1723, it would only have been a short one.

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[1] Born 1767, died 1841, having married Henrietta, daughter of Sir John Sebright, in 1794.

[2] *Journal*, vol. iii. p. 184.

[3] McCarthy's *History of the Four Georges*.

Lord Delavel, the father of Lady Tyrconnel, to whom the Duke of York was, at one time, much attached, also had a house in the Square, where he and his son-in-law and daughter resided together, according to Wraxall, who was a friend of the family; while another peer who once lived here was the fourth and last Lord Holdernesse, whose formality of manner is noticed by Walpole, as well as the unreliability of his statements, although Lady Mary Wortley Montagu calls him a "Whig and an honest man." He appears to have rented a house belonging to Mrs. Donnellan, and that lady, writing to Mrs. Montagu[1] in 1752, says that his lease expired in the August of that year, and that as the house was too large a one for her to occupy, and her lease nearly at an end, she desires Mrs. Montagu to look out for a house for her somewhere outside London, but not further off than Windsor; and in another letter of the same year[2] to Mrs. Dewes, she speaks of intending to remain in Hanover Square till she can find another house.

According to Besant only a few of the original houses in the Square now remain, notably among others, Nos. 17 and 23; the latter, which is the large house in the south-western corner, is mentioned by Lambert as being "the best piece of brick work in the metropolis," and therefore appropriately survives. This house, then No. 21, became at the end of the eighteenth century the residence of Lord Palmerston, the father of the more illustrious Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister from 1855, with an interval, till his death. Here were held social and political assemblies only less notable than those which were later to make famous

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[1] Not to be confounded with Mrs. Montagu of Papplewick, whom Mrs. Delany invariably styles "Mrs. (Hanover Square) Montagu," probably to distinguish her from Mrs. (Portman Square) Montagu.

[2] *Mrs. Montagu*, by Mrs. Climenson, 2 vols., 1906, where we are told, in a note, that Mr. Macartney took over the house in question.

Cambridge House, Piccadilly. It was in this house that Count Rumford's principle of obviating smoking chimneys was first applied, the experiments meeting with great success and leading the way to improvements of a like nature in many other London houses, such as Sir Joseph Banks's in Soho Square, the Earl of Bessborough's in Cavendish Square, and Mrs. Montagu's in Portman Square.[1]

So little is known of Lord Palmerston's father that we hail with pleasure a reference to him contained in an article[2] on his son, in which the writer speaks of him as being an accomplished and fashionable gentleman, a politician (he seconded the address during Lord Nottingham's Administration, held office as Lord of Trade, and was afterwards a member of the Admiralty Board), a lover of art, and an appreciator of beauty, of which he gave a proof by marrying Miss Mee of Gloucestershire, into the house of whose father he had been carried in consequence of an accident when riding in the neighbourhood.

No. 23, had also another illustrious occupant in the person of Augusta, Duchess of Brunswick, who lost her husband, to whom she was married in 1764, at Jena, and her son at Quatre-Bras. She was the eldest child of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and was born in 1737. The quarrel between her parents and George II., and the extraordinary circumstances attending the birth of this "little rat of a girl, about the bigness of a good large toothpick case," as Lord Hervey calls her, will be found fully detailed in that nobleman's memoirs.[3] When she returned to England in 1807, flying from Napoleon's eagles, she took up her residence at Blackheath, and there George III. visited her immediately after her arrival; but a few years after she took the house in Hanover Square, and there in March 1811, Lady Jerningham paid her respects to the Duchess. Writing to Lady Bedingfield on the 9th of the month, Lady Jerningham thus describes the incident: "I must now give you an account of my visit to the Royal Highness of Brunswick . . . she desired that I would come with Lady Findlater to dine with her. . . . I accordingly went at the half hour after four. She has a corner house in Hanover Square, belonging to Lord Palmerston; the outward appearance is not considerable, but within it is large, and it has a good garden. The Duchess was alone in her grand apartment, two very fine rooms, one looking to the Square and the other to the garden. . . . After dinner we went up to her dressing-room, which is her usual apartment of common visiting days, and after some more conversation upon everything, a card table was put, and she played at ombre."[1]

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[1] For an account of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, an American scientist and a Bavarian Administrator, born 1753, died 1814, see Walford's *Londoniana* and the usual Biographical Dictionaries.

[2] In *Temple Bar* for April 1876.

[3] Vol. ii. p. 362, *et seq.*

The Duchess died in 1813—according to Croker, in Spring Gardens,—so it is probable that she had given up Lord Palmerston's house before that event, although in *London Past and Present*, it is spoken of as her last London residence.

The present No. 17, formerly No. 15, which is doomed to destruction, also had, it is said, a once well-known occupier in the person of Mrs. Jordan, who was living here under the protection of the Duke of Clarence. As an actress she can have had but few equals, indeed Genest[2] affirms that in her own line she was incomparable, and states that her conception of the character of Hippolita will never be excelled, while other notable parts in her *répertoire* were those of Viola and Rosalind; and we know that even Mrs. Siddons allowed that she had "a vast deal of merit."

If we now take the houses more or less in rotation, it will be observed that most of them have had, at one time or another, occupants who have made their mark on the history of the country. Beginning with No. 10, we shall see that Lord Rodney was living here in 1792.[3] As the gallant Admiral died in that year, his tenancy of No. 10 must have been restricted to months only. Walford tells an anecdote of the victor of Cape St. Vincent. It is known that his favourite daughter eloped with Captain Chambers, son of Sir William Chambers, the celebrated architect, and was married at Gretna Green. When Lord Rodney heard of the escapade he was at first, as was natural enough, exceedingly wroth, but his habitual equanimity soon succeeded the angry storm, and he is recorded to have delivered this *obiter dictum* on the affair: "Well, well! what is done can't be undone; but it is odd that my own family is the only crew I never could manage, and I only hope that Jessy will never mutiny under her new commander."

But Rodney was not the only illustrious naval commander who resided at No. 10, for thirty years previously—in 1762—the great Lord Anson was dwelling beneath the same roof, but, as in the case of Lord Rodney, only for a few months, for on June 7th of that year he died at Moor Park in Hertfordshire. The intelligence that beams from his good-looking face in his portrait by Sir Joshua, bears out the remarks on his personal appearance given in the *Lives of the British Admirals.*[1] "Handsome and well formed," he is there described as being "rather above the middle size; in movement easy and unaffected, and with a complexion fair and sanguine, but in the expression of the face more grave than impassioned, sedate rather than melancholy." Mrs. Pilkington, in her *Memoirs*, mentions a call she made on the Admiral at his house, and tells how she was "shown into the back parlour of a small house in Hanover Square," and how "it was well adorned with books in glass cases even from the ceiling to the floor." Although Lord Anson's name is indissolubly connected with the prowess of the British Navy, he only obtained the highest rank in it—that of Admiral of the Fleet—the year before his death.

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[1] *The Jerningham Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 4–5.

[2] *History of the Stage.*

[3] Besant's *Mayfair* states from 1792–1796, but Lord Rodney died in the former year as stated in the text! Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795, gives Lady Rodney as living at No. 9, in that year.

Three years after that event, No. 10 had as occupier the gentleman who has come down to posterity as "Single-Speech Hamilton." William Gerard Hamilton, who is thus indicated, was born in London in 1729, and died there in 1796. He entered Parliament in 1754, and on November 13, 1755, he delivered his maiden speech during the debate on the Address, in which he showed the true spirit of oratory and a promise that was never fulfilled, for it remained during his parliamentary life his sole elocutionary effort of any note, and thus obtained for him that species of fame which many speeches have been unable to secure less favoured individuals. Leland described him as a selfish, canker-hearted, envious reptile! because he refused the great Burke, who, as a young man, had accompanied him to Ireland and acted as his private secretary, the leisure the latter demanded for his literary pursuits; while Burke himself, who, when roused, never minced matters, roundly calls him "an infamous scoundrel." There was probably something to be said on the other side.

Another one time occupier of No. 10, which we have seen was a temporary home of both Lord Anson and Lord Rodney, was Perceval Pott, the celebrated surgeon, who resided here from 1777–1788, while a no less notable physician of a later day lived here in 1841, in the person of Sir James Clark, who was born in the year that Pott ceased to reside in the Square. He is known for two important works—one on Consumption, published in 1835, and an earlier one on *The Influence of Climate in the Preservation and Cure of Chronic Diseases.* He died at Bagshot Park, now the country residence of the Duke of Connaught, in 1870, and was the father of the no less celebrated Sir Andrew Clark of our own day.

No. 10 was for a time the Brunswick Hotel, and it was writing from this hotel that Clement Hill, whose nephew had been taken ill, asked Lord W. Pitt Lennox to take his place as page at the Coronation of George IV.[1]

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[1] Vol. vi. p. 388.

As we have seen, among the earliest inhabitants of the Square appears the name of Lord Hillsborough. This was the first Lord, and father of the peer whom Mrs. Delany describes as very well bred, sensible, and entertaining,[2] and who was created Marquis of Downshire in 1789. It is important to remember this and not to confound the latter with his father, at whose house in Hanover Square strange doings took place, according to Prior, who, in his *Life of Malone*,[3] gives the following account of them:—

"He (Walpole) has a copy of a very curious letter of Lady M. W. Montague's (*sic*) giving an account of a private society that used to meet about the year 1730 at Lord Hillsborough's in Hanover Square, where each gentleman came masked, and brought with him one lady—either his mistress, or any other man's wife, or perhaps a woman of the town—who was also masked. They were on oath not to divulge names, and continued masked the whole time. There were tables set out for supper, artificial arbours, couches, &c., to which parties retired when they pleased, and called for what refreshment they chose. . . . This institution probably lasted but a short time. The late Captain O'Brien told me that his father, Sir Edward, was one of the members."

The house at which this indeed strange society met must have been that known (No. 21, formerly No. 19)[4] from 1793 as Downshire House, at the corner of Brook Street, which was inhabited in 1826 by the second Marquis of Salisbury, three years after he had come into the title; he appears only to have rented it, for in 1835 it was occupied by Talleyrand, then French Ambassador to this country. In his time it was the scene of numerous *réunions* of diplomatists, wits, and literary men; but there is no doubt that the Prince was looked at askance during his residence in London. Lady Bedingfield calls him "a horrid old creature," and Lady Gore once remarked, "Whenever I see Talleyrand I expect to smell sulphur and brimstone."[5]

It was probably at the house in Hanover Square that Lord Sefton used to visit the Prince, an amusing account of one of these calls being described by his Lordship to Raikes at White's Club, and thus recorded by the

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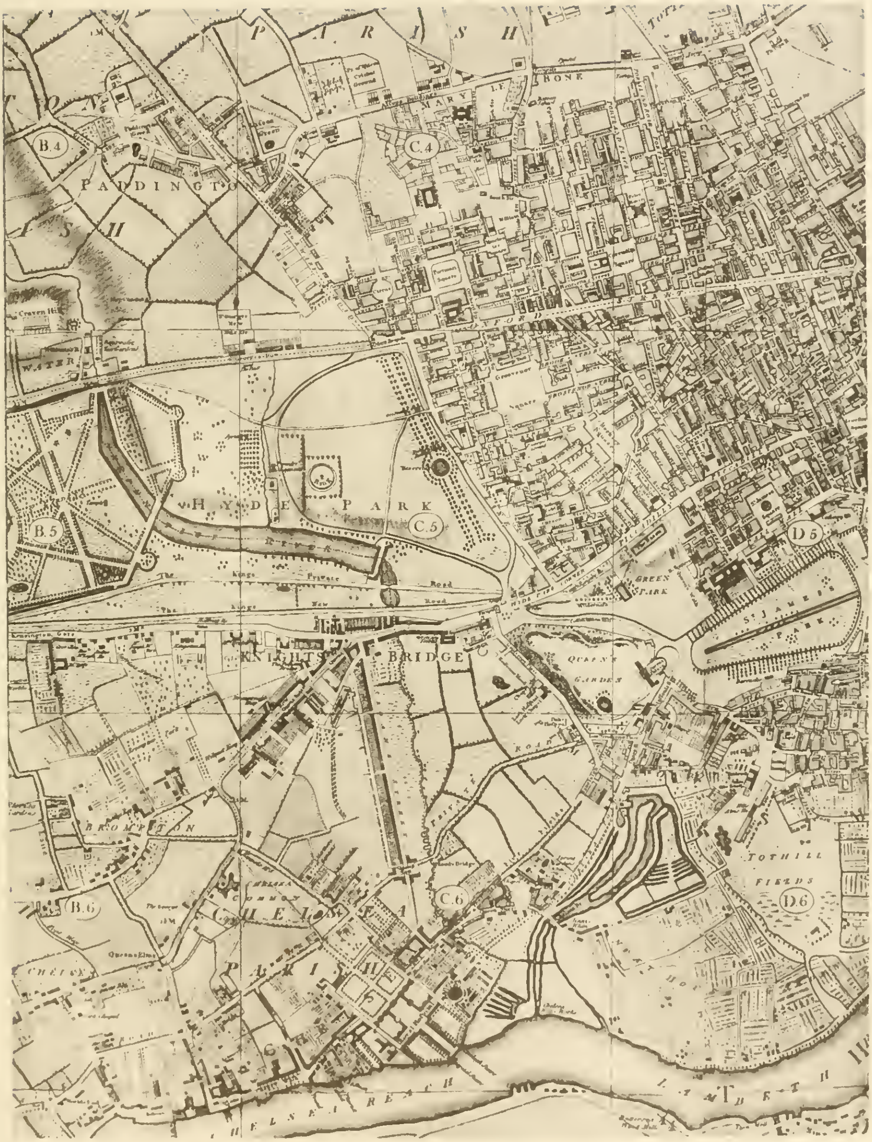
[1] Lord W. Pitt Lennox's *Reminiscences of Fifty Years*, vol. ii. p. 20.

[2] Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography*, vol. iii. p. 512.

[3] Prior's *Life of Malone*, p. 512, embodying a memorandum, dated March 8, 1789, by Malone of a conversation he had on that day with Horace Walpole.

[4] Boyle gives Lord Downshire as living at No. 19 in 1795.

[5] *Jerningham Letters*, vol. ii. p. 342.


P A R I S H
MARY LE BONE
B.4
C.4
PADDINGTON
OXFORD STREET
Grosvenor Square
HYDE PARK
B.5
C.5
D.5
GREEN PARK
ST JAMES'S PARK
KNIGHTS BRIDGE
QUEENS GARDENS
BROMPTON
CHELSEA
PARISH
B.6
C.6
D.6
TOTHILL FIELDS
CHELSEA REACH
LAMBETH

PLAN OF THE PARISH OF ST. GEORGE'S,
HANOVER SQUARE.

Diarist:[1] "This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of this celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilette, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The Prince was in a loose flannel gown; his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crépus* with the curling iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked upon all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloon, loose and undulating in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cul-de-jatte*." A writer in the *Morning Post* about the year 1838, wrote a long character of this extraordinary man, in which he says that when the Prince came to England, "one cannot refrain from laughing on thinking how he appeared then. He gave his audiences to his countrymen in his *salon* in Hanover Square with a round hat on his head, on the front of which was a tri-coloured cockade six inches square, whilst lying *tout au long* on the sofas were three young *sans-culottes* of July he had brought with him to give himself an air of Republicanism. Louis Philippe got settled on his throne, the tri-coloured cockade was torn off the round hat and thrown into the fire, and the new-born embryos of Republicanism were sent back to Paris."

Sydney Smith's humorous—more humorous than strictly true—description of Talleyrand's talking, or attempt at talking, is well known: "When he did speak," says the witty parson, "he was so inarticulate I could never understand a word he said . . . he had no teeth, and, I believe, no roof to his mouth—no uvula, no larynx, no trachea, no epiglottis, no anything. It was not talking; it was gurgling."[2]

Among other illustrious bygone people at one time connected with Hanover Square, mention must be made of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, who has taken a place among the third or fourth-rate poets—strictly, if we follow the Horatian maxim, no poet at all, but, as he would have been probably termed in his own day, a producer of light and not unpleasing verse. His works in verse and prose appeared in 1732, but besides these lighter amusements, George Granville—as he was before being created Lord Lansdowne in 1711—was a Member of Parliament for Cornwall, and at one time filled the high post of Secretary for War. In 1712 he was made Comptroller of the Household. After acquiring the title he married Lady Mary Thynne, widow of Thomas Thynne, and daughter of Edward, first Earl of Jersey. If not a great poet himself, and we have the authority of Dr. Joseph Warton for calling him a very indifferent one—a faint copyist of Waller,—Lord Lansdowne had the honour of playing the patron to both Dryden, who addressed his *Eleventh Epistle* to "Mr. Granville on his excellent tragedy called *Heroic Love*," and to Pope, who terms him "Granville the polite," which does not seem to err on the side of effusiveness; but we may remember that the poet dedicated his *Windsor Forest* to him, and in a letter dated from Binfield, January 10, 1712, he thanks his patron "for," to use his own words, "having given my poem of *Windsor Forest* its greatest ornament, that of having your name in front of it."[1] Lord Lansdowne was, besides, a close friend of Swift, and in the *Journal to Stella* will be found many references to him, some of which seem to show that Swift must have been a not infrequent guest at the house in Hanover Square. Here, on January 30, 1735, Lord Lansdowne died.[2]

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[1] Raikes's *Journal*, vol. i. pp. 121–22.

[2] I may remind the reader that one of the lost books of the world was the projected (and even announced) Life of Talleyrand by Thackeray.

Another poetaster is recorded as having once lived in Hanover Square, and as dying there in 1749, in the person of Ambrose Philips, the one time rival of Pope. Cunningham is the authority for this, but Campbell says that he died at his lodgings near Vauxhall.[3] In any case we know he was an *habitué* of the London Clubs during his sojourn in town, and that he wrote for the Whigs, notably in a publication called *The Freethinker*, which ran for about a year and a half—to be accurate from March 24, 1718, to September 28, 1719—appearing twice a week. For the work he did for his party, he was placed on the commission of the peace soon after the accession of George I., and in 1717 was made one of the Commissioners of the Lottery. As to his poetry, since Goldsmith thought the commencement of his lines to the Earl of Dorset "incomparably fine," we shall be safe in following so good a judge, and equally so, when he speaks of the latter part as "tedious and trifling." Dr. Johnson, who included him in his *Lives of the Poets*, ends his notice by saying that, "he has added nothing to English poetry, yet at least half his book deserves to be read."

Philips is chiefly remembered now for his quarrel with Pope, they having at one time been regarded as chiefs of the opposite camps of pastoral poets, strange as such a contrast of a pigmy and a giant may seem; and how Philips once ostentatiously hung up a rod at Button's Coffee-House, with which he threatened to chastise his rival, and how the "Wasp of Twitnam" called him a rascal and accused him of appropriating certain subscriptions for the translation of Homer which had been handed to him at the Hanover Club, are matters of literary gossip which must not here detain us.

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[1] Pope's Works, vol. iii. p. 499.

[2] Campbell, in his *Specimens of British Poets*, gives a song as characteristic of the peer, who he says is better known as "Granville the polite than Granville the poet."

[3] Johnson says "he was struck with a palsy, and died June 18, 1749, in his seventy-eighth year," while his editor adds, "at his house in Hanover Street," which, as we know Hanover Square used to be called "Hanover Square Street," may be synonymous with the Square.

Pope was closely connected with another celebrity who once lived in Hanover Square, for here, at No. 20, resided Richard Temple, created Lord Cobham, in 1714. To him the poet inscribed his *Characters of Men*, in 1734, and in that poem are contained those lines which have become proverbial:—

> "And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
> Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
> Such in those moments as in all the past;
> 'Oh, save my country, Heav'n!' shall be your last."

Cobham, whose military career is here indicated, was, like the great majority of brave soldiers, a modest man, and we find him writing to Pope to suggest that he has here protested too much. The letter, dated from Stowe, in November 1733, will be found in Ruffherd's Life of the poet, where his lordship is termed "a man of sense and vivacity" and his observations "just and sprightly." Mrs. Delany, too, writing to her sister in 1739, speaks of his giving her more entertainment than the whole House of Lords, a debate of which she had been attending, and adds "that this decayed carcase of his contains a spirit that is surprising."[1]

Cobham was not only intimate with Pope but was also the friend of Congreve, who addressed his epistle, *Of Pleasing*, to him when he was still Sir Richard Temple, and later, in "a letter to Viscount Cobham" (1729), calls him—

> "Graceful in form, and winning in address."

Besides these connections with two great writers, Lord Cobham is remembered as having, by the aid of Capability Brown, who was originally his gardener, created the beautiful gardens at Stowe, where he died in 1749. Ten years later, Gray, in a letter to Wharton, mentions his widow thus: "I have been down at Stoke to see poor Lady Cobham, and after about three weeks passed there I returned with her to town, and have been ever since, till about ten days ago, by her desire with her in Hanover Square."[1]

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[1] *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 43.

Lady Cobham, who was a daughter of Edmund Halsey, Esq., of Southwark, was a close friend of Gray's, who refers to her in the eighth stanza of his *Long Story*. She was one of the few who saw the first draft of the *Elegy*, which was shown her by Walpole, to whom Gray had sent it, and she so much admired it that she wished to be acquainted with the author; it was a somewhat singular circumstance that she was living at the time at the mansion-house of Stoke Pogis[2]—in the churchyard of which place, as all the world knows, the famous poem was composed.

John Cam Hobhouse, the friend of Lord Byron, was living at No. 2 Hanover Square in 1820, and a letter addressed by him, in November of that year, to John Murray, with respect to a song Byron had written about him at the time he was standing for Westminster with Sir Francis Burdett, is extant, and is given by Smiles in his Memoirs of the Murrays.

Another friend of a poet lived later in the Square in the person of the second Earl of Minto, and here Thomas Campbell stayed from time to time, acting occasionally as his host's private secretary. Beattie refers to this in the following passage: "At Lord Minto's residence in Hanover Square, a Poet's Room was prepared for his reception; and here, according to invitation, he took up his residence for the season. His Lordship, it is understood, availed himself occasionally of his services as secretary."[3]

At No. 18 in the Square, are the premises of the Oriental Club. This house stands on the site of one which was occupied by Lord Le Despenser for ten years—from 1771–81.[4] This peer was one of the members of the notorious Hell Fire Club associated with the names of Wilkes and Churchill, which has brought, by unfortunate association, discredit on the beautiful ruins of Medenham Abbey. In that curious work, *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*, its author, Charles Johnston, gives an account of this fraternity and its infamous members, and in a key[5] to that work I find Lord Le Despenser adumbrated as "a person of flighty imagination," which is letting his Lordship's memory off rather easily, for besides what we know of him in connection with this club, we have Walpole's[6] authority for stating that "he was a man of sense without eloquence, and of humour without good-humour," and the gossiping chronicler further tells us how "he had early in life made a voyage to Russia dressed like Charles the Twelfth, in hopes of making the Czarina Anne fall in love with him!"

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[1] Dated November 28, 1759. See Gray's *Letters*, edited by Tovey.

[2] Gray's *Letters*, p. 207.

[3] *Life of Campbell*, vol. i. p. 383.

[4] It was formerly No. 16, and in 1795 was occupied by the Duchess of Rutland. At the old No. 18 Lord Stowell is given by Boyle as residing in 1795.

[5] See Davis's *Olio of Literary Anecdotes*, p. 16.

[6] *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.'s Reign*, vol. i. p. 106.

Lord Le Despenser's house was subsequently rebuilt in 1827, from designs by Wyatt, for the club which still occupies it, and which had been formed in 1824, by Sir John Malcolm, who, having received a commission in the East India Company's service in 1781, worked his way up to the Governorship of Bengal, which he held for three years, from 1827–30. On his return to England he represented Launceston in Parliament in the Tory interest from 1831–32, dying in Princes Street, Hanover Square, in the following year. He wrote among other things a History of Persia, and a Political History of India.[1] The club is, as its name implies, for the use of those associated with our Eastern Empire, and is said to have been called the "Horizontal Club" by hackney-coachmen of an earlier day, while a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, about 1837, waxed highly satirical over what he was pleased to term the "nabobery." "Enter it," he wrote, "it looks like a hospital, in which a smell of curry powder pervades the wards filled with venerable patients, dressed in nankeen shorts, yellow stockings and gaiters, and facings to match."[2] In 1855 the Alfred, another club which had been founded on somewhat similar lines in 1808, was amalgamated with the Oriental. Old Lord Dudley used to say of this institution that it was "the asylum of doting Tories and drivelling quidnuncs." Lord Byron, who was a member, gives a livelier description of it, although he allowed it to be "a little too sober and literary." Its one time cockney appellation as "The Half-read Club" seems, in any case, to have been highly inappropriate.

Other houses in the Square are now the headquarters of Clubs and Associations of various kinds; thus the Royal Orthopædic Hospital, which was founded in 1838, and had its home formerly at No. 6 Bloomsbury Square, was moved to No. 15 Hanover Square in 1856; at No. 3, the Zoological Society, established in 1826, is housed, as well as the Anthropological Society; at No. 17, where formerly stood Mrs. Jordan's residence, is the Arts Club; and at No. 16, the Royal College of Chemistry was installed in the year of its foundation, 1845; in which connection I am reminded that that talented student of physical science, Mrs. Somerville, *née* Mary Fairfax, was residing in Hanover Square with her parents, Sir William and Lady Fairfax, in 1816. Here they used to hold those scientific and literary receptions, at one of which Sir Charles Lyall met his future wife, the beautiful Miss Horner. Mrs. Somerville, who is known as the writer of a variety of learned works, does not seem to have been nearly so blue as she is painted, for even so lightsome a creature as Tom Moore, on meeting her at Murray's, could afterwards record that she gained on him exceedingly, adding that "so much unpretending womanliness of manner, joined with such rare talent and knowledge, is indeed a combination that cannot be too much admired."[1]

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[1] It may here be noted that from 1863–65, the Naval and Military Club had its headquarters at No. 32 in the Square.

[2] *Curiosities of London*, p. 253.

Mrs. Piozzi appears once to have lived in Hanover Square, after her second marriage, for writing to a friend in 1818, she embodies the following anecdote in her letter: "Did I ever tell you of a Count Andriani," she says, "who dined with Mr. Piozzi and me once in Hanover Square? Helen Maria Williams met him, and whispered me, before dinner, how handsome she thought him. He was very showy-looking; and had made a long tour about our British dominions. While the dessert was upon the table I asked him which was finest—Loch Lomond or the Lake of Killarney? 'Oh, no comparison,' was the reply; 'the Irish lake is a body of water worth looking at, even by those who, like you and I, have lived on the banks of Lago Maggiore, that much resembles, and little surpasses it; the Highland beauty is a cold beauty, truly.' Helen's Scotch blood and national prejudice boiled over in the course of this conversation; and when the ladies retired to the drawing-room after dinner, 'I was mistaken in that man's features,' said she; 'he is not handsome at all when one looks more at him.'" We may join with Mrs. Piozzi in her exclamation of "Comical enough, was it not?"[2]

In order to say something more at length of the once famed Hanover Rooms,[3] I have left the notice of them and their former premises to the end of the chapter. The premises of the "Hanover Square Club," which was established here in 1875, occupied the site of the concert and ball rooms erected by Sir John Gallini, who is given by Boyle as residing at No. 4, in 1795. A Swiss by birth, he came to England and was engaged to teach dancing to some of the members of the Royal Family and others. He soon made a considerable fortune, received the honour of knighthood, and further enhanced his prospects by marrying Lady Betty Bertie, daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon. In 1774, in conjunction with John Christian Bach,[1] the second son of the great John Sebastian, who had settled in the country and lived at Richmond, and Charles F. Abel, the celebrated Viol-di-Gamba player, Gallini opened the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, where concerts went hand in hand with balls and masquerades, and formed a counter-attraction to Mrs. Cornelys' notorious assemblies in Soho Square. Here music of the best kind was to be had, and as Gallini, who appears to have gradually bought out his partners, had secured Royal patronage, his venture flourished exceedingly. George III. and Queen Charlotte frequently honoured the concerts by their presence, and there is a tradition that the King had a small room added to the premises, called "The Queen's Tea Room," where refreshments might be taken by the Royal party during the intervals of the music; and here, over the mantelpiece, a large mirror was fixed which had also been presented by the sovereign. Two years after the inception of Gallini's plan, a committee of noblemen had been formed for the purpose of initiating those concerts of "Ancient Music" about which we hear so much in the memoirs and the diaries of the period; these concerts were held in various places, until in 1804 they were removed to the Hanover Square Rooms, where Gallini's original scheme had come to an end in 1793, Sir John receiving a rental for the rooms from the Directors of the Ancient Music. Mr. Greatorex was the conductor here till 1831, when Mr. Knyvett succeeded him. One of the rules of the Directors was "that no composition less than twenty-five years old" could be performed there, and Sir Richard Phillips, who records this, adds that two disadvantages accrued from this, one being a want of variety in the performances, and the other —a chronic disability in this country, it would seem—"discouragement of living genius."

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[1] *Journal*, vol. vii. p. 182.

[2] *Piozziana*, p. 95.

[3] The site of this house was formerly called the Mill Field or Kirkham Close and was originally in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, but in 1778 was incorporated in that of St. George's, Hanover Square. It appears to have formed part of the premises in the occupation of Matthew, Lord Dillon, the ground landlord being the Earl of Plymouth, who sold it to Lord Denman, who resold it to Sir John Gallini. *Old and New London*, vol. iv. pp. 316–17.

In 1833 "the Ancient Music" was followed in the Hanover Square Rooms by the Philharmonic Concerts, which had been initiated by Messrs. Cramer in 1813. In 1862, the rooms were re-decorated and styled the "Queen's Concert Rooms," the interest in them held by the Misses Gallini, Sir John's nieces, having been acquired by Mr. Robert Cocks, the music publisher, in 1845, and in 1875 they were let on lease to the Hanover Square Club.

Musical performances were not by any means the only entertainments given here, for besides the balls, readings, such as those of Charles Dickens; lectures, a series of which were delivered by Dr. Chalmers in

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[1] For numerous references to both Bach and Abel, see Mrs. Papendiek's *Diary, passim.*

1838–39; exhibitions, Miss Linwood's needlework pictures, subsequently removed to Leicester Square, and other similar exhibitions were held here. Mr. Walford, *à propos* of the reconstruction of the rooms, which took place in 1862, as we have seen, describes their old appearance: "The large room in its original state," he says, "was dull and heavy, owing to the architectural style of the date at which it was built; at one end was the ponderous royal box, and almost the only tasteful decoration consisted of some paintings by the hand of Cipriani." He then gives a sketch of what they afterwards looked like: "The large room had a slightly arched roof, richly gilt and ornamented with pictures; the walls on either side of the room were adorned with Corinthian columns with ornamental capitals, also gilt. The panels over the looking-glasses were filled with medallions, painted in bas-relief, of the most celebrated composers—Handel, Beethoven, &c.—accompanied by their names and dates; and the plinth round the room was decorated in imitation of marbles of various patterns and colours."[1] The last entertainment given in the rooms was that of the Royal Academy of Music under the direction of Sir Walter Macfarren, which took place on December 19, 1874.

It was here,[2] according to one of Jesse's correspondents who was with Brummell at Eton, that the celebrated incident took place which led to the Beau inquiring from Lord Alvanley who his fat friend was, on the Prince Regent's stopping to speak to Alvanley and cutting Brummell; the occasion being the so-called "Dandies' Ball," got up by Alvanley, Mildmay, Pierrepoint, and Brummell himself, after the latter's quarrel with the Prince, who had invited himself to the entertainment. A later historian[3] of the great dandy tells the story but places the locale in St. James's Street, and gives the friend with whom Brummell was walking at the time, and to whom the Prince ostentatiously spoke, as Jack Lee.

A word remains to be said of the bronze statue of William Pitt which stands at the south end of the central garden of the Square. This was the work of Sir Francis Chantrey, and cost no less than £7000; it was erected in 1831, and bears on the pedestal merely the name of the great statesman and the dates[4] of his birth and death—a record simple enough to have pleased Balzac, who thought that the names and nothing more on such monuments were the most effective and touching; had, however, Sydney Smith's, in this instance caustic, wit been allowed full play there would have appeared such a travesty of a post-mortem record as might have made even the unimpressionable Pitt turn in his grave, for Sydney

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[1] *Old and New London*, vol. iv. p. 319.

[2] *Life of Beau Brummell.*

[3] Wharton's *Wits and Beaux of Society.*

[4] 1759–1806.

Smith suggested the following as an inscription on the base of the statue :

To the Right Honourable William Pitt,
Whose errors in foreign policy
And lavish expenditure of our Resources at home
Have laid the foundations of National Bankruptcy
And scattered the seeds of Revolution,
This monument was erected
By many weak men, who mistook his eloquence for wisdom
And his insolence for magnanimity,
By many unworthy men whom he had ennobled,
And by many base men, whom he had enriched at the Public
Expense.
But for Englishmen
This statue raised from such motives
Has not been erected in vain.
They learn from it those dreadful abuses
Which exist under the mockery
Of a free Representation,
And feel the deep necessity
Of a great and efficient Reform.

The appearance of Hanover Square now to what we know it was from old prints forms a very striking contrast. From two early engravings, about 1750, one looking north and the other south, we shall see that the central garden was then a square of grass with paths forming a combined square and St. Andrew's cross—and thus radiating, star-like, from the centre in which no statue or ornament whatever stands ; the whole being enclosed by posts and rails with entrances for pedestrians only in the centre of each side and at the four corners ; while before the houses are the invariable posts. In the later print by Pollard, dated December 1787, the central space has been reformed into an octagon and enclosed with railings; from which railings at intervals spring high lamp-posts, and four sets of two columns, pyramidal in form, supporting iron brackets which hang from their centre.

CHAPTER III

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE

"We call it little London; and it outdoes . . . all the Squares in dressing and breeding; nay, even the Court itself, under the rose."—SHADWELL'S *Bury Fair,* Act I., Scene I.

ALTHOUGH St. James's Square is an extensive one, according to Hatton, in 1708 extending to almost 4½ acres, and to 5 acres, by the survey taken in 1853, it contains fewer houses than any square of a similar size; which helps to show that the mansions here are some of the largest and most important in London. Besides this, its claims as a fashionable centre have long been established, and still hold good, although some of the residences within it have passed from the noble owners who once occupied them into the use of clubs, and for other non-residential purposes.

The Square dates from the time of Charles II., and has been inhabited by so many illustrious people that it would have required a volume to adequately deal with it, had not such a book already been written by Mr. Arthur Dasent,[1] whose researches have been so painstaking and thorough that any one treading the same ground must perforce, if he wishes to avoid the sloughs of error, walk in the footsteps that have been so clearly marked out by the first historian of this interesting spot. Here, at any rate, I can pretend to no original research, and I tremble to think of the mistakes I might have committed had I not had the advantage of Mr. Dasent's learned and interesting work to guide me in the right path.[2]

I have, in other parts of this book, set down what Ralph, in his *Review of Publick Buildings in London*, published in 1734, has had to say about the London Squares in general; as his criticism is nearly always adverse, it says something for St. James's Square that he should find it having "an appearance of grandeur superior to any other place in town," although we shall be somewhat surprised to find that he traces the

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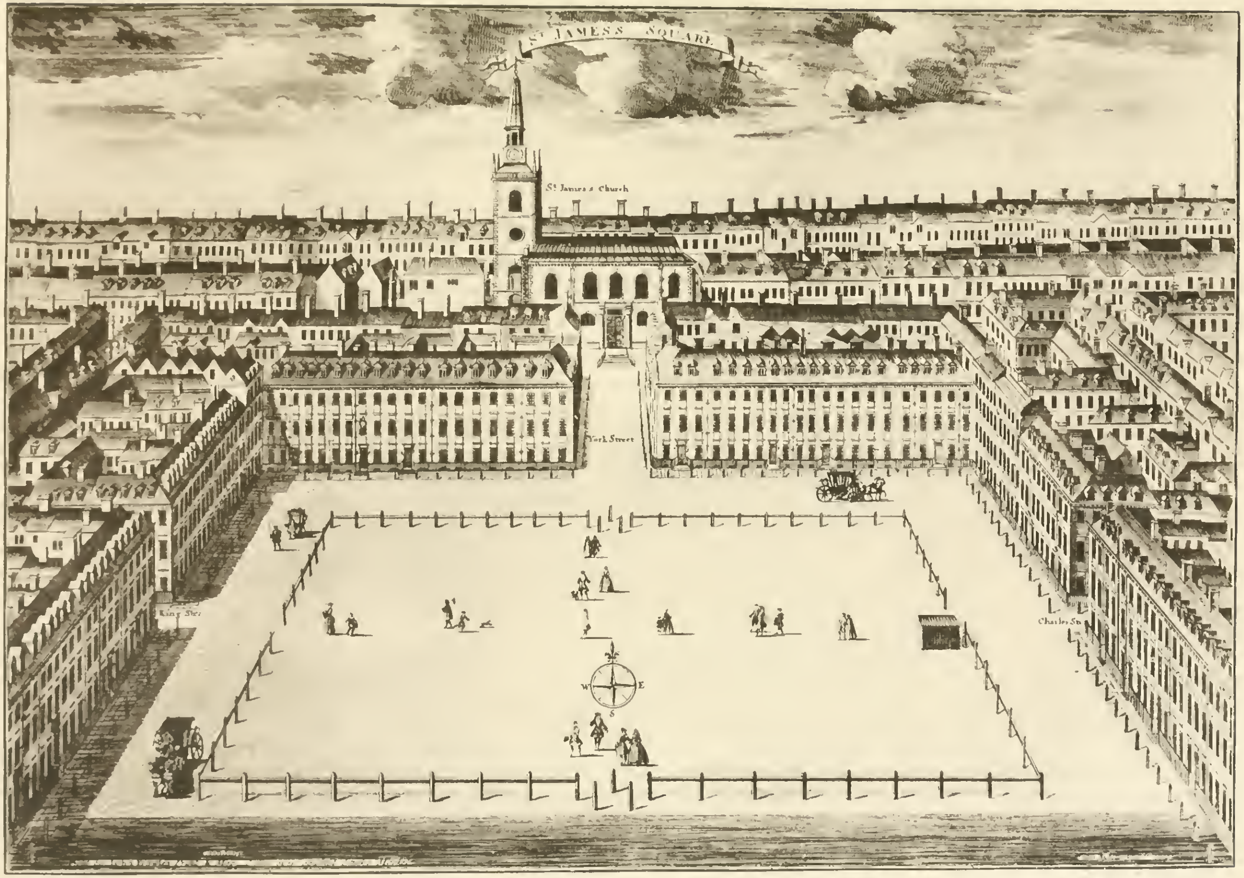
[1] *The History of St. James's Square*, 1895.

[2] As an earlier pioneer in this direction, Mr. H. B. Wheatley must be mentioned as giving a most concise account of the Square in a chapter devoted to it in his *Round about Piccadilly*, published in 1870.


S^t. JAMES'S SQUARE
S^t. James's Church
York Street
King Str.
Charles Str.
W
E
S

"grandeur" solely to "the regularity of the buildings, the neatness of the pavement, and the beauty of the basin in the middle"; as, however, is usual with Ralph when he has been led into praise of any kind, he qualifies this statement by remarking that he "can never thoroughly applaud the basin itself, till 'tis finished as it ought with a statue or obelisk in the middle," and by the wider assertion that the Square has "not any one elegant house in it." To-day the statue desired by Ralph stands in the centre garden, while there is not one but many "elegant" houses around it.

St. James's Square owes its existence to the enterprise and energy of one who otherwise showed not much of either quality—Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, who is known to the student of history as a devoted adherent of Charles I. and an intimate friend of Henrietta Maria. Returning to England at the Restoration, he became one of the favourite courtiers of the Merry Monarch; an outcome of which favour was the grant made to him by the King of no less than 45 acres of ground, then known as St. James's Fields. Faithorne's map of London, for 1658, shows this ground as an open space, planted with a double row of trees, where it faced what is now Pall Mall, and having some irregular houses at the south-east corner, and a long low building at the south-west extremity at the corner of what is St. James's Street. The ground forms almost a square, and is bounded on the north and south by Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and on the east and west by the Haymarket and St. James's Street.

The grant which Lord St. Albans obtained in 1662, was originally merely a lease, and the warrant for it is still preserved in the Public Record Office.[1] By it we find that Lord St. Albans paid into the Exchequer the sum of £6000 for one portion of the ground, and £4000 for the remainder, together with a rent of £5 per annum for what was then called "Pall Maile feild," and £1 for three acres known as Suffolke Stable, while a further rent of £5, 6s. 8d. was to be paid from 1684, when the lease, formerly granted to John Harvey and John Coell, for certain "houses and grounds scituate and being in the parish of St. Gyles," expired, and for which the above-mentioned fine of £4000 had been paid. In 1665, the site of the present Square was granted absolutely to Lord St. Albans, who together with Sir John Coell, Sir Thomas Clarges, and others had already, on the obtaining of the first lease, proceeded to develop it. That some headway must have already been made by the end of 1663, is proved by a remark of Pepys, under date of September 2nd of that year, that "the building of St. James' by my Lord St. Albans" was "now about," which, he adds, "the city stomach highly, but dare not oppose it." What, however, the City was unable to do the Plague and the Great Fire effected, and building operations had to be suspended, until something like a resumption of ordinary daily life took place after the latter disaster.

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[1] Mr. Dasent gives it, as well as the later grant of the site in 1665, in an appendix to his work on the Square. That this formed merely a part of many improvements in this neighbourhood is proved by an entry in Evelyn's *Diary*, where the writer speaks of being one of the Commissioners appointed for "reforming buildings and streets of London" on which occasion the paving of "the way from St. James's north . . . and the Haymarket" was ordered.

Although other parts of Lord St. Albans' estate must have begun to be developed, it was not, apparently, till some years later that the Square itself was commenced, the first mention in the Rate Books appearing in 1667, in connection with the ground-landlord's own house in the south-east corner, which formed the southern portion of what is now Norfolk House. Lord St. Albans then proceeded, says Mr. Dasent, "to distribute the various plots among his friends and the principal builders of the day in about equal proportions, his practice being to devise the fee and inheritance of the soil for a sum of money down, while reserving a small yearly ground-rent in perpetuity." By help of a plan of the allocation of building sites in the Square dated 1676, given in Mr. Dasent's book, we find that the largest plot, now occupied by Derby House, London House, and the north part of Norfolk House, went to Lord Bellasis; what forms now the sites of Nos. 1 and 2, to Lord Arlington; and the plot at the junction of King Street with the Square (now Nos. 17 and 18), to Lord Halifax; while Lord St. Albans eventually took the site at the west corner of York Street (now Nos. 9, 10, and 11), for his own use as being considered probably a better situation than the smaller one he had originally chosen. The names of Sir Cyril Wyche (No. 12),[1] Sir Thomas Clarges (No. 13), Sir Fulke Lucy (No. 14), the Hon. Thomas Jermyn (No. 16), Sir Peter Apsley (No. 20), Arabella Churchill (No. 21), Mrs. Mary Davis (the Army and Navy Club), help us to trace the favoured friends who obtained sites; while other plots are found to be leased to some of the well-known builders of the day—Barebone, Storey, and Frith; the first, as we shall see, the builder of Red Lion Square and otherwise notable, and the last two by name perpetuated in Frith Street and Storey's Gate. What is now the Sports Club was then marked as the French Embassy, for which the Ambassador, M. Courtin, paid £400 rent, while the large plot at the south corner of King Street, where Cleveland House was eventually to stand, is shown as not being yet appropriated to any one.

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[1] These numbers in brackets represent the present numbering.

Mr. Dasent very properly draws attention to the excellence of the building in St. James's Square, a point that many modern builders would do well to lay to heart, and he tells us that when Cleveland House was pulled down a few years since, even the interior brickwork was found to be 3 feet thick!

In the Rate Book of St. Martin's for 1676, are given some other names, beyond those just mentioned, of inhabitants in the Square; thus there is Lord Purbeck, who, Mr. Dasent thinks, occupied the house on ground given as having been allocated to the Hon. Thomas Jermyn and Frith the builder; the Marquis of Blanquefort, Lady Newburgh, the Countess of Warwick, the Earls of Oxford (Aubrey de Vere, last Earl) and Clarendon (Henry Hyde, second Earl), and Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, all of whom occupied the various houses erected by the builders whom we have seen had obtained building leases.

Among these names are many of historical importance, and with a few exceptions they belong to the representatives of great and noble families. It is hardly necessary to say that the name of Mrs. Mary Davis, who, to use Dr. Doran's words, "danced well, played moderately ill, announced the next afternoon's performance with grace, and won an infamous distinction at the King's hands," is one of these exceptions. Sir Cyril Wyche and Sir Allen Apsley both have claims to attention, the former, a relative of Lord St. Albans, having been President of the Royal Society, while the latter was Keeper of the King's Hawks and Treasurer to the Duke of York, who slept at his house in St. James's Square on the night he returned to England in 1679,[1] when the sudden illness of the King made his presence in the country necessary. This house was subsequently rebuilt by Robert Adam for Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, at which time Angelica Kauffman and Zucchi were commissioned to decorate the interior, and were aided in their efforts by Joseph and Cipriani.

The most important house in the Square is of course Norfolk House. The present structure dates from 1748,[2] when the southerly portion of the large plot, assigned originally to Lord Bellasis, and first let to Lady Newburgh, was incorporated with Lord St. Albans' original house next door. Before this amalgamation of the two mansions, each had been occupied by many, some of them interesting, people. Thus in old St. Albans House, Sir John Duncombe, once Chancellor of the Exchequer, followed the original owner, in 1675, for a short time; after him, it was occupied by the Marquis of Blanquefort and the Earl of Feversham till 1680, when the Portuguese Ambassador took up his residence, apparently only for a year, here. We then find the Earl of Conway, the (seventh) Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Kildare, and the Spanish Ambassador living here in turn till 1692, in which year the Marquis of Blanquefort and Lord Feversham are again here. In 1694, they were followed by the second and third Earls of Sunderland,[1] the latter of whom was once Prime Minister, the first Duke of Portland, and, in 1723, by the eighth Duke of Norfolk. His son, the ninth Duke, lent the place to Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1738, and here, in the old building still standing behind the present Norfolk House, George III. was born on the 4th of June of the following year. When the Prince of Wales left Norfolk House for Leicester House in 1743, the Duke of Norfolk returned, and some years after obtained from the representatives of Joseph Banks the adjoining house on the north side, then in a very dilapidated condition, with an estimated rent of but £170, for the trivial sum of £1830, and commenced those building operations, under the superintendence of Matthew Brettingham, the architect, which resulted in 1752, in the completion of the present magnificent house; in this year it was rated at £525 as its estimated annual value.

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[1] See Strickland's *Lives*, vol. vi. p. 86.

[2] The house did not find favour with "Athenian Stuart," who remarks, "Would any foreigner, beholding an insipid length of wall broken into regular rows of windows, ever figure from thence the residence of the first duke of England?" *Critical Observations on the Buildings of London*, p. 28.

The north portion of the property has had in the past almost as illustrious occupiers as its neighbour. After Lady Newburgh's death in 1678, it was occupied by Sir John Ernley, Chancellor of the Exchequer, till 1683, when Henry Savile, Lord Eland, took it. After him his son William, afterwards second Marquis of Halifax, lived here till 1694, and Gertrude, Countess of Halifax, for three years longer. She was succeeded in the tenancy by Charles Berkeley, Lord Dursley, subsequently second Earl of Berkeley, who is remembered as Ambassador at The Hague, till 1699; and in the following year we find Edward Villiers, first Earl of Jersey, living here. From 1701, when Sir Edmund Denton, Bart., took the house, it was successively occupied by John Talbot, Sir James Bateman, once Lord Mayor of London, Henriette, Countess of Strafford, Joseph Banks, who appears to have sub-let it to Count Daggenfelt, the Prussian Minister, in 1731, and Sir Robert Browne, Member for Ilchester, who resided here from 1737 to 1745. In the Rate Books the name of Thomas Knight,[2] probably merely a caretaker, is given for the years 1746 and 1747, or until the Duke of Norfolk acquired it.

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[1] Luttrell writes on September 19, 1693: "Earle of Sunderland has come to towne with his family, and has taken a great house in St. James's Square."

[2] It must be clearly understood that these investigations from the Rate Books, a work of enormous trouble and research, as I have found in other cases, are here solely the work of Mr. Dasent, from whose book I have culled them. In Appendix B. to his *History of St. James's Square* they will be found tabulated for every house in the Square.

Next door to Norfolk House is what is now known as London House, since 1771, the town residence of the Bishops of London. As we have seen, on the original allocation of plots in the Square, this house formed the centre of the large site obtained by Lord Bellasis. By the Rate Books, however, we find it first in the occupation of Anne, Countess of Warwick, widow of the fifth Earl of Warwick, and daughter of the Parliamentarian Earl of Manchester, who appears to have remained here till 1685, during which period her poor rate amounted to £3! She was succeeded here by Edward Rich, sixth Earl of Warwick of that creation, till 1688, when Anne, Lady Bellasis, occupied it for two years. She, in turn, was followed by Philip Stanhope, afterwards third Earl of Chesterfield, son of the first Earl, whom we meet with in Bloomsbury Square, and father of the more celebrated fourth Earl, who was born in St. James's Square in 1694. Two years after that event John Talbot of Longford, who took for a year the northern part of Norfolk House next door in 1706, is given as living here till 1700, and after him, the house was successively occupied by Rebecca, Marchioness of Worcester; William Henry Bentinck, first Duke of Portland, who moved hence to old St. Albans House in 1710; and the fourth Duke of Hamilton, who lived here from that year till 1712, when (in November) he was killed in that memorable duel with Lord Mohun, which has been so often described, and to which Swift thus refers in his *Journal to Stella* on November 15, 1712. "Before this comes to your hands you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that the Duke of Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house in St. James's Square, but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house."

The Duke of Hamilton's widow continued to reside in the house till 1716, and during the following year it remained empty. Among those who occupied it later may be mentioned the seventh Earl of Lincoln, from 1718 to 1728, during which time he was one of the residents appointed as trustees in 1726, for the putting and keeping the Square in order; the first Earl of Ashburnham, 1729–37; the fourth Duke of Leeds, till 1741, when he went to No. 21 in the Square (Winchester House); and the fourth Marquis of Tweeddale, 1742–45. In 1749, the ninth Duke of Norfolk occupied it during the rebuilding of Norfolk House, and when he left it two years later it remained empty till 1754, when the sixth Viscount Montagu took it, and lived here for about nine years; after whom came Thomas Anson, M.P. for Lichfield, who resided here from 1764–65, while he was having No. 15 rebuilt under the superintendence of "Athenian" Stuart. In the following year, an Earl of Warwick of the Greville family took up his residence here, and Mr. Dasent notes the somewhat singular circumstance of two members of different families bearing the same title, residing in the same house with an intervening period of exactly a century! In 1770, Greville left to take up his residence at No. 7, and in the following year, the house having fallen into disrepair, it was purchased at a nominal figure for use as the town residence of the Bishops of London, for which purpose, notwithstanding the present Bishop's recent public complaint of its attendant expenses, it is still used. In 1820 an Act of Parliament was obtained for its rebuilding and the sum of £10,000 voted for that purpose. Bishop Terrick was its first episcopal occupier, and since his day all the holders of the See have lived here in turn.

Derby House, which adjoins London House on its north side, has been the residence of the Earls of Derby since 1854, when the fourteenth Earl took it, he having since 1837, been residing at No. 10. It stands on the remaining portion of Lord Bellasis' large site, and here was the first house erected by that enterprising old "kings-man." When completed it was taken by Aubrey de Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford, as dissolute a man as any in the dissolute court of Charles II. Although I find him rated at but £3, 10s. in 1676, we are told by Mr. Dasent that he was one of the several recalcitrant inhabitants of the Square who were perpetually either actually refusing to pay or making weak excuses for not paying, and, in short, giving the parochial authorities no end of trouble. Lord Oxford did not, however, cause this inconvenience long, in this house, for he moved to No. 12 in 1678, when William Cavendish, afterwards first Duke of Devonshire, replaced him here, and remained till 1685. He was a son-in-law of the great Duke of Ormond, but was nevertheless suspected of complicity in William, Lord Russell's plot, to which his well-known sympathy with the Catholics as opposed to the Romanists gave colour. He was present as a witness for Lord Russell and accompanied him at his execution. He left St. James's Square in 1685, to take up his residence at Montagu House, Bloomsbury, which, however, was burnt to the ground in the following year. He seems to have been unfortunate in this respect, for the house he next occupied in Whitehall was also destroyed by fire, and I find him returning to St. James's Square in 1698, where he occupied No. 3 till 1704, in which year he removed to his new mansion, Devonshire House, Piccadilly. For a year after the Duke's removal, Derby House was occupied by Rebecca, Countess of Yarmouth, and then we have the original ground landlord returning to it for another twelvemonth. In 1692, it was empty, but in the following year Isabella, Duchess of Grafton, was residing here, having removed from No. 3, which she also rented for a year only. She was, it will be remembered, a daughter of Lord Arlington, and had been married to the Duke of Grafton, one of Charles II.'s natural children, at the age of twelve!

Among subsequent occupiers may be mentioned the seventh Duke of Norfolk, who died here in 1701; the second Duke of Bolton, who was here from 1702 to 1707, and several other less known people, till 1734, when Lord Hobart, afterwards first Earl of Buckinghamshire, came here and remained for nine years. Empty again in 1744 for a year, it was taken in 1746 by Sir Thomas Webb, Bart., and here he and his son, the fifth Baronet, resided successively till 1768. The third and fourth Earls of Buckinghamshire were here from 1792 to 1806, and in the following year Lord Eliot, a descendant of the famous Sir John Eliot of Charles I.'s day, came to live here and continued till 1823. From 1824 till 1840 the house was the residence of the son of the great picture collector, John Angerstein, who bore the same names, and who was succeeded by the fourth Earl of Dartmouth till 1845, when it became, as it remains, the town residence of the Earls of Derby.

On the other side of Charles Street we come to two houses, now numbered 1 and 2, St. James's Square, which are respectively occupied to-day by the West-end Branch of the London and Westminster Bank, and by the well-known naturalist and banker, Lord Avebury. The two original houses on this site formed, until 1753, a single residence known as Ossulston House, after its original owner, Sir John Bennet, who was subsequently created Lord Ossulston. In the Rate Books he is given as residing here from 1677 to 1695, but that he occasionally let the house is proved by a message in a letter from Lady Chaworth to her brother Lord Roos, dated January 1677, and quoted by Mr. Dasent, in which she says: "Lord Purbecke hath hired, after the example of the Duke of Monmouth, Sir John Bennet's house in St. James's Fields, for to make a ball to the Masqueraders in next week."

Two other members of the Bennet family subsequently occupied it, the second of whom (the second Earl of Tankerville), made many improvements, particularly in decorative work, for which purpose he employed the Italian artist Amiconi, who came to England in 1729, and who has been described as "a mere shadow of the old Italian masters, and more feeble than even Sebastian Ricci,"[1] to paint the staircase, &c. The Earl, however, subsequently sold the house for £6000, when it was pulled down and two residences built in its place. This work was completed in 1754, when the second Earl of Dartmouth took No. 1, the corner house, and with one break, in 1806 to 1830, when it was occupied by Lord Grantham, once First Lord of the Admiralty as well as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, it remained in the Legge family till 1841, three years after which date the London and Westminster Bank acquired it.

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[1] Taylor's *Fine Arts in England.*

The other house, No. 2, was taken by the second Lord Falmouth, and it remained in the Boscawen family's possession down to about 1895, when it was bought by Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury). Only in one instance does the house appear to have been let, when we find the second Lord Chatham, who was previously, as we have seen, living in Berkeley Square, here from 1802 to 1805.[1]

The house next door, No. 3, was originally, it seems, in the possession also of Lord Ossulston previous to 1686, and it was originally one of those the site of which was leased by Lord St. Albans to a builder, in this instance Edward Shaw. In 1686, it was occupied by the Earl of Ossory, who became, in course of time, second Duke of Ormond, after whose day it was the abode of many bearers of great titles, amongst them being, Isabella, Duchess of Grafton; the third Earl of Bridgewater; the first Duke of Shrewsbury, the last High Commissioner of England; the third Earl of Carlisle, who built Castle Howard; the first Duke of Devonshire; the second Earl of Oxford; the first and second Viscounts Palmerston, and the first Marquis of Donegall; which brings us down to the year 1800, when it is given as "empty" in the Rate Books. Of all these great names, the first Lord Palmerston was the only one who occupied the house for more than a few years, his tenancy extending from 1717 to 1757. In 1801, the third Earl of Hardwicke, once Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, took the place and remained here till 1834. He was followed in turn by the sixth Duke of Leeds, and Sackville Walter Lane Fox, Esq., whose tenancy expired in 1852, when the Wellington Club took the premises as its headquarters, but only for a year, for in 1854 it was acquired by the Government from the Duke of Leeds, the owner, for the use of the Copyhold and Commissions Office, for which purpose it is still used.

The site of No. 4, which we now come to, was originally acquired by Nicholas Barebone, the great builder, in 1676, and the house erected here was first tenanted by Anthony Grey, tenth Earl of Kent, whose occupancy extended till 1702; in the following year he was succeeded here by his son, the eleventh Earl, who was subsequently created first Duke of Kent, at one time Chamberlain to Queen Anne, and familiar to readers of Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*. During his sojourn here, the house was almost destroyed by fire in 1725, a disaster not without its compensations, however, for the rebuilding was under the superintendence of Lord Burlington, who, says Mr. Dasent, "himself designed the great Louis Quinze room on the first floor, overlooking the Square." The house has remained in the same family ever since 1677, for its present owner, the seventh Earl Cowper, traces his descent to the Duke of Kent in the female line.

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[1] Boyle's *Court Guide*, quoted by Mr. Dasent.

With this house the east side of the Square is completed. When the sites here were originally allocated, they numbered only five, having an aggregate frontage of 400 feet; on the passing of the Improvement Act of 1726, there were seven, with a frontage of 398 feet (Norfolk House then being two, and Nos. 1 and 2 a single house), to-day there are seven, and with regard to Norfolk House and No. 4, their appearance is substantially the same as shown in Bowles' view of the Square in 1752, except that a balcony has been added to the first floor rooms of the former, which, however, still has in front the old stone posts at the pavement edge, now removed from No. 4 and the other houses in the Square.

The four houses we now come to in the north-east corner of the Square (Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8) stand on the sites obtained from Lord St. Albans by the builders, George Chisley, Abraham Story, and John Angier respectively, No. 8 having been reserved for the French Embassy. By the plan of 1726, the Earl of Strafford is given as residing at No. 5; indeed from 1712 to the present day it has been in the possession of that family, either in the Wentworth or Byng line.[1] In 1676, however, Henry Hyde, second Earl of Clarendon, was there for at least three years, he being followed by Elizabeth, Countess of Thanet; Meinhardt de Schomberg, Duke of Leinster; the Dukes of Richmond and Shrewsbury; Edward Coke, Esq., 1697 to 1699, when he removed to No. 8; the first Duke of St. Albans; Lady Katherine O'Brien, and Sir Thomas Child, whose tenancy extended from 1704 to 1711. In 1703, the house is marked as empty, and in 1748, during the fourth Earl of Strafford's tenancy, it was rebuilt under the direction of Brettingham, who, as we have seen, was about the same time superintending the reconstruction of Norfolk House.

It will be seen that No. 5 yields to none in the importance of its former owners. Henry Hyde, son of the great Clarendon, was himself both Lord Privy Seal and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as well as the writer of a remarkable and interesting Diary; the Duke of Leinster is better known by the title he bore before he was made an Irish Duke by William III., that of the third Duke of Schomberg, son of him who fell at the Boyne, and the builder of Schomberg House in Pall Mall; the Duke of Richmond was one of Charles II.'s sons, who inherited, says Mr. Dasent, "the extravagant tastes of his mother the Duchess of Portsmouth, and left debts at his death amounting to £14,000, a comparatively large sum in those days"; the Duke of Shrewsbury was one of William's great ministers, and we have seen him occupying No. 3 in 1695, the year before he removed to No. 5, where he resided for the same short period; the Duke of St. Albans was of course Charles II.'s son by Nell Gwynne, who married the Earl of Oxford's daughter, a union that gave rise to some well-known lines; Lady Katherine O'Brien was a sister of the Duke of Richmond, who was afterwards married to Sir Joseph Williamson, Arlington's secretary, with whom she lived at No. 21 for a time previously to occupying No. 5. Sir Richard Child was a City merchant, and represents one of the few purely business men who lived in the Square in that day. He afterwards became Viscount Castlemaine and Earl of Tylney, for which honour he is supposed to have paid the sum of £10,000. He was living here from 1704 to 1711, and it was from him, not without difficulties as to fixtures, &c., that the Wentworths acquired the house. We meet with him in Soho Square, where No. 20 is said to have been built for him by Colin Campbell, the architect of Wanstead.

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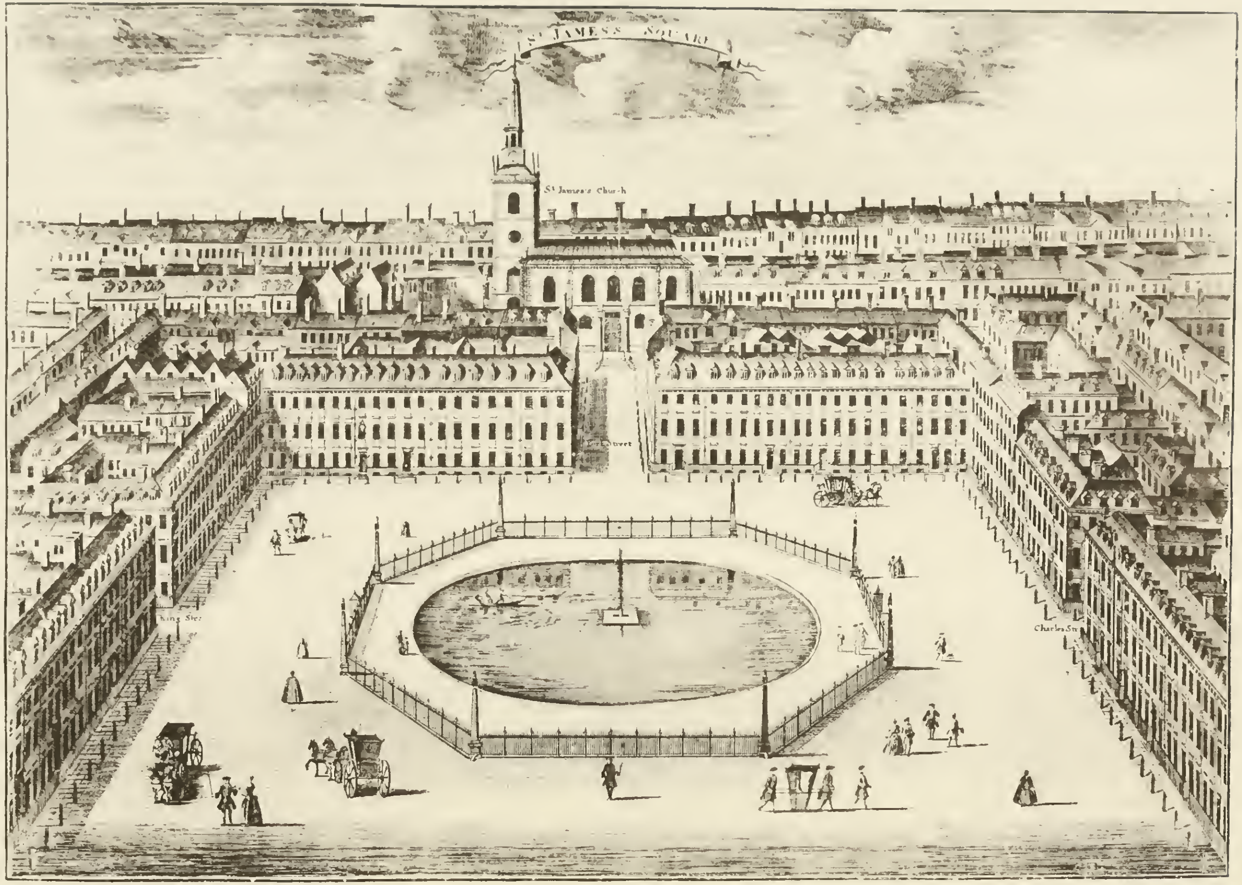
[1] The walls of the dining-room were painted by Claremont, a French artist domiciled in England, who copied for this purpose Raphael's Loggie in the Vatican. See Walpole.

The house next door to No. 5, has consistently remained in one family, that of the Marquis of Bristol, ever since John Hervey, Esq., Member for Hythe and Receiver-General to the Queen, took it from its builder, Story, in 1677. In 1716 the rates on it amounted to £10, in 1876, they were £72 odd! Occasionally the house was let; thus, from 1682 to 1685, the first Earl of Dartmouth was occupying it; from 1686 to 1694, the year in which he took No. 7, the second Earl of Radnor was here; for two years, 1757–59, the second Earl of Ashburnham rented it; and to bridge a long gap, in 1800, George Henry Rose, M.P. for Southampton and son of Pitt's Rose, took it for a couple of years, to be followed for another three years by the second Earl of Liverpool, then Lord Hawkesbury, the Leader of the House of Lords under Pitt, in turn a Secretary of State in every department of Government, and finally Prime Minister for a then unprecedented length of time. The remarkable series of events which occurred during his tenure of that great office, culminating with the victory of Waterloo, the trial of Queen Caroline, and the disputes over Catholic Emancipation, together with the difficulty of ruling the various temperaments of several strong men in the Cabinet,


St JAMES'S SQUARE
St James's Church
York Street
King Str:
Charles Str

shows that he was almost as capable of weathering the storm of public opinion, as well as of private opposition, as his former great leader himself. Mr. Dasent pays a proper and deserved tribute to his memory when he notes his fairness and candour in debate and his affectionate character and sincerity in private life. As Lord Liverpool was the son-in-law of the fourth Earl of Bristol (also Bishop of Derry), his tenure of the family mansion, during its owner's absence abroad, should not, perhaps, be considered as among those of the "strangers" who have from time to time lived here.

The first Earl of Ranelagh, once Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, was the first to occupy No. 7, but as he did not take up his residence in the house, built by John Angier, till 1678, the mansion, like No. 15, was either not built so soon as others in the Square, or, if built, remained longer without a tenant. In 1694, Lord Ranelagh was followed by the second Earl of Radnor, a great patron of art, who is supposed to have employed Laguerre in the decoration of the house, Mr. Dasent considering that the mural paintings still remaining date from Lord Radnor's time. Thomas Scawen, a Surrey Member of Parliament, succeeded in the tenancy of the house in 1724, and remained here till 1743; his name is given on the plan of 1726, and I find him selected as one of the trustees of the Square in that year. He was followed here by the third Earl Fitzwilliam, who was in turn succeeded in 1757, by the second Viscount Bolingbroke, who took up his residence here on his marriage with the celebrated Lady Di Beauclerk, the accomplished friend of Horace Walpole, who found subsequently the charms of Topham Beauclerk of "the courtly sneer" greater than those of her lawful lord. Thomas Scawen apparently merely let the house to the last two noblemen, as his name again appears in the Rate Books for 1761 to 1769. In the following year the house was taken by Francis Greville, Earl Brooke and Warwick, who with his son, the second Earl, fill the gap between 1770 and 1781. Then for fourteen years Richard Barwell, Member of Parliament for Helston, was here, and in 1797, the house was purchased by William (Tatton) Egerton, in whose family it still remains, its present occupier being the first Earl Egerton of Tatton and his wife, the Duchess of Buckingham.

The last house in the north-east corner of the Square is that which, as we have seen, was originally occupied by the French Ambassador. In those days Embassies were not endowed with regular residences, and just as the representatives of other foreign powers took houses in various parts of London according to the particular taste of the Ambassador *in esse*, for more or less extended periods, so here we find M. Courtin staying for no longer than one year.[1] That, however, it was looked upon with favour by his successor is proved by the fact that, after it had served as a home for Sir Cyril Wyche, a President of the Royal Society, a Lord Justice of Ireland and a Member of Parliament, and for the eighth Earl of Pembroke, himself also a President of the Royal Society and First Lord of the Admiralty, it was the residence for two years, 1686–88, of M. Paul Barillon, the French Ambassador at that period, and Luttrell notes the fact of the Duke of York dining there on the 10th August 1682, thus: "The same day, towards evening, the French Ambassador entertained his royall highnesse, many of the nobility of this realm, and most of the foreign ambassadors, at his house in St. James's Square, for joy of the birth of the dauphin's son: the entertainment was very great and splendid, and at night severall fireworks were lett off." It was in M. Courtin's time that the chapel, once existing in York Street, then known as the "Turning down to the Square," was built.

During Barillon's occupancy fears were entertained that the Anti-Popery mobs of 1688, would have sacked the house, indeed they did arrive in the Square, probably for that purpose, but the troops that had been sent to guard the place proved a successful check to their designs.

In 1689, Henry Jermyn, Earl of Dover, took the house; he was a nephew of Lord St. Albans, who seems to have been anxious to have friends, as in the case of the French Ambassadors, or relations, in the house, which was only separated by York Place from his own residence (after he had moved from old St. Albans House). Lord Dover was at one time Master of the Horse to James II. and fought for his King at the Boyne, although he subsequently became a loyal subject of William III.

For five years, 1694–99, the house was the home of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, the widow of the ill-fated Monmouth, who was followed by that Edward Coke who removed hither from No. 5, and remained here till 1706. The second Duke of Queensberry came here on the expiration of Coke's tenancy, and Mr. Dasent thinks probably remained till 1711, but a *lacuna* in the record of rates makes this merely conjectural; while for the same reason the tenancy of his successor, the eighth Duke of Norfolk, was probably longer than the four years at which it is given.

In 1720, Sir Matthew Decker, who as we shall see had much to do with the government of the Square in his day, came to live here and remained for no less than twenty-nine years, while his widow lived here for another decade. Decker was closely connected with Richmond, where George II. was dining with him on the day he was being proclaimed King of England, and it is curious that he was succeeded in the tenancy of No. 8 by another old resident in that town, for Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam, the founder of the Fitzwilliam Museum, was living here from 1760 to 1768; but No. 8 has a deeper interest in the fact that it was here that, after the death of his famous father, Josiah Wedgwood the younger, in conjunction with Thomas Byerley, opened his show-rooms, in 1796, remaining here till 1830. After an interval of eight or nine years, when the Earl of Romney occupied the house, it became the headquarters of the Erechtheum Club, from 1840 to 1854, and then of the Charity Commissioners, who paid rates of £46, 13s. 4d. on an estimated gross rental of £840 till 1876. Since that day it has been given over wholly to Club use, the Junior Oxford and Cambridge, the Vine, the York, and the Junior Travellers' Clubs having successively preceded, for longer or shorter periods, the Sports Club, which now occupies it.

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[1] Mr. Wheatley, quoting from the Additional MSS. No. 22,063 in the British Museum, gives this entry in his *Round about Piccadilly:* "His Ex. Monseigneur Curtein, the French Ambassador, payeth for his Ldsps. house scituate on the north side of Yorke Street, by the yeare by quarterly payments, £400."

On the west side of York Street we come to three houses, Nos. 9, 10, and 11, occupying the large site which Lord St. Albans chose for himself on giving up old St. Albans House. In the plan of the Square, as it was in 1676, this site is shown to have as much as 120 feet frontage, or only 13 feet less than that allocated to Lord Bellasis. In the later plan of 1726, it is found to be substantially the same, and then occupied by the Duke of Chandos; but nine years later the mansion, known as Ormond House, was demolished and three houses built on its site.

Mr. Dasent terms Ormond House "the largest and in some respects the most interesting house in the Square," and we shall see that he has full authority for this statement.

As I have said, Lord St. Albans removed hither after he had lived but a few years in his former residence in the Square, and here he remained, or paid rates, which it is convenient to regard as synonymous, till 1683, when the first Duke of Ormond, four times Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, took it, and was succeeded in it by his grandson, the second Duke, who until his fall from power in 1715, resided here. He, it will be remembered, was the "Ormond" of "High Church and Ormond," the cry with which his supporters attacked the Mug-houses, as they were called, and which I refer to in speaking of Salisbury Square.

Many important events took place at Ormond House, under the second Duke's *régime*, such as the great meeting of 1688, when an address of welcome was drawn up to William III.; the installation of the Duke as Chancellor of Oxford University; the sojourn here of

Count Tallard in 1698;[1] the visit of Prince Eugene in 1712; and even a robbery, deemed of sufficient importance by Luttrell to be made the subject of a paragraph in his Diary. It was certainly on a large scale, for we are told that no less than thirteen rogues "entered the house, but being surprised, seven were apprehended and committed."

From 1716 to 1719, the Duke's brother lived here; he was that Earl of Arran whom Walpole damns with the faint praise of being "an inoffensive old man." During Lord Arran's tenure the mansion was occupied, in 1718, as the Spanish Embassy, and in the following year the name of the Duke of Chandos is given as occupying it. The Princely Chandos, who is chiefly connected with Cavendish Square, where I have had something to say of him, would seem to have purchased Ormond House through a Mr. Hackett, who is said to have bought it, in 1719, for the sum of £7500. Chandos House, as it had begun to be called, was occupied by the Duke till 1735,[2] when owing to his prodigality he became involved in financial difficulties, and was obliged to give it up. It was then pulled down, and the three houses erected.

Of these three residences, No. 9 was built for William Wollaston, and after him was occupied by various people, of more or less importance, among them Henry Verelst, notable as Clive's successor in India; the fourth Earl of Aylesford; and the third Earl of Altamont; until, in 1789, it passed into the possession of the Hoare family, in the person of Sir Henry Hugh Hoare, in whose hands it remained down to 1885, when it became, as it remains to-day, the home of the Portland Club.

No. 10 is notable as having been the residence for three years of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; of the fourteenth Earl of Derby from 1837 to 1854; and of Gladstone during the year 1890; while as once the home of the "gorgeous Lady Blessington" it has a further claim to distinction. It was originally erected by Sir William Heathcote, who, together with his son, the second Baronet, who followed him in the occupancy of the house, cover the years 1737 to 1753. Although apparently remaining in the family, for later on, from 1794 to 1819, we find two other Heathcotes residing there successively, it was let to various people; first to Sir George Lee, and then to the great Chatham, who remained here from 1759 to 1762, and who, says Mr. Dasent, had, from 1743 to 1746, previously resided in the Square at a house whose identity is now lost. While at No. 10, Chatham had for his secretary Sir Philip

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[1] See Luttrell (Feb. 26, 1698), who says, "The Duke of Ormond's house in St. James's Square is taken for three years for Count Tallard."

[2] During this time the Duke was building his vast palace in Cavendish Square.

Francis, whom we shall find living later at No. 17.[1] Chatham was followed by Sir Charles and Sir John Sheffield respectively, and some years later, the Earl of Blessington took the house, and decorated and furnished it in a most elaborate manner for the beautiful wife[2] who was to make it the scene of the first of those notable *salons* where it is difficult to say whether fashion or genius was the better represented. Lord Blessington remained here for nine years, and soon after his death his widow left the house for Seamore Place. From 1830 to 1836, it was let furnished at £1350 per annum, to the Windham Club, before its removal to No. 13; and from 1837 to 1854, Lord Derby was living here, until he took Derby House, as we have seen. He was followed at No. 10, by the first Lord Tollemache, who resided here till 1889; and after Mr. Gladstone's short tenancy, it was purchased by Lord Kinnaird, its present owner, in 1891.

The last of the three houses built on the site of Ormond House was No. 11, which was erected by the second Earl of Macclesfield, once a President of the Royal Society, in 1737. Here he lived till 1764, and here his body lay in state. Lord Macclesfield's widow resided for two years longer in the house, when she was followed by Sir Rowland Winn, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, and others, among whom it is only necessary to mention Alexander Davison, notable as Nelson's prize captain and for the medals he had struck to commemorate the victory of the Nile; Hudson Gurney, the antiquary, who wrote verses; and Henry Hoare, who in altering the house, placed a swimming-bath in it. In 1876, the place was bought by Sir Joseph Russell Bailey, Bart., and was later, till his death, the residence of Col. Henry McCalmont. It is now the town-house of the Hon. Rupert and Lady Gwendolen Guinness.

No. 12, now the Nimrod Club, has had many occupiers since the day when Sir Cyril Wyche built the house in 1676. It is given as empty in 1752–53, but in the interval between then and the expiration of Sir Cyril Wyche's occupancy in 1677, it was inhabited by such diverse people as the Earl of Oxford, who came here from Derby House; Rebecca, Countess of Yarmouth, who was here for a year, 1684–85, when she went to Derby House; and the eighth Earl of Pembroke, President of the Royal Society,[3] who came here from No. 8, and was one of the trustees of the Square in 1726. Lord Pembroke was as versatile as some of his successors in the title have been, for not only was he a man interested in

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[1] See *Life of Francis*, by Parker. "I have removed into a very convenient house in St. James's Square, where I believe I am at anchor for life," writes Francis in 1791.

[2] Although in a letter she speaks of its "comparatively dingy rooms" after those she occupied in Paris. See Madden's *Life*, vol. i. pp. 136, 168.

[3] See *History of the Royal Society*. Thoresby mentions visiting Lord Pembroke here, and inspecting his collection of curiosities, on May 17, 1714.

"statues, dirty gods, and coins," as Pope says, but he filled such high offices as those of Lord President of the Council, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; after his death in 1733, his widow remained at No. 12 till 1746, when the house became the residence of Sir Evered Fawkener, who jointly held the office of Postmaster-General with the Earl of Leicester, and on whom Selwyn, seeing him lose at cards on one occasion, made his well-known *mot*, "Why, here's the post-boy robbing the mail." In 1754, the last and notorious Lord Baltimore, who is chiefly connected with Russell Square, lived here. After being the residence of the tenth Earl of Pembroke for a time, 1755–58, the house passed into the possession of the Sturt family,[1] three members of which lived here till 1798; when, after remaining empty for a time, it became the residence of the first Earl of Rosslyn, when Lord Loughborough, for a short time, after he had left Bolton House, Russell Square. His widow, for a short period, and his son, a General in the Army, and holder of several high offices in the Cabinet, till 1832, lived here; when the Earl of Lovelace took the house. Lord Lovelace was, of course, Byron's son-in-law, and he it was who reconstructed the house as it is at present, being followed here, in 1846, by the thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, of Tournament fame, who in turn was succeeded by the sixth Duke of Marlborough, the well-known Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1880, the premises were acquired by the Salisbury Club, which remained here till 1892, and after being upwards of a year unoccupied, they became, in 1894, the headquarters of the Nimrod Club.

The last house in the corner, on the north side of the Square, is No. 13, the site of which was, as we have seen, allocated to Sir Thomas Clarges, in 1676. Its first inhabitant was Laurence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, who was followed by Sir John Williams, of Marnhull in Dorset, and various members of his family, till 1684. Then came a succession of tenants, whose names in the Rate Books show that their sojourn here was generally little over a year's duration, among them the second Earl of Sunderland, the first Earl of Ranelagh, and the Dutch Ambassador, Herr Van Citters, who made a memorable bonfire before his house on the occasion of a thanksgiving ordered by the States-General.[2] He was followed by Hugh Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, "a young gentleman of good capacity, well bred, civil and modest," according to Evelyn, who came to No. 13 in 1699, and remained, Mr. Dasent thinks, till his death in 1716. In that year, at any rate, the name of George

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[1] See Malmesbury's *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 126, for a reference to Lord Malmesbury meeting the Prince of Wales here.

[2] See Luttrell for October 28, 1697.

Granville, first Lord Lansdowne, the playwright and poet, is given as paying rates, but only for a short time, for in 1718, the Marquis of Carmarthen was here, followed in 1720, by the eighth Duke of Norfolk, who went to the south portion of Norfolk House in 1723, and who had lived previously both at No. 19 and No. 8, and thus had an extensive acquaintance with the Square. The Commissioners of the Admiralty took the house in 1723, but returned to Whitehall two years later, when the Clarges family, in the person of Lady Clarges and George Clarges, the latter one of the trustees of the Square in 1726, came to live on the family property. They were followed by the third Earl of Essex, the third Duke of Beaufort, and, from 1730 to 1784, the first Earl of Ravensworth. It was the daughter of the last named, Miss Anne Liddell, who was married from this house to the Duke of Grafton, once Prime Minister, in 1756, who obtained a separation from her on account of her misconduct with the Earl of Ossory, who is given as living at No. 13, in 1795, in which year he sold the house to the third Duke of Roxburgh,[1] the great book collector, who had been more closely connected, as we have seen, with Hanover Square. He was followed here by the fourth and fifth Dukes till 1813, when Lord Chancellor Ellenborough came here from No. 15, and remained for about five years, having bought the house from the Roxburgh family. It was concerning his new possession that he once wrote that "if you let off a piece of ordnance in the hall, the report is not heard in the bedrooms," as a proof of its size. Ellenborough, who died here, was succeeded by the fourth Duke of Portland, the owner of the famous Portland vase, from 1819 to 1826; the fourth Duke of Athole till 1830; Lord Grantham, who had previously lived at No. 1; and the fifth Duke of Athole. In 1836, the house was purchased by the Windham Club, and some of the Duke of Roxburgh's original bookcases are still used by the Club, having remained as fixtures in the house.

We now come in our perambulation to the east side of the Square, the first residence of which, No. 14, "admittedly the worst house in the Square," says Mr. Dasent, is now the well-known London Library, which has been located here since 1845, and which has been comparatively recently reconstructed. Its first owner was Sir Fulke Lucy, a Cheshire M.P., who was rated at the small sum of £2 in 1676, which rate, notwithstanding, is entered as "arrears"! He was followed by Sir John Dawnay, the member for Pontefract, and afterwards first Viscount Downe, who left in 1685, and for a year occupied Lichfield House next door, after whom came the third Earl of Carbery, once President of the Royal Society, who resided here for three years. Since his day the house has had a variety of occupiers, but mostly for quite short periods. Amongst them may be, however, mentioned Admiral[1] the Earl of Torrington, not to be confused with George Byng, Viscount Torrington. He was the hero or otherwise of the fight off Beachy Head in 1689, and was tried by court-martial and acquitted for his conduct on that occasion; a man, says Macaulay, "who shrank from the responsibility of fighting and the responsibility of not fighting."

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[1] John, the "Book Duke," as Jerdan calls him, in describing in his *Autobiography* the dinner here when he was shown his host's "noble library."

The first Duke of Kent was also here for a year, 1728–29, while No. 4 was being reconstructed, and then till 1733 the house was empty; followed several tenants of no particular importance till 1768, when Sir Charles Asgill, who built Asgill House at Richmond, and was once Lord Mayor of London, came here and remained till 1773. In 1781 it was taken by the third Lord Cadogan for about a year, when he went, as I have noted, to Hanover Square; and two years later General Lord Amherst was occupying it—a soldier of dauntless courage and tactical ability, who reduced Canada to submission by taking Montreal in 1760, and had been present at Dettingen and Fontenoy; after his death here in 1797, the house was empty, till it was taken by the first Earl Beauchamp in 1799, who also died here, in 1816; his widow remained till her death in 1844, when the house shortly afterwards became the headquarters of the London Library.

The site of the mansion next door, No. 15, or Lichfield House, as it is called from the Anson family who so long owned it, was in 1676, leased to the builder Richard Frith, and its first occupant was the Duchess of Richmond, well known in the pages of Anthony Hamilton and the pictures of Lely, as "La Belle Stewart," who was the model, it will be remembered, for the Britannia which appears on the copper coins of the realm. From 1682 to 1684, in which latter year he moved to the southerly portion of Norfolk House, resided here the eighteenth Earl of Kildare, who had married a daughter of the Earl of Ranelagh, who, as we have seen, also lived in the Square. After him Lord Conyers Darcy was here for a year, before going to No. 13, for a similarly short period, and from 1687 to 1722, the house was the residence of the Marchioness de Gouvernet, whose daughter had been married to Lord Halifax's eldest son; and after her death here it was taken by the fourth Earl of Clarendon.

In 1755, the third Viscount Weymouth, afterwards first Marquis of Bath, is given as residing here, and afterwards till 1759, it was tenanted by one John Ball, described as an "upholder in Vine Street." About four years later it was pulled down. In the *Public Advertiser* of July 21, 1763, there is a notice that Mr. Christie was about to sell the effects of a large house "about to be demolished in St. James's Square," and as this is the only house that was pulled down in that year, the advertisement obviously refers to it. In 1766, the site was apparently covered by the new house built by Thomas Anson, M.P. for Lichfield, who had been, during the progress of building operations, living at London House, and it remained in the Anson family, with various periods of lettings to different people, till 1856, when it was sold to the Clerical, Medical, and General Assurance Company, it being let by that Company to the Junior United Service Club. Among the earlier tenants may be mentioned the Duchess of Gordon in 1806, the first Earl of Ellenborough from 1809–12, or until he removed to No. 13, and the second Earl Grey, Prime Minister, and the hero of the Reform Bill of 1832.

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[1] See Royal Historical Society's publications for an account of Torrington.

The East India United Service Club now occupies No. 16, which it first rented (1850), and then purchased (1862), from the Marquis of Clanricarde, who was living here from 1826 to 1843.

In 1676, the Hon. Thomas Jermyn, the "little Jermyn" of De Grammont's *Memoirs*, nephew of Lord St. Albans, whose wit "consisted in expressions learnt by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery or in love," and who, we are told by the same authority, "was supported by his uncle's wealth," obtained the site, which was evidently allocated to him for the purpose of speculation, and I find the first inhabitant of the house to have been Lord Purbeck, who paid so high a rate, £10—exceeding any in the Square—that Mr. Dasent conjectures that it was intended to cover both No. 15 as well as No. 16. In 1679, the Swedish Ambassador was here for a year, followed by the third and fourth Earls of Suffolk, till 1691, when the first Viscount Sidney, afterwards Earl of Romney,[1] took it and remained here till 1704, when Sir John Germain and Lady Betty Germain came here; the former died in 1718, but Lady Betty continued to reside at No. 16 till 1769. Here, she who had seen five sovereigns on the throne, and whose name is a household word to readers of the memoirs and diaries of the time, held her famous card parties, and watched not only the gradual improvement of the Square but the gradual development of the country. After her death the house became the residence of various members of the Beauclerk family (fifth Duke of St. Albans for a short time among them), till 1783, and after remaining empty a number of years was pulled down in 1790. The site remained vacant till 1806, when it was taken, and a new house erected thereon, by Edward Boehm, and it was here, under the auspices of Mrs. Boehm, that the ball, attended by the Prince Regent, was in progress, when the news of the Battle of Waterloo arrived, so graphically described in Lady Brownlow's *Reminiscences*, as well as in the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*. In 1828, the Marquis of Wellesley rented the house on his return from India, and before its present occupiers it was used as the Prince of Wales Club for a year, 1844–45, and as the Free Trade Club from 1847 to 1849.

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[1] Lord Romney was Master-General of the Ordnance to William III., and Luttrell, in his *Diary*, has many entries referring to the displays of fireworks which took place in the Square on all sorts of occasions of public rejoicing, under his auspices.

We now come to one of the most important houses in the Square, or rather the two, Nos. 17 and 18, which until 1725, formed Halifax House. The site, with an 80 feet frontage to the Square, and a return frontage to King Street, was secured by Lord Halifax, whose name, according to Mr. Dasent, occurs in the Rate Books three years earlier, in 1676. Halifax, who has written his own character in his *History of a Trimmer*, and whose name is so closely associated with the political history of the country during the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., died in 1695, and was succeeded here by the second Marquis, whose widow married the first Duke of Roxburgh, with whose tenancy the history of old Halifax House closes, for it was pulled down and rebuilt as two houses, in 1725, by a builder named Phillips. Of these two residences No. 17 was first occupied by Mary, Countess of Bradford, till 1737, and afterwards by Sir Orlando and Sir Henry Bridgeman, fourth and fifth Baronets, in turn till 1790, when Sir Philip Francis, till 1818, and his widow for eight or nine years longer, lived in it. It was during the latter tenancy that Queen Caroline stayed here during the stormy days of her so-called trial, and from here she went daily to the House of Lords, the Square before No. 17 being filled with a sympathetic mob, as may be seen from a print of the period, which incidentally gives a good representation of the mansion and those on either side of it. In 1822, the Earl of Albemarle rented No. 17. Empty in 1838, it was taken for the Colonial Club in the following year; and from 1843 to 1862, a Mr. John Howell is given as residing there, while in the following year it was pulled down and rebuilt, together with No. 16, for the use of the East India United Service Club.

No. 18, on being built on part of the site of Halifax House, was first, from 1727 to 1733, occupied by the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, the great Earl, until his marriage, when, as we have seen, he removed to Grosvenor Square. The house was then taken by Sir John Heathcote, and among its subsequent occupiers may be noted the Count Walderen (Dutch Minister), from 1773 to 1781; Lord Chancellor Thurlow, 1794 to 1803, "whose private life," according to Lord Stanhope, "by no means eminently qualified him to stand forth as the champion of any

Church or creed"[1]; William Ord,[2] M.P. for Morpeth from 1804-5; and the second Marquis of Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh, perhaps the most unpopular Secretary for Foreign Affairs who has ever held that difficult post. In 1831, after being for a time empty, the house was converted to the use of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, which occupied it till 1837, when it was taken by the Army and Navy Club till 1845. It then became the property of Sir John Kelk, who remodelled and encased it, after which obliteration of its outward appearance its former interesting character was finally taken from it, on its becoming a lodging-house.

Where now stands a block of egregious red-brick buildings, used as offices, flats, &c., and wholly out of keeping with the rest of the Square, was, until 1894, old Cleveland House, one of the great mansions of the Square. It took its name from the first Duke of Cleveland, who came to live here in 1721, and in whose family it remained practically until its demolition; but it was originally associated with the Capel family, the first Earl of Essex obtaining the site in 1677, it then being the only one in the Square unappropriated. Lord Essex, whose connection with Ireland was of the closest—he was Lord Lieutenant for a time—fell into disgrace over his supposed complicity in the Popish Plot, and was sent to the Tower, where he was subsequently found with his throat cut. He was followed at Cleveland House by the second Earl, from 1684 to 1686, and again from 1688 to 1692; in the intervening year the house having been let to the Earl of Ossory, who left it to take up his residence at No. 9. Although given as being at Cleveland House in 1687, he was also paying rates on his former residence in the Square, No. 3, from 1686–88. The Duke of Norfolk was here from 1706 for some years, and later (1716–19), the Venetian Ambassador is given as occupying the mansion. The Duke of Norfolk seems to have been the most ubiquitous of all the residents in the Square, having occupied no less than four houses here at different times, and living in turn in each of its four blocks.

No. 20, which we have now reached, is the one example of Adam's work in the Square, it having been rebuilt, under the direction of Robert Adam, between 1772–74, for Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, in whose family, although now for sale, it still remains. The site of this house was originally taken by Sir Allen Apsley, frequently mentioned by Pepys, who paid rates of £2, 16s. Sir Peter Apsley and Sir Benjamin Bathurst followed him, till 1705, when it was occupied by the first Earl Bathurst for no less than sixty-six years, and here his son, Lord Apsley, once

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[1] *Life of Pitt.*

[2] Nephew of Mrs. Creevy. See Creevy's *Diary*.

Lord Chancellor, resided with him. During the Williams Wynn *régime*, William Wyndham Grenville, the Prime Minister in the "All the Talents" Ministry, and an uncle of the fifth Baronet, lived here for three or four years (1789–92), and later the house was let to Lord Sondes for a term of years (1841–47).

No. 21 St. James's Square has been, since 1876, a branch of the War Office, and is known as Winchester House, a name given to it in 1829, when it was bought from its then owner, the ninth Duke of St. Albans, for the London residence of the Bishops of Winchester. Three prelates of this diocese lived here—Sumner, 1829–69; Wilberforce, 1870–73; and Harold Browne, till 1875. Remembering this, it seems a somewhat anomalous circumstance that in its early days it should have been the home of two successive mistresses of a king; but here resided for some time, Arabella Churchill, 1676–78; and the ugly but witty Countess of Dorchester, 1685–96. Between the tenancies of these two ladies, Sir Joseph Williamson, a President of the Royal Society, and once Secretary of the Arlington Cabal, resided here from 1679–84; as did Lord Somers for a time, from October 1700.[1] Six or seven years later the Prussian Ambassador, Spanheim, lived in the house till 1710, at which time a contemporary, quoted by Mr. Dasent, describes it as "a very good house and very convenient and well built," and further affirms that it cost £10,000 to build, and that it is "the best house in the Square."

From 1711 to 1717, the first Earl of Portmore is given as paying rates on No. 21. The fact was, he had married Lady Dorchester (*née* Catherine Sedley), and lived here with his wife till her death in the latter year, when the first Duke of Dorset rented it for some five years, but Lord Portmore was again here from 1724 to 1730, when he bought the freehold and made alterations to the house, having in the interval been living at No. 14. His son, known as Beau Colyear, followed him from 1731 to 1739, when he removed to Cavendish Square. After a period of emptiness the fourth Duke of Leeds bought it and rebuilt the house, from designs by Brettingham, in 1791, and here he and his two successors in the title lived until 1802, when it again became empty and remained so till about 1806, when George Raggett, afterwards the proprietor of White's, took it and opened it as the Union Club, which seems to have been a regular gambling hell; and it was probably here that Gronow, as told in his *Reminiscences*, with £200 he had obtained from his bankers, "managed by some wonderful accident to win £600." After Raggett's departure in 1816, it again remained empty, until the eighth Duke of

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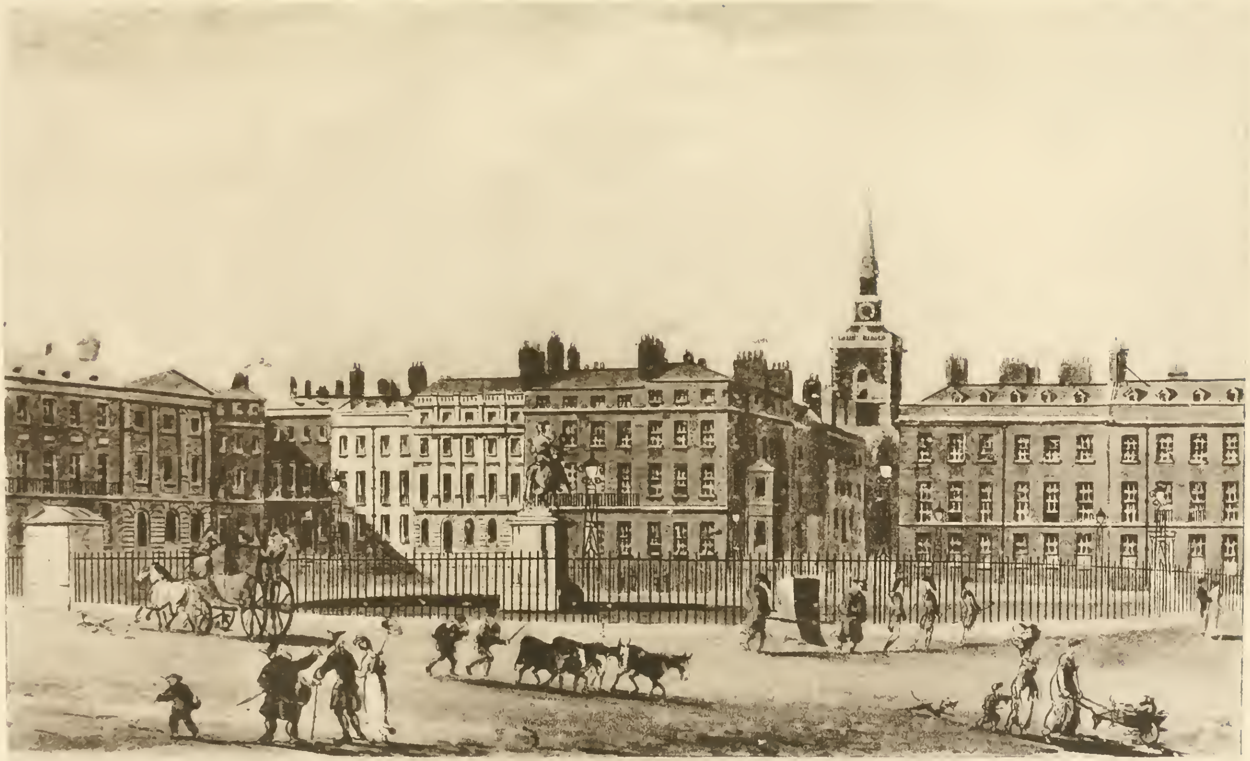
[1] See Leicester Square, where he once resided; and also Luttrell's *Diary* for October 5, 1700.



S^T. JAMES'S SQUARE.

St. Albans bought it and lived and died here, being succeeded in the tenancy by the ninth Duke.

We now arrive at the last house in the Square, for those on the south side, although some have now entrances in the Square, are generally regarded as appertaining to the north side of Pall Mall, and in Acts of Parliament affecting the Square they are described as "the back of the north row of houses in Pall Mall street."[1]

The house, having a frontage of 43 feet in 1676, was first occupied by Mary (Moll) Davis, the actress, and mistress of Charles II., who paid rates amounting to £2, 6s., and the ground on which it was built was held by the builder, Edward Shaw, in 1672, at a yearly rent of £13, 5s. 2d. Moll Davis is remembered, apart from her connection with the Merry Monarch, as the creator of the part of Celania in Davenant's *Rivals*, and her singing of the old song, "My lodging is on the cold ground," by which she first attracted the King's attention. After her, the first Lord Ossulston, elder brother to Lord Arlington, took the house, and was paying rates here from 1677–95. From 1692 to 1719, Mary, Countess of Northampton, is given as the occupier, and in the following year Sir Spencer Compton, whom George II. first preferred to Walpole, and who did indeed become First Lord of the Treasury in 1742, for a short period, took the house and remained there till 1743. The residence then became in turn the home of the first Earl of Buckinghamshire, who removed hither from what is now Derby House; Thomas Brand, M.P. for Tavistock; the Hon. Henry Russell, M.P. for Midhurst; Lord William Russell; and, after being empty for about a year, of Samuel Thornton, M.P. for Kingston-upon-Hull, from 1797 to 1817, who was in turn followed by the third Lord Holland for a short time, and later by the first Lord de Mauley (then the Hon. W. F. Spencer Ponsonby, M.P. for Poole), from 1820 to 1846. The last-named apparently let it, for Mr. Dasent states that, from 1837 to 1841, it was occupied by the Parthenon Club. It was subsequently pulled down, and the Army and Navy Club buildings erected, from designs by Parnell, on the site.[2]

Under the able guidance of Mr. Dasent we have made a complete perambulation of the Square, and a word must now be said about the central garden. This was originally a mere open space, like so many of those in the older squares—a receptacle for rubbish, much utilised for the display of fireworks,[1] so beloved of our ancestors; and not unknown to footpads. Subsequently, a circular basin of water, surrounded by railings in octagonal form, and the inevitable obelisks, was formed in the centre of the Square, as may be seen by Bowles' View of the Square (1752), as the result of an Act of Parliament, passed in 1726, for the better maintenance of the Square, the appointment of trustees, and the levying of a proportionate rate on the inhabitants for carrying out the various provisions of the Act according to the stated requirements. The basin was supplied with water from the York Buildings Company, and a fountain was then placed in the middle, but was not long after removed, and replaced by a pedestal for the statue of William III., which it had been in contemplation to erect there.

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[1] Among residents here, chiefly lodgers, may be mentioned a Dr. Lefevre, 1670, in a house on what is now occupied by part of the Junior Carlton Club; Sir John Irwin, an M.P. (1768); a Dr. Moore, 1792; and an artist named Morland, father of Henry Robert Morland, mentioned by Pilkington. Old Adair House was formerly on the site of the Junior Carlton.

[2] The Army and Navy Club was opened in 1851. The Club had previously been located at No. 18 (1838–45), and at No. 15 (1846–50).

The history of this statue is curious. So early as 1677, it had been mooted, and indeed it appears to have been ordered to be set up.[2] It was to have been of brass and the base ornamented with mottoes and emblematical designs; but nothing was done till 1721, when the sculptor David attempted to get up a subscription for a statue, not of William, but of George I. The money, however, not being forthcoming, the matter again lapsed, until three years later, when one Samuel Travers, who does not appear to have been otherwise connected with the Square, left a sum of money "to purchase and erect . . . an equestrian statue in brass to the glorious memory of my master, King William III." Apparently the only effort made to fulfil this bequest was to erect the pedestal! But in 1806, the money having been discovered among some unclaimed dividends, says Mr. Dasent, the younger Bacon, the sculptor, was commissioned to provide the statue of William, not in brass but in bronze, which now stands in the central garden, for many years surrounded by the original basin of water, which was not drained off till about sixty years since.

There are many views of the Square in existence, of which the two by Sutton Nicholls, varying in certain respects; the later one by Bowles (1752); and that of Ackerman (1812); may be mentioned, as perhaps giving the best idea of its general appearance at various important stages of its existence. By these we can see that, so far as the houses are concerned, St. James's Square still retains, more nearly, perhaps, than any other square of its age in London, the characteristic features of its earlier

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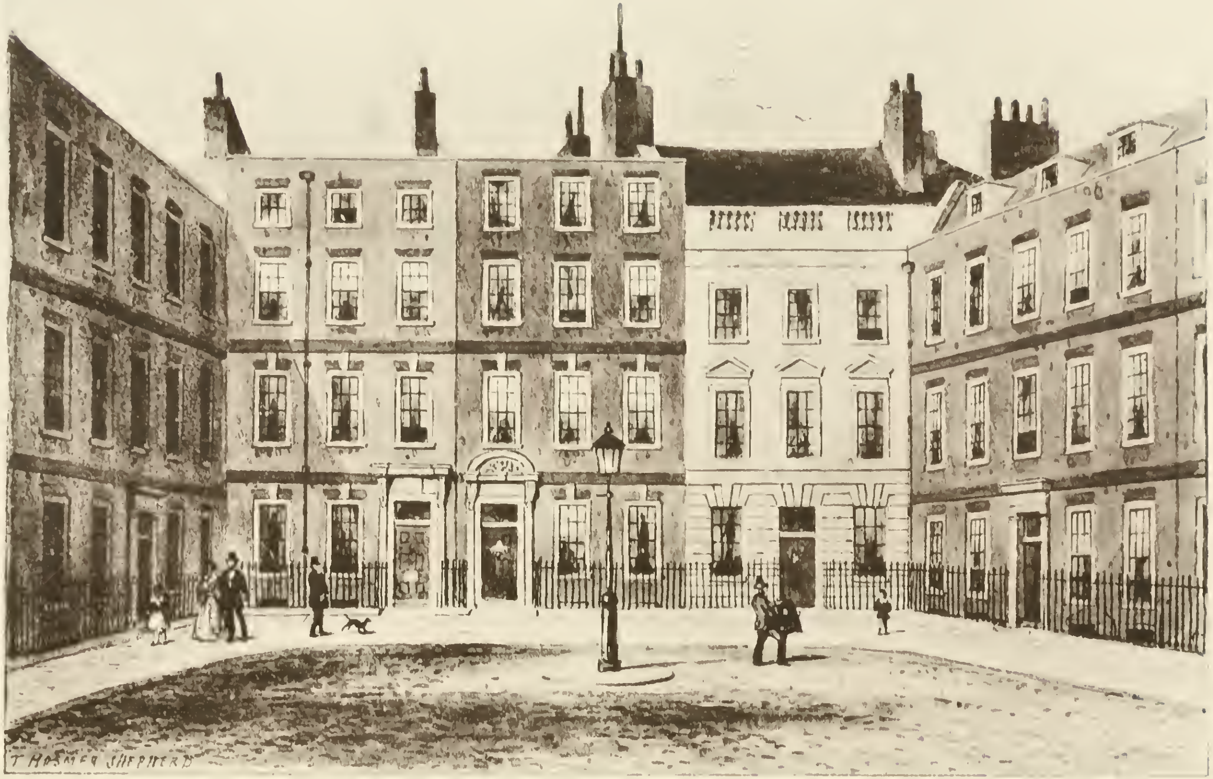
[1] Illuminations for the Victory of the Boyne; the Taking of Namur, of which a mezzotint by B. Lens is in existence and is given in Mr. Dasent's book; and the Peace of Ruyswick, may be mentioned among many other occasions.

[2] See Luttrell's *Diary* for December 9, 1697.


T HOSMER SHEPHERD

PANTON SQUARE.

days, when Dr. Johnson and Richard Savage, cold and hungry, perambulated its precincts, or Sir Charles Grandison (not given in the Rate Books) was one of its most notable residents.[1]

NOTE ON PANTON SQUARE, PICCADILLY, AND CLEVELAND SQUARE, PALL MALL

Panton Square, or, as it was termed in Strype's Map of 1720, Panton Yard, was known by that name till 1868, when it became absorbed in Arundel Street, leading to Coventry Street. The Square took its title from the celebrated gambler, Colonel Thomas Panton, one of the Titus Oates gang of false swearers.[2] After having been the proprietor of the gambling hell known as Piccadilly Hall, and winning a sum which brought him in no less than £1500 a year, the Colonel turned saint and building developer. He acquired the ground on which Panton Street and Square were eventually formed in 1664, and I find Sir Christopher Wren reporting favourably on the Colonel's design to erect buildings here, in 1671; and subsequently an application being formally made to proceed with the work. The more important Panton Street need not detain us here, as being outside the scope of this work, but a word must be said about the Square or Yard, which Strype describes as "a very large place for stabling and coach-houses, there being one large yard within another."

Notwithstanding this description, which was written in 1720, the Square was to rise to better, or worse, things, for in 1762, the Ambassador from Morocco was lodging here, and O'Keefe in his *Recollections* gives an anecdote characteristic of the swift rather than the legal methods employed by his Excellency in ridding himself of domestic annoyances. "The Morocco Ambassador," writes O'Keefe, "lived in Panton Square, near Coventry Street. One of his attendants happened to displease him: he had him brought up to the garret, and there sliced his head off. It was made no secret: he and his servants thought it was very proper, but the London people, who had somewhat of Christianity, were of another opinion. I saw a violent party gather before the house: they broke into it, demolished the furniture, threw everything they could lay their hands on out of the window, and thrashed and beat the grand Moor and his retinue down the Haymarket, and afterwards attacked them wherever they found them."

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[1] Mr. Wilkins, in his *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*, states that the former rented Lord Uxbridge's house in St. James's Square for a time (1785-86), but I can find no record of Lord Uxbridge ever having owned, or rented, a house here.

[2] Wheatley.

There is no record of the residence in Panton Square of any one[1] of more savoury memory than the "Morocco Ambassador," and so this gentleman of easy ethics remains the one notable or rather notorious inhabitant of a place that had better perhaps have remained as it originally was, "a large place for stabling."

As showing how a wrong derivation of a name can be assumed, it may be mentioned that the word Panton was once erroneously deduced from a sort of horse-shoe called a "panton," the use to which the Square was formerly put giving some colour to the idea.

The other little square in this neighbourhood requires a word of notice because it is so described in the Directories, although there are many people, I believe, who hardly recognise it by the name there given to it, *i.e.*, Cleveland Square.

Beyond St. James's Palace and the new block of buildings being erected at the south-west corner of St. James's Street, lie two or three houses; the one facing us is the residence of Lord Armistead, the life-long friend of Mr. Gladstone, and beyond it is Cleveland Row, notable among other things as having been once the residence of Lord Rodney, who was living in one of its small houses in 1772. Sir Sidney Smith was also residing here in 1810; his house was No. 5, and was, at a later date, 1827 to 1831, to become the home of the amusing and eccentric Theodore Hook.[2] Other one-time residents were Lord George Gordon, in 1785; Sir Gilbert Blane, the physician, at No. 4, from 1809 till 1820; and Thomas Grenville, the great book-collector, whose superb library is now in the British Museum, who was living at No. 15, from 1796 till 1801. Lord Stowell, when Sir William Scott, is also stated to have lived in a house here, and Lord Castlereagh was residing at No. 3, afterwards occupied by Viscount Sydney, in 1803; but perhaps the chief interest of this part of Cleveland Square centres in the fact that in a room in one of the houses occurred the memorable quarrel between Walpole and Townshend, when the statesmen actually came to blows, according to Wraxall, and seized each other by the throat, a disgraceful scene which Gay parodied in his *Beggar's Opera.*

Opposite this Row is a newly encased house standing by itself, now

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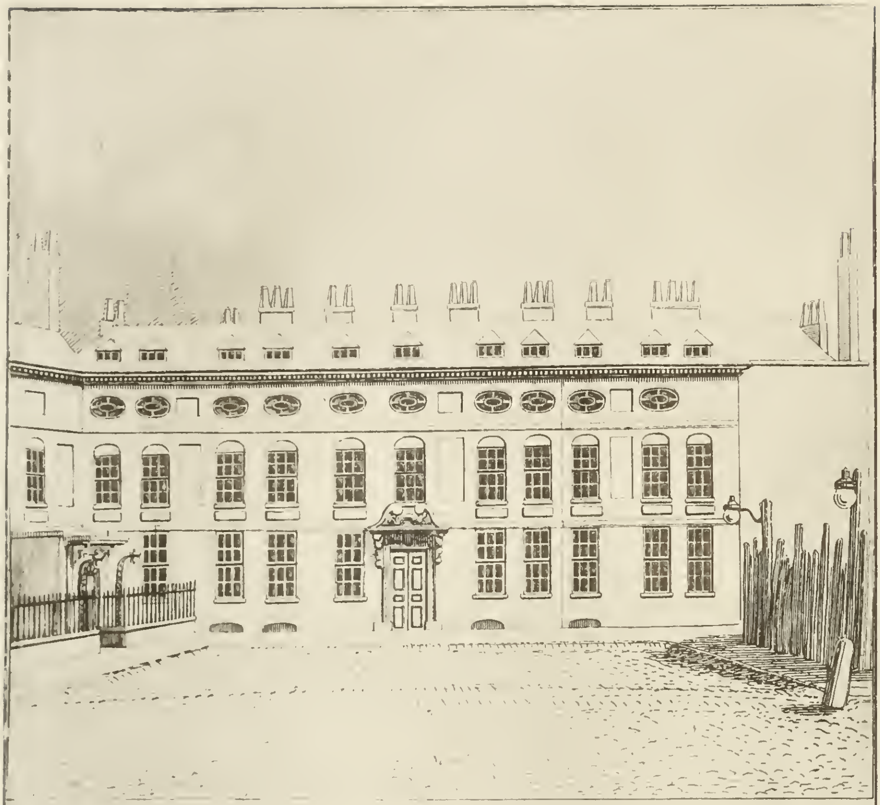
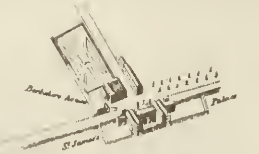
[1] Unless I except the engraver, B. Baron, who died in the Square on January 24, 1762, according to Walpole. I may mention that the Rate Books for 1751, give the names, among others, of the following as then living in Panton Square: Thomas Cumming, Margaret M'Cay, David Scott, Theodosia Lawrence, Sophia Putzean, and James Higgenson.

[2] Who rented it from Lord Lowther at £200 per annum.





CLEVELAND HOUSE,

by St. James's,

built and resided in by the beautiful dutcheſs of Cleveland, mistreſs of Charles 2d. as it appeared in the original structure in May 1795; since which it has been altered by its present owner, the Duke of Bridgwater.

The Plan, *which exhibits Berkshire house on part of the site of which Cleveland house was built, is copied from a curious print inserted in the illustrated Pennant belonging to Thomas Thompson Esq. M. P. the richest collection of its kind, perhaps, that is now extant.*

Published June 20th 1799, by N Smith, Rembrandt's Head, Gt. Mays Buildings St. Martins Lane, & I T. Smith, No. 40, Frith Street Soho.

the residence of Rochfort Maguire, Esq., while on the north side is the magnificent town mansion of the Earl of Ellesmere—Bridgewater House, with its wealth of pictures and its fine furniture and decorations. These residences, various in size and interest, constitute Cleveland Square, but anything less like a square, even among the varied enclosures in London so called, it would be difficult to find.

Bridgewater House stands on the site of Berkshire House (where Clarendon once lived for a time), which Charles II. purchased from its owners the Howards, as a present to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled down the original house, and let off some of the ground belonging to it. It was bought, in 1730, by the Duke of Bridgewater, and when the third Duke died unmarried in 1803, and the title became extinct, the house with its wonderful artistic and other treasures passed by will to his nephew, Lord Stafford, with a reversion to Lord Stafford's second son, created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846. He it was who rebuilt the residence, from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, in 1849, as an inscription over the front door attests.

Hazlitt and others have waxed eloquent over the pictorial treasures which are preserved in this lordly mansion, and which constitute one of the finest galleries of pictures in this country of wondrous collections.[1]

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[1] I may mention that Mason, the poet, came to live here in 1767, at "Mr. Mennis's, a tailor, at the Golden Ball in Cleveland Row, the last door but one nearest the Green Park Wall," and that Henry Flood was residing here, in 1784, while George Selwyn had a house here where he died on January 25, 1791; in which connection it is interesting to note that Romney, in his engagement-book, has an entry which ends: "Maria Pagniani, 1 Cleveland Court," for the year 1789.

CHAPTER IV

SOHO SQUARE

> "The stately quadrate denominated King-square, but vulgarly Soho-square."
> MAITLAND, *History of London.*

IF we examine a London Directory and turn to Soho Square[1] we shall be surprised at the commercial aspect which this once fashionable dwelling-place, formerly, according to Noorthouck, "the most remarkable place in this parish," now presents. We shall find as radical a change here as in the case of Golden Square, and, except for the appearance of a few of the remaining old houses, we shall hardly be able to make so large an inroad on our imagination as to people it again with the rank and fashion of a period extending from the time of Charles II. to that of the earlier Georges, when, as Macaulay says, "Soho Square was to our ancestors a subject of pride with which their posterity will hardly sympathise." And this is the more to be deplored in that Soho Square is one of the most historically interesting in London. Its associations date from the time of Charles II., and its fashionable spirit survived until the end of George II.'s long reign. Tradition has indeed attempted to invest its very name with an historical origin, for Pennant tells us he was informed[2] that on the death of Monmouth, his admirers changed the name of the Square to "Soho," "being the word of the day at the field of Sedgemoor," but Jesse properly points out the inaccuracy of such a deduction, giving the excellent authority of the *Present State of England*, published in 1684, "more than four[3] years before Sedgemoor was fought," in which the London residence of the Duke of Monmouth is distinctly stated to be Soho Square; to which may be added the testimony of the industrious Luttrell, who, in his *Diary*, mentions the fact that Monmouth "returned to his home in So-hoe Sq.," under date of September 20, 1682. The

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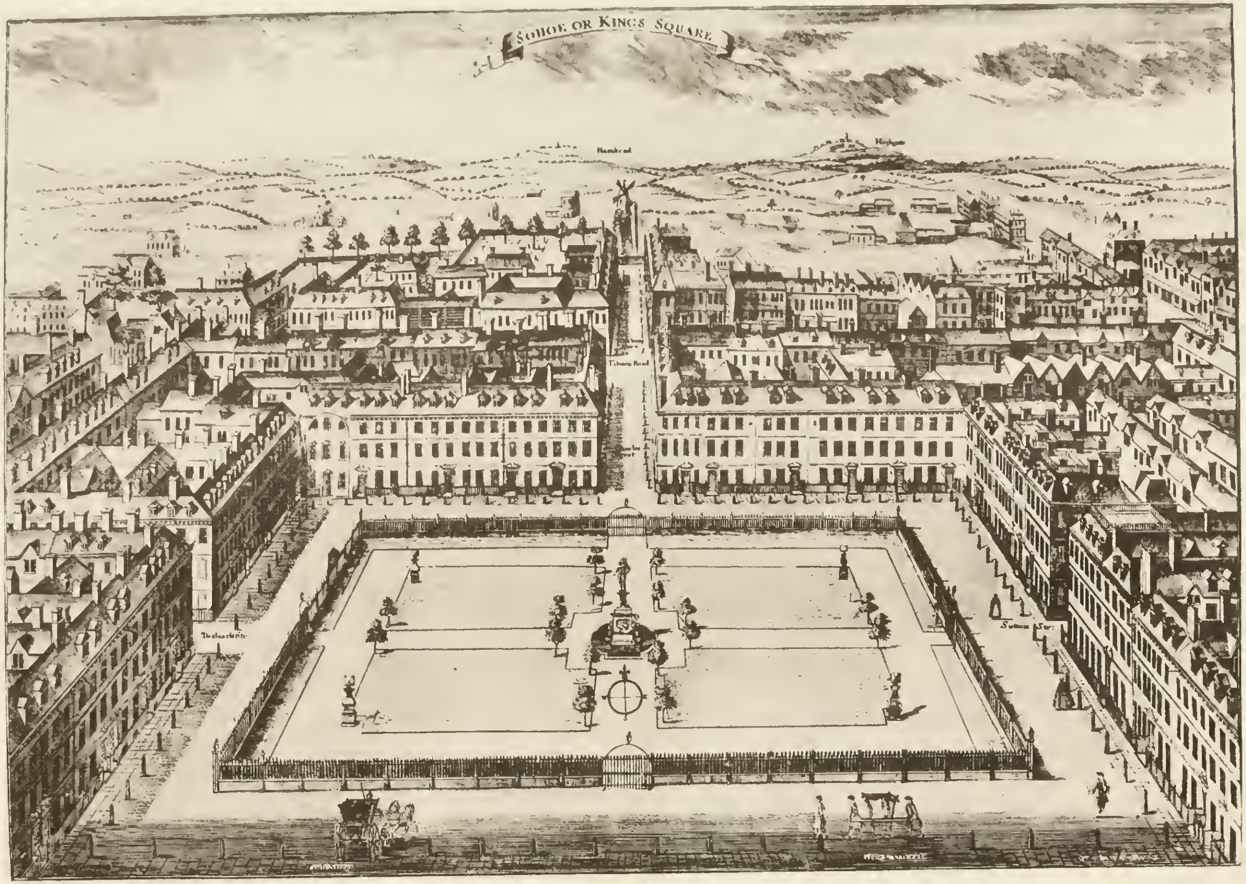
[1] I believe that this square, with the exception of Cloudesley Square, Islington, is the only actual square in London—no street, except Greek Street, entering it from the corners.

[2] By S. Pegge.

[3] Jesse here himself falls into error, for Sedgemoor was fought in July, 1685.


SOHOE OR KINGS SQUARE
Hamstead
Highgate
Tiburn Road
Sutton Str:

origin of the name is probably just the reverse, and, as Macaulay conjectures, the battle cry "had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood." Indeed the name was even at that time no new one, for by the Rate Books of St. Martin the ground which the Square now occupies was known as "Soho" as early as 1632, and numerous are the references to this name onwards; for example, in 1636, we are told that people were living in the "Brick-kilns near Sohoe," and in the burial register of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, an entry for Dec. 16, 1660, reads, "A pr'sh child from Soeho in ch. yd.";[1] while a proclamation dated April 7, 1671, prohibits the further erecting of small habitations and cottages in the fields called the Windmill Fields, Dog Fields, and the fields adjoining to So-hoe, which buildings, it is said, "Choak up the air of His Majesty's palaces and parks, and endanger the total loss of the waters, which, by the expensive conduits, &c., are conveyed from those fields to His Majesty's palace at Whitehall."[2] Indeed by 1675, this region would appear to have been so largely built over, notwithstanding royal proclamations, that a separate receiver of rates for this part of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields had to be appointed, the book for this separate division being styled the "Soho Book."[3]

Pennant seems to have been singularly unlucky in some of his deductions, particularly where he gained his information from the communications of friends, for beyond this error with regard to the origin of the name of Soho, it will be seen that his authority for the name of Golden Square has been proved to be baseless. But it would seem that in the Square under consideration he has made another mistake, for he distinctly states that Soho Square was originally called Monmouth Square in honour of the Duke of Monmouth[4] who lived in it, and that the name was subsequently changed to King Square. But neither the painstaking Cunningham, nor indeed, so far as I know, any more recent topographer has ever heard of its being so called; indeed had it been, it surely would have constituted a record in changing nomenclature; for the Square was formed in 1681, and Sedgemoor was fought in 1685, and as we know that it was called King's (not 'King,' as Pennant states) Square, and alternately

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[1] Shadwell mentions the name in one of his plays in 1661.

[2] Quoted by Cunningham.

[3] Cunningham further adds, as demolishing the Pennant tradition, that an epistle in Radcliffe's *Ovid Travestie* is dated from So-hoe Fields, February 27, 1679–80. Readers of the *Spectator* will remember that when in town Sir Roger de Coverley is stated to have lived there.

[4] Even the neighbouring Monmouth Street, supposed to have been called after the Duke, is thought by Thornbury to have rather been named after Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, who died in 1626, and with his son was a parishioner of St. Giles (*Haunted London*). Macaulay has curiously enough perpetuated this error of Pennant's.

Soho Square, it would mean, according to Pennant, a change of name every other year.

The fact is the Square was formed in 1681, by Gregory King, an architect who was afterwards Lancaster Herald of Arms, and in this capacity formed one of the deputation which invested the Elector of Brandenburg with the Garter in 1690, and was employed in a like capacity when William III sent the same decoration to the Elector of Hanover in 1701. He was, seven years later, made one of the commissioners to inquire into the state of the King's debts due to the Civil List, officers, soldiers, &c., and may therefore be considered a person of some importance in his day.[1]

As the Square was built on land then known for many years as "Soho,"[2] and as its designer was named King, it is not difficult to see that for a time it should be known alternately by both names, and this is in fact what happened. As the name and personality of its architect gradually became forgotten, the name of its position came into prominence, and from that time till now it has been known solely as Soho Square; although the former name was occasionally used, as by Hatton, who calls it "King's or Soho Square" in 1708, by Strype in 1720, who calls it "King's Square" in the text and "Soho Square" in his index, and by Maitland in 1739, who terms it "the stately quadrate denominated King's-square, but vulgarly Soho-square."[3]

So much for the origin of the name, more interesting will it be to trace some of the notable people who have helped to make the Square famous.

By the Rate Books I find that the first inhabitants were eight in number, among them being the Duke of Monmouth, Colonel Rumsey, Mr. Pilcher, Mr. Broughton, Sir Henry Inglesby, and the Earl of Stamford. Of these the Duke of Monmouth is, of course, the well-known one. The natural son of Charles II. by Lucy Walters has taken too firm a hold of the popular imagination to fear extinction in the popular memory. His career does not concern us here, however; it belongs to the domain of history, but his one-time habitation plays so important a part in the annals of Soho Square that it demands more than a mere passing notice. It would seem indeed to have occupied the whole south side of the Square, and to have been built from designs by Sir Christopher Wren for the Duke of Monmouth, whence its name of Monmouth House. Allen says that the Duke's mansion was "the second house" in the Square, by which I assume that he means the second one erected on this spot. It was completed from designs by Wren, probably at the end of 1681, or the beginning of the following year, and it is probable that Monmouth first took up his residence here somewhere before March 25, 1682 (which would account for the Rate Books stating that he was living here in 1681, as under the old style this date would hold good till our present quarter-day, which was then the commencement of a new year), because Narcissus Luttrell, under date December 7, 1681, states in his *Diary* that "the Duke of Monmouth still resides at his house in Hedge Lane" (a former residence of the Duke's), while on September 20, 1682, he notes the Duke's return "to his house in So-hoe Square." That Monmouth was here very irregularly is accounted for by the various plots he was then engaged in, and his fear of detection; thus in July 1683, he was in hiding otherwhere than at Monmouth House, and we have Luttrell noting that "Lord Anglesey's house in Drury Lane was searched for the Duke of Monmouth; the same day also Counsellor Thompson's house in Essex Street was searched for him;" while in the following January we read that "the Duke of Monmouth since his being forbid the Court has lodged at a private house in Holborn and been at his home at Moorpark."[1]

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[1] He is mentioned by Pepys, and a letter from him to the Diarist is extant.

[2] "So ho" being the cry of the huntsmen when calling off their hounds, at the time when this locality was open country.

[3] Sutton Nicholls published a view of the Square, looking north, in 1754; and there is one by Bowles, dated 1727. In the Crace collection will also be found several water-colour drawings of old houses here, such as Monmouth House, by Shepherd, and the White House, and others, by Richardson, 1826.

In the case of Monmouth House we are luckily enabled to more or less rehabilitate some of its characteristic features through the medium of the indefatigable antiquary, John Thomas Smith.[2] His account cannot well be curtailed and so I give it *in extenso*. "Mr. Nollekens," he says, "stopped to show me the dilapidations of the Duke of Monmouth's house in Soho Square. It was on the south side, and occupied the site of the houses which now stand in Bateman's Buildings; and though the workmen were employed in pulling it down, we ventured to go in. The gate entrance was of massive ironwork supported by stone piers, surmounted by the crest of the owner of the house; and within the gates there was a spacious courtyard for carriages. The hall was ascended by steps. There were eight rooms on the ground floor; the principal one was a dining-room towards the south, the carved and gilt panels of which had contained whole-length pictures. At the corners of the ornamented ceiling, which was of plaster, and over the chimney-piece, the Duke of Monmouth's arms were displayed. From a window we descended into a paved yard, surrounded by a red brick wall with heavy stone copings, which was, to the best of my recollection, full twenty-five feet in height. The staircase was of oak, the steps very low, and the landing places were tessellated with woods of light and dark colours, similar to those now remaining on the staircase of Lord Russell's, late Lowe's Hotel, Covent Garden, and in several rooms of the British Museum.

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[1] Luttrell's *Diary*, January 6, 1683–84.

[2] *Nollekens and His Times*.

"As we ascended, I remember Mr. Nollekens noticing the busts of Seneca, Caracalla, Trajan, Adrian, and several others, upon ornamental brackets. The principal room on the first floor, which had not been disturbed by the workmen, was lined with blue satin, superbly decorated with pheasants and other birds in gold. The chimney-piece was richly ornamented with fruit and foliage.[1] . . . In the centre of the chimney-piece, within a wreath of oak leaves, there was a circular recess which evidently had been designed for the reception of a bust. The heads of the panels of the brown window shutters, which were very low, were gilt, and the piers between the windows, from stains upon the silk, had probably been filled in with looking-glasses. The scaffolding, ladders, and numerous workmen rendered it too dangerous for us to go higher, or see more of this most interesting house."[2]

It is not often that one is able thus to rehabilitate the appearance of one of those fine mansions which at one time occupied the spaces now covered by streets or smaller tenements.

On Monmouth's death his residence was purchased by Lord Bateman, from whom the late Bateman's Buildings, which occupied a portion of the site, took their name. I may remind the reader that it was he whom George II. created a peer to avoid making him a Knight of the Bath, saying, according to Walpole, that he could make him a peer but could not make him a gentleman,—a story so closely akin to one told of James I., who was a wit on occasion, and so contrary to the character of George II., who never was one on any occasion, as to sound highly apocryphal!

Ralph, in his *Critical Review of the Publick Buildings in London*, is as usual highly disdainful of the Square in general and falls foul of Monmouth House in particular, thus: "The Square, commonly call'd Soho, is the next place which claims any regard, and that too, like most of the other things of the like nature in this city, only because it is a square. The buildings round it are not scandalous, 'tis true, but they have not the least pretention to taste or order: it has besides a little contemptible garden in the middle of the area, and a worse statue, if it be possible, in the middle of that. The place, indeed, is not so entirely neglected as many others of the same sort about town, and therefore deserves the less

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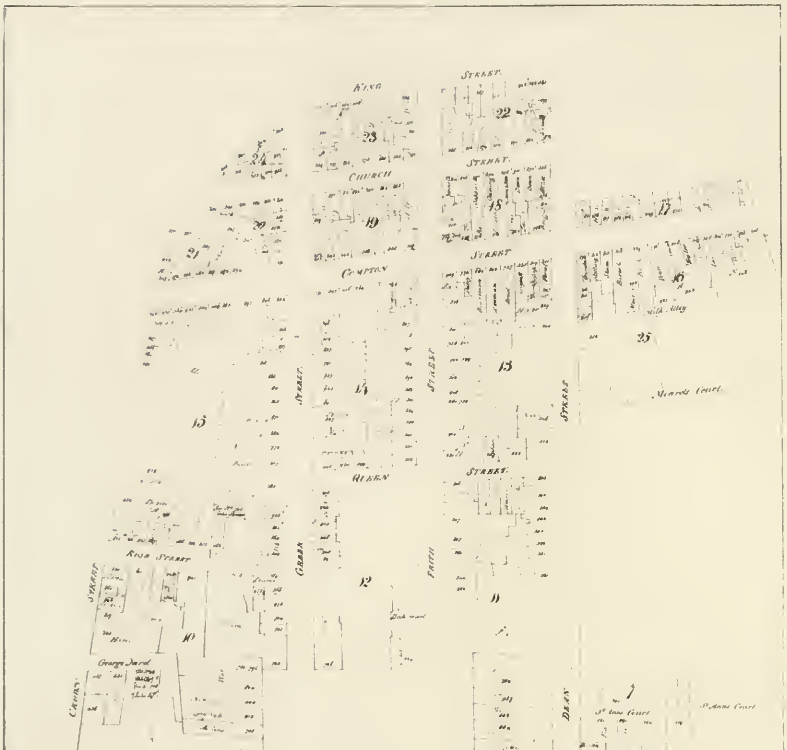
[1] Possibly by Grinling Gibbons, to whom Charles II. gave a place in the Board of Works, and otherwise employed; or of his pupils, Watson, Dievot, or Laurens.

[2] Smith adds that his father had made a drawing of the front of Monmouth's house, which he engraved in his *Antiquities of London*.


King Street
Church Street
Compton Street
Queen Street
Greek Street
Frith Street
Dean Street
Rose Street
Crown Street
George Yard
Sutton Street
Soho Square
Carlisle Street
Milk Alley
Meards Court
St Anns Court
Little Chapel Street
Great Chapel Street
Hollen Street
Oxford Street
Charles Street
Crown Court
Falconberg Court
Titchfield Street
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PLAN OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S ESTATE,
SHEWING SOHO SQUARE.

censure, if it is not entitled to praise. My Lord Bateman's house on the south side is built at a good deal of expense, and was meant for something grand and magnificent, but I am afraid the architect had a very slender notion of what either of them meant: there is nothing very striking in any part of this structure; but if the lower order could boast of beauties ever so exquisite, the upper is so gothique and absurd that it would destroy them all, and invective would get the start of approbation!"

In the year 1717, we find a portion of Monmouth House being used as an auction-room, and Walpole records the sale here of a collection of pictures by Charles Lucy and others, the property of Mr. Comyns, on February 5th of this year. The mansion was subsequently let by the successor of Lord Bateman to the Comte de Guerchy, the French Ambassador who came to London in that capacity, in October, 1763. He is frequently mentioned in Horace Walpole's Letters, and Miss Berry, writing to Marshal Conway,[1] on July 2, 1764, says, "There was last night at Guerchy's a daughter of Lord Dillon, just come out of a convent, who is to be the future Duchess of Norfolk." At the expiration of Comte de Guerchy's tenancy about 1773, the site of Monmouth House was let on building leases, when a row of houses known as Bateman's Buildings was erected on a portion of the property, and as I have noticed, Nollekens and Smith saw the last of the fine house which once lent so much distinction to Soho Square. It is probable that the houses must have been taken up quickly, and many of them, on the south side of the Square, built immediately, probably much of the material of Monmouth House being used in their construction, especially as the Hospital for Women, now Nos. 29 and 30, shows, as Besant says, "some traces of former grandeur in panelled rooms and decorated cornices." As this hospital was only established in 1851, it is highly probable that the premises were formerly occupied by fashionable people.

Another house built on the same site, probably about 1773, is the Rectory House (now No. 28). The chief point in this residence is a ceiling decorated by Flaxman, but beyond this the house contains many constructive and decorative features of eighteenth-century architecture.

It is difficult to identify the former noble residents in the Square with the present houses,[2] although some of these latter still retain many of the characteristics of former grace and dignity, but from the parish of St. Anne's registers, the better part of the eighteenth century seems to have been the heyday of fashion in this quarter, and Smith notes that between the years 1708 and 1732, Lords Berkeley, Byron, Carlisle, Grimstone, Howard, Leicester, Macclesfield, Morpeth, Nottingham, Onslow, Peterborough, Pierrepoint, and Pigot all resided here at one time or another, to which I can add the names of Lords Bateman, Mansel, and Dartmouth, which are given in a Directory for 1728; as well as that of Sir George Colebrooke, whose library, removed from his house in Soho Square, was sold by Messrs. Christie on February 20, 1777, and ten following days.[1] It was also a favourite spot for Ambassadors, and Nollekens told Smith that when he was a boy (he was born on August 11, 1737), living in Dean Street, "no fewer than four Ambassadors lived in the Square, and that at that time it was the most fashionable place for the nobility." We shall see that still more famous people than these I have mentioned, have at various times resided here, but before referring to them I must say something of another remarkable mansion, which at one time almost rivalled Monmouth House and at another became the hunting-ground of that adventuress, Mrs. Cornelys—I mean Carlisle House.

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[1] Conway was also an inhabitant of the Square, and his name is given by Boyle, in 1795, at No. 25.

[2] The Duke of Portland once owned property here, and in the Crace collection, is a "Plan of the estate belonging to the Duke of Portland in Soho Square and its neighbourhood, sold in the years 1794–9, with a schedule of rents of the various houses and the sum they each sold for," by John White, senior, 1799.

This mansion was situated on the east side of the Square, south of that point where Sutton Street joins it. It was built of red brick, and on the cisterns was the date "1669," not indicating the year of the erection of the house, but of the creation of the title of the Earldom of Carlisle. The Roman Catholic chapel of St. Patrick occupies a portion of its site. It was formerly the town residence of the Earl of Carlisle, and the Catholic chapel in Sutton Street was in those days the banqueting-room, connected with the main building by a passage known as "the Chinese Bridge." Notwithstanding the noble origin of the house, it is best known to us as having been the scene of Mrs. Cornelys's[2] strange assemblies. This Teresa Cornelys was a German by birth, but about the year 1761, she settled in this country, and obtaining a lease of Carlisle House she opened it as a place of entertainment such as was not uncommon in the Georgian era. Here was instituted a series of balls, concerts, and masquerades, and for twenty years Mrs. Cornelys carried on a successful business, having been able in some way to attract the patronage of the most fashionable people in town. In an interesting *Diary of a Journey to England in 1761–62*, Count Kielmansegge, the author, mentions receiving tickets from the Duke of Richmond "for the ball this evening" (December 31, 1761), in Soho Square; and on January 28, 1762, he writes, "I went to a ball, which takes place every fortnight in a house in Soho Square." This seems to indicate that these entertainments were commenced at an earlier period than has been generally supposed. The newspapers of the day bear frequent evidence to the indefatigability and resource of Mrs. Cornelys; thus we read on February 18, 1763: "On Saturday last Mrs. Cornelys gave a ball at Carlisle House to the upper servants of persons of fashion, as a token of the sense she has of her obligations to the nobility and gentry for their generous subscriptions to her assembly." We further learn that no less than 220 persons were present, and that those who did not dance played cards.[1]

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[1] *Memorials of Christie's*, vol. i. p. 35. The Lord Mansel mentioned would appear to have been the son of the first Lord Mansel, formerly Sir Thomas Mansel, Comptroller of the Household to Queen Anne, who died in 1723.

[2] There is in Mr. T. F. Blackwell's possession a curious water-colour by J. Breun, dated 1829, showing Carlisle House—or what then remained of it—from Sutton Street.

The most usual *entrée* to Carlisle House was by tickets given in return for annual subscriptions. These tickets were transferable provided the owners wrote "the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they had lent it, to prevent any mistake," a notice which, if not very grammatical, was probably well understood if not always strictly attended to. There is but little doubt that these entertainments were frequently of a most questionable character; hard drinking and immodest singing, "which no lady need leave save those who are too immodest to stay," as an advertisement phrased it, were *de rigueur* in these assemblies, where it was the fashion to fling open the windows and to throw the remains of the refreshments provided, to the hungry crowd which invariably waited below in expectation of such largesse. One of the Queens of Beauty at these routs was Miss Conway, niece of General Conway and daughter of the first Marquis of Hertford, who had then but recently been married to the Earl of Grandison. She it was who largely increased the popularity of entertainments which were not only conducted in the most extravagant fashion, but were also characterised by gross indecency and by "mockery of the most solemn feelings and principles."[2]

These goings on were taken advantage of by competitors who saw with concern all their business sapped away by Mrs. Cornelys's enterprise. At first, we may suppose, the actual conduct of her entertainments was not attacked; her opponents began, it would seem, in a more insidious way, as the following advertisement communicated to the papers by Mrs. Cornelys seems to indicate: "Whereas it has been industriously reported, to the disadvantage of Mrs. Cornelys, that she has expressed herself dissatisfied with a subscription now on foot to build a large room in opposition to her; she esteems it her duty, in this public manner, to declare that she never once entertained a thought so unjust and unreasonable, &c." The "large room" here mentioned was in reality to be the afterwards so celebrated Almacks', and Horace Walpole, writing to George Montagu, thus refers to the matter: "Mrs. Cornelis (*sic*), apprehending the future assembly at Almacks', has enlarged her vast room and hung it with Blue Satin, and another with Yellow Satin, but Almacks' room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers as easily as Moses' rod gobbled down those of the magicians." Notwithstanding her public repudiation of any anxiety, Mrs. Cornelys nevertheless spent some £2000 on improving the room at Carlisle House in the following year. One of the new attractions seems to have been "the most curious, singular, and superb ceiling that ever was executed or even thought of," to quote the evidently inspired account in a contemporary newspaper, as well as "a new gallery for the dancing of cotillons and allemandes, and a suite of rooms adjoining," and to obviate the complaints made as to the heat of the rooms, we are informed that she has arranged to have "tea below stairs and ventilators above," and that there is no fear of catching cold.

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[1] Timbs, in his *Romance of London*, gives a long account of Mrs. Cornelys, from which many of these details are taken.

[2] *Oxford Magazine* for 1770, and *London and County Magazine* between 1770 and 1774, quoted by Davis in his *Memorials of Knightsbridge*.

To inaugurate these improvements Mrs. Cornelys gave a grand *fête* on February 26, 1770.[1] The rooms then must have inspired Walpole to note in one of his letters, that Strawberry "with all its painted glass and gloomth, looked as gay when I came home as Mrs. Cornelys' ball-room." It is to Walpole's untiring pen that we owe a long description of the great fancy dress ball which this *fête* seems to have been. For it, he writes, "the House of Commons literally adjourned"; the ball, he adds, "was more magnificent than the King of Denmark's. The Bishops opposed: he of London formally remonstrated with the King, who did not approve it, but could not help him. The consequence was, that four divine vessels belonging to the holy fathers, *alias* their wives, were at this masquerade." The Duke of Gloucester was there, garbed as Edward IV., and Walpole's niece, Lady Waldegrave, as Elizabeth Woodville, who, as their later history proved, emulated their prototypes in more than dress. Walpole was present himself, "with more pleasure to see them" (various Conways and Cholmondeleys whom he had provided with dresses) "pleased than when I formerly delighted in the diversion myself." All the fashion of the town appears to have been present. Lady Pembroke, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mrs. Crewe, and Sir Richard Phillips as a double man, half miller, half chimney-sweep, Lord Carlisle as a running footman, Mr. James, the painter, as Midas; "Lord Edgecombe, in the character of an old woman, was fully as lovely as his lady;" Lady Stanhope as Melpomene, Lady Augusta Stuart as a Vestal, &c.; but Miss Monckton, daughter of Lord Galway, seems to have put all in the shade "as an Indian Sultana in a robe of cloth of gold, and rich veil . . . the jewels she wore were valued at £30,000." Mrs. Cornelys was not, however, satisfied with these ephemeral trifles; she inaugurated what she called "Harmonic Meetings,"[1] with the help of the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Harrington, and other leaders of fashion. Their share seems to have been taken rather to spite Mr. Hobart, brother of Lord Buckinghamshire, who was manager of the Haymarket and had affronted the singer Guadagni, who was a *protégé* of theirs, than for any particular wish to render a service to Mrs. Cornelys. This seriously affected the Haymarket, and the managers of other theatres took fright, and although Mrs. Cornelys, to avoid outwardly transgressing the act, pretended she took no money, that her concerts were for charity, &c., she was informed against by Mr. Hobart, and the justices pronounced in his favour, Mrs. Cornelys being convicted before Sir John Fielding for performing dramatic entertainments without a licence. As misfortunes are said never to come singly, Mrs. Cornelys had to sustain a fresh competition in the form of the Pantheon or winter Ranelagh, which opened in 1772, with similar attractions to her own; and still worse, an indictment was presented to the Grand Jury intimating that "she does keep and maintain a common disorderly house, &c." Even her resource could not withstand this concurrence of ill fortune, and in the *London Gazette* for November 1772, we find among the list of bankrupts "Teresa Cornellys (*sic*), Carlisle House, St. Ann, Soho, dealer"; and as a consequence, Carlisle House and all its gorgeous fittings and furniture was advertised to be sold in one lot in the following month. A curiously worded advertisement thereupon appeared as follows: "The curiosity of many to see the house, to prevent improper crowds, and the great damage that might happen therefrom (and the badness of the season), by admitting indifferent and disinterested people, must be an excuse to the public for the assignees ordering the catalogues to be sold at five shillings each, which will admit two to see the house."

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[1] Besant states that "sometimes as many as 500 were present at her masquerades. All the windows of the Square were blocked with people who came to see the fine dresses, and would not allow a carriage to pass till they had looked at the ladies inside," and a notice of these assemblies is contained in Casanova's curious *Memoirs*. In the Victoria and Albert Museum is a picture by John Raphael Smith entitled "Carlisle House, Soho Square," representing the interior of one of the rooms, evidently during the Cornelys régime.

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[1] It is interesting to note that Goldsmith's "Lament for the Death of the Princess Dowager of Wales," written in 1772, and announced in the papers as composed for the purpose by a gentleman of acknowledged literary merit, was recited and sung with music at Mrs. Cornelys's fashionable rooms in Soho Square.

Here seemed indeed the end of this enterprising woman; but no! two years later the public was informed that "the assemblies at Carlisle House will commence soon, under the conduct and direction of a new manager." It was our old friend again, but her day was nearly over, and after another couple of years' struggle, Carlisle House was again advertised for sale by private treaty or to be hired as usual. It soon fell from its high estate; used for some time as an exhibition for Monstrosities, anon as a School of Eloquence, and finally as an "Infant School of Genius," in all which characters the sceptic might perhaps have seen a *resumé* of its original vocation, it was finally closed by public order in 1797, and about five years later was demolished, two houses being built on its site—one, Jeffrey's Music Warehouse, and the other, Weiffert's Quadrille Office; so that even in its *débacle* there seemed to be something Phœnix-like in its constitution. On its demolition some of the curiously painted banqueting scenes were preserved.[1]

The presiding genius of the place, whose name is to be met with in much of the literature of the day, who had been referred to by Murphy and castigated by Combe, fell from bad to worse. She attempted to reorganise her *clientèle*, and for this purpose took a house known as Knightsbridge Grove, near where Lowndes Terrace stands, and then known as Porters Lane, but she met with no success and gave it up in 1785. Ten years later she reappeared as a Mrs. Smith, vendor of asses' milk, in Knightsbridge, but this new attempt met also with no success, and the once brilliant director, if not leader, of fashion died in the Fleet Prison on August 19, 1797.[2]

As the Earls of Carlisle had their town residence in Soho Square, so, too, did the Bellasyses, Lords Falconberg, or Falconbridge, as it is sometimes written. Viscount Falconberg, whom Noble describes as of "very amiable manners and enterprising genius," married Mary, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who was the last of the family to inhabit Falconberg House. Granger tells us that when in Soho Square she always attended service at St. Anne's close by, and Burnet alliteratively calls her "a wise and worthy woman." She died in 1712, and so we may regard that date as marking the end of the Falconberg family's connection with the house in Soho, she having survived her husband just twelve years. This house, with its fine and characteristic façade, still exists, and is now known as No. 20 Soho Square, forming part of the extensive premises of Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell. In one of the rooms may still be seen a very richly carved and gilded ceiling and wall, while another, which was formerly oval in shape, contained an oval ceiling panel painted by Angelica Kauffmann; when this room was altered in shape, and divided, this painting was carefully removed and now exists in Mr. Blackwell's country house.

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[1] In 1847, a Mr. Mackinley of Soho Square printed a private account of Mrs. Cornelys's entertainments, and in the British Museum is preserved a large collection of bills, pamphlets, &c., connected with these performances.

[2] Davis, *Memorials of Knightsbridge*, p. 158. It would seem that Josiah Wedgwood once thought of taking the rooms, for writing to Bentley on November 14, 1772, he says, "What has become of Mrs. Cornelleys' (*sic*) Rooms? She is I hear, to remain in prison, and I cannot think anybody else will venture to take up her place. Soho Square is not a bad situation, I think, but you know better than I do." (Meteyard's *Life of Wedgwood.*)

Although the connection of the Falconberg family with this mansion was ended with the death of Lady Falconberg, another notable individual resided in it at a somewhat later date, in the person of the celebrated naval commander, Sir Cloudesley Shovel. From here it was that he set out on his expedition to Toulon in 1707; on his return from which abortive attempt he was drowned off the Scilly Isles. His body was eventually recovered and brought to his house in Soho Square, where it lay in state until it was conveyed to Westminster Abbey for interment. Some years later, to be exact in 1726, the celebrated Spanish Minister Ripperda was living here in great splendour.[1] This unscrupulous but able man, a fitting follower of Alberoni, whom Lord Hervey calls "a prospecting, speculating, enterprising, inconsiderate, hot-headed fellow," was fresh from the great Treaty of Vienna, which he had initiated and signed in the previous year; but his triumph was short-lived, and the man who had intrigued consistently against his country was glad to seek an asylum in England from the Spanish people who had learned to hate him. It would appear that the house (No. 20) under consideration had, among others, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Bradford, and Speaker Onslow as tenants, and that it was originally built by Colin Campbell, the architect of Wanstead, for the Earl of Tylney, who once lived at No. 5 St. James's Square, but its later unfortunate reputation has overwhelmed such memories, for it was notorious as "The White House," a place given over to dissipation of all kinds, when it was frequented by such past masters in the art as the Prince of Wales, "Old Q.," and Lord Hertford. It had an entrance with iron gates in Sutton Street, and some of those who entered its ill-fated portals are said never to have emerged alive. Its apartments, tradition has it, were known as the Gold, Silver, and Bronze rooms, from the various prevailing tones of their decorations, and all were fitted with mirrors set into the panelling of the walls; other rooms were designated "the Painted Chamber," "the Grotto," "the Coal Hole," and weirdest of all, "the Skeleton Room"—where by a mechanical contrivance a skeleton was made to issue from a cupboard!

The house, after these things had been put a stop to, was empty for some time, but was subsequently occupied by Messrs. D'Almaine & Co., the pianoforte makers, who are mentioned as being here in *London in* 1851; it was later incorporated in Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell's premises.

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[1] Lord Mahon's *History of England*, quoted by Jesse.

In a clever water-colour drawing by T. Richardson, dated 1826, Falconberg House and the adjoining premises, forming Nos. 20 and 21 Soho Square, are shown; the entrance to the latter being in Sutton Street, and there being no outlet into the Square. On its being rebuilt, as we have seen in 1837, it was altered to its present appearance.[1]

A later resident in the Square was Sir Joseph Banks, who died in 1820, at No. 32,[2] then No. 30. Miss Sarah Sophia Banks, an eccentric lady,[3] who, to quote Smith,[4] "was looked after by the eye of astonishment wherever she went," on account of the strangeness of her dress, which was distinctly that of the old school, kept house for her brother Sir Joseph, when he lived in Soho Square. Here she helped him entertain at the Sunday evening conversaziones which he established; *réunions* mentioned by Sir Henry Holland in his *Recollections*, and referred to by Gifford when he once said to Moore that the Banks' mansion was to science what Holland House was to literature. Cavendish and Wollaston were honoured guests here, and although Horace Walpole laughed at the host and Peter Pindar scribbled verses about his entertainments, this scientific *salon* was not without its influence, and its advantages to those who were bidden as guests.

No. 32 is one of the noticeable houses at the south-west corner of the Square, and is now occupied by the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart; here the Linnæan Society (about whom Knight is so flippant) had its headquarters before it removed further westward. The house is distinguished not only by some very fine ceilings, but one room, now a female ward, is, says Besant, worthy of special notice, it having "a very lofty arched ceiling of rather unusual construction beautifully decorated, and an overmantel and fireplace which are exquisite." Here Sir Joseph Banks used to hold receptions, at which all the scientific men of the day were to be met. He was followed in the occupation of the house by Sir J .E. Smith and Mr. Robert Brown, both eminent naturalists; and the Linnæan Society, which had been founded in 1788.

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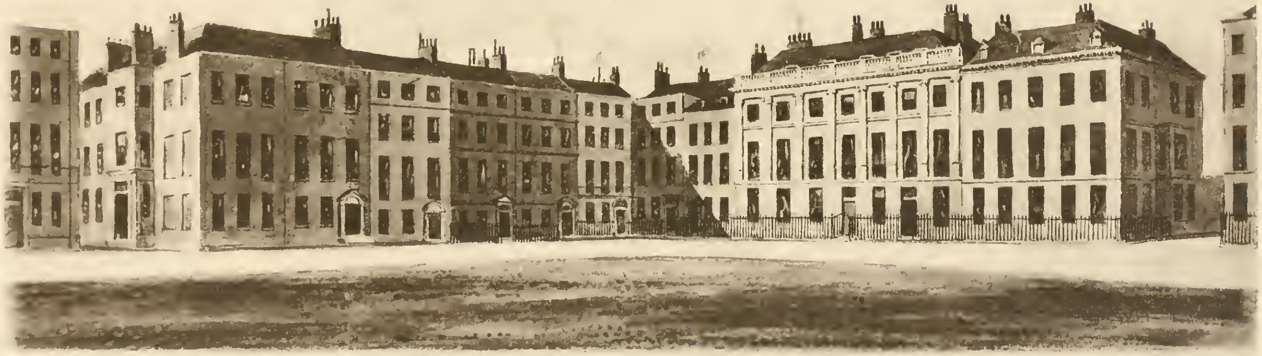
[1] This water-colour is in possession of T. F. Blackwell, Esq., J.P., who showed it to the author and supplied him with much interesting and valuable information. There is in existence a small print of one of the "Cries of London" headed Soho Square; it is the cry of "Chairs to mend," and shows a portion of the centre of the Square, with a lamp, and at the corner, through which the central garden is seen, a public-house, but I have failed to identify this hostelry.

[2] Boyle, for 1795, gives one Fowler as then living at No. 32, and Sir Joseph at No. 30.

[3] See an account of her, with a reproduction of a contemporary print of her as "An old maid on a journey," in Timbs's *Eccentrics and Eccentricities*.

[4] *Book for a Rainy Day*, p. 229.



1820 [illegible] East Side of Soho Square

[illegible] white house was [illegible] Whole house at the Corner was

The inception of this Society is indeed connected with this very house, for it was when Sir J. E. Smith, then a medical student, happened to breakfast with Sir Joseph Banks on one occasion, that the latter said he had had the offer of the MSS. and botanical collections of Linnæus offered him for £1000, but that he had declined to purchase them. Young Smith, full of zeal and interest, thereupon prevailed on his father to advance the necessary sum. The treasure arrived in London in 1784, packed, we are told, in twenty-six cases. Smith was rewarded by being made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and on his death in 1828, his collections were acquired by the Linnæan Society, which he had helped to found.[1]

It is interesting to find that Sir Joseph Banks's old house was exempted from the poor-rate in 1852 on account of its being used for the purposes of science.[2]

Among the first residents in the Square were mentioned the names of, among others, Lord Stamford and Colonel Rumsey. Both these figure in those intermittent plots against Charles II. in which Monmouth was more or less deeply implicated, and for which Algernon Sydney suffered a shameful death.[3] Indeed in 1683, Rumsey was one of the witnesses against the Duke and Lord Stamford; anon we find the informer himself informed against by one Goodenough, and finally we hear of his being deported to Nicholas Island, near Plymouth, there to be confined during life.[4] Lord Stamford acted a more manly part, in that he was no informer; indeed Luttrell mentions preparations for his trial for high treason, but delays occurred, and in the 1688 Revolution he appears to have become an important personage at the Court of the "little Dutchman." Another one-time sojourner—one can hardly identify him sufficiently long with the Square to call him an inhabitant—here, was John Evelyn, who notes under date of November 27, 1690, that "I went to London with my family to winter at Soho in the great Square." Evelyn appears to have been accustomed, when coming to London, to take various houses: thus in 1658, we find him at the Three Feathers in Russell Street, Covent Garden; in 1662, in lodgings "neere the Abbey of Westminster"; in 1686, at Whitehall, "in the Lord Privy Seal's Lodgings," and in 1699, he writes, "Am now removing my family to a more convenient house here in Dover Street where I have the remainder of a lease." Thus, like all the world, he moved gradually westward!

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[1] See *Old and New London*, vol. iii. p. 191.

[2] *Curiosities of London*, p. 783.

[3] In the well-known engraving of Lord Russell's trial, Rumsey is shown seated beneath the jury-box with his hand before his mouth whispering to Shepherd.

[4] Luttrell's *Diary*.

Some years later another diarist and antiquary was visiting here, for Thoresby in his *Journal* for January 22, 1709, writes: "Walked to Soho Square, to the Bishop of Salisbury's, who entertained me most agreeably with the sight of several valuable curiosities, as the original Magna Charta of King John, supposed to be the very same that he granted to the nobles in the field, it wanting that article about the Church, which, in the Exemplars afterwards, was always inserted first; it has part of the Great Seal also remaining. He showed me also his strong box, with many noble medals of silver and gold, presented to him by the Princess Sophia and other foreign princes of the House of Hanover, &c., several of them worth about £30 apiece, as to the intrinsic value. But what was best of all was his pious and excellent converse; for, notwithstanding the censures of a malignant world that hates everything that is serious, he is, doubtless, an admirably holy and good man, and has one of the best regulated houses in the world."[1] Such is the evidence of a discerning contemporary on Bishop Burnet, who, before removing to Clerkenwell, lived in the house in Soho[2] in which he entertained Thoresby with curiosities and pious converse.

Another notable resident in Soho Square, at the corner of Greek Street, was that Alderman Beckford whose monumental speech is more famous than his double tenure of office of Lord Mayor. His illustrious son, the author of *Vathek* and creator of Fonthill—art critic, book collector, and eccentric—must often have been here; while it is probable that Chatterton on his arrival in London called to see his patron in Soho Square. Beckford died here on June 21, 1770, and on the termination of his tenancy the house became the office of the old Commissioners of Sewers, and was subsequently occupied by the Board of Works; later, in 1863, it was purchased by "The House of Charity" for £6400,[3] which institution still occupies it. Like many of the other remaining houses in this Square, the interior repays attention, for there are still preserved the beautifully designed chimneypieces, architraves, and window dressings and decorated ceilings. The room now used as a Council Chamber is especially noteworthy, the ceiling being oval in form "with the figures of four cherubic boys in relief, carrying respectively flowers, a bird, fire, and water, to represent the four elements."[4]

It was probably when residing in this house that Beckford heard of the destruction by fire of the first mansion at Fonthill in 1755, which is said to have meant a loss to him of £30,000. When he was told of the disaster he calmly took out a pocket-book and began to write; on being asked what he was doing; "Only calculating," he replied, "how much it will cost to rebuild it." "I have," he added, "an odd fifty thousand in a drawer, and, if I rebuild, it will only mean a thousand apiece less to my charity children." Fonthill, as is well known, was rebuilt and became a wonder to all the county. It was into the house in Soho Square that Lord Chatham forced himself the day before Beckford's death, and came away with all the letters he had written the demagogue Alderman.[1]

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[1] *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 27.

[2] At first Burnet rented a house on the north side, but later he lived on the south side, next door south of Carlisle House. See *Men and Women of Soho*, p. 102.

[3] Walford (*Old and New London*) says £3000.

[4] Mitton.

The association of several other well-known men with Soho Square can be substantiated. Thus at No. 27, now occupied by a Benefit Society, Brunell, the money-lender's disreputable attorney, who was, however, towards De Quincey "obliging and to the extent of his power, generous," once lived, and here it was that De Quincey, on his arrival in London, stayed "in miserable lodgings," according to Hutton.

Readers of De Quincey will remember the description of the house as it was in 1802.[2] "The house was not in itself," says the Opium-Eater, "supposing that its face had been washed now and then, at all disrespectable. But it wore an unhappy countenance of gloom and unsocial fretfulness, due in reality to the long neglect of painting, cleansing, and in some instances of repairing . . . . it could hardly be called large, that is, it was not large on each separate storey, but, having four storeys in all, it was large enough to impress vividly the sense of its echoing loneliness." Here it was that with his companion "Ann," as he himself says, he sat down on the steps of a house "which to this hour I never pass without a pang of grief," and here, as he wrote years later, "about ten o'clock this very night (August 15, 1821) I turned aside from my evening walk along Oxford Street in order to glance at it."

At No. 31 (formerly 29), in the south-west corner of the Square, at its junction with Frith Street, Charles Kemble, the father of Fanny Kemble, was living in 1824; but later, after Miss Kemble's return from school in Paris, he took a cottage at Weybridge and another house in Soho Square—this time, No. 5, which is described in *The Records of a Girlhood* as "a handsome, comfortable, roomy house." I find Sir Charles Bell, the celebrated surgeon—of whom Cockburn once said, "If ever I knew a generally and practically happy man, it was Sir Charles Bell," and whose work on *The Hand* is a classic—residing, in 1812, at No. 36, then No. 34; while both the George Colmans once lived in the Square. Angelo in his *Reminiscences* mentions their residence here, and Peake in his *Memoirs of the Colman Family* gives two letters from Colman the elder to Garrick, dated 'Soho Square, 1776.' In the following year O'Keefe the actor paid him a visit here, in an account of which he thus incidentally describes the position of the house: "The next morning I was punctual to appointment, and posted to Soho Square, where, at the left-hand corner of Bateman's Buildings, I knocked at the door of a fine-looking house, and was ushered into the library."

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[1] Timbs's *Eccentrics and Eccentricities*.

[2] *Memorable London Houses*, p. 90.

In a house in the south-east corner once resided, for a time, Mr. Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, and it was here he laid down the terms on which that paper would support the Wellington Ministry in 1828. J. T. Smith, the engraver and gossiping writer, was also living in Soho Square previously to the year 1800, in which year his *Antiquities of London* was published, a book on which he had been engaged ten years; and it was probably in connection with this work that he returned to London from Edmonton, first lodging in Frith Street and afterwards in Soho Square,[1] while another antiquary in the person of Richard Payne Knight, assembled, in a house in the Square, his magnificent collection of ancient bronzes and Greek coins, valued at £50,000, which he subsequently bequeathed to the British Museum.[2]

From the recollections of one[3] who has known the Square for many years past and whose knowledge of it has been further augmented by what a member of his family of a bygone generation has told him, I learn that Dr. Jones, the father of the well-known "Cavendish," formerly lived at No. 21A; also that Pickersgill, the artist, resided in the corner house next door to what are now Messrs. Burroughs and Watts' premises, and my informant remembers, as a boy, seeing the horses which Pickersgill was accustomed to use as models, being led down a passage which divided the houses at that time. Pickersgill painted here his portrait of Wordsworth, and we find the poet writing to Crabb Robinson in 1833, and saying, "In passing through Soho Square it may amuse you to call in upon Mr. Pickersgill the portrait-painter, where he will be gratified to introduce you to the face of an old friend. Take Charles and Mary Lamb there also." This advice was followed, for Crabb Robinson notes that he went on the following 30th April, with Mrs. Aders, to see the picture; while, two years later, he paid the painter another visit in Soho Square, in the company of the Wordsworths, for the purpose of seeing a smaller portrait of the poet which Pickersgill was painting. "We sat there a couple of hours," the Diarist adds, "enlivening by chat the dulness of sitting for a portrait." In No. 19, which, before it was rebuilt, was fitted with old oak carvings, all the windows being of stained glass, resided for a time a painter of our own day, J. Sant, Esq., R.A.

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[1] I may mention that Mr. James Adair, a wealthy linen-factor, and a one-time protector of the notorious Mrs. Rudd, was formerly connected with Soho Square; and readers of the *Spectator* will remember that, when in London, the immortal Sir Roger de Coverley lodged there.

[2] Another inhabitant at one time was Samuel Beazley, the dramatist and architect, remembered as having designed both the Lyceum and St. James's Theatres. His house seems to have been to the right of Bateman's Buildings.

[3] J. S. Burroughs, Esq., F.R.G.S.

In defiance of chronology, I must here record the name of another one-time artistic inhabitant of the Square in the person of Jacques Rousseau,[1] a painter who was invited to this country by the Duke of Montagu, in order that he might decorate Montague House, then being rebuilt by his Grace. Rousseau seems to have enjoyed this patronage but a short time, for after only two years' work he died in Soho Square, about the year 1694, aged sixty-eight, and was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Anne.[2]

It would also appear that either the Venetian Embassy was once situated in Soho Square or that the envoy had lodgings there, for Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Mr. Chambers dated November 21, 1754,[3] in which he desires Mr. Warton to inform him of the cost of transcribing a manuscript in the Bodleian, asks that the answer may be directed "to His Excellency Mr. Zon, Venetian Resident, Soho Square," and it is therefore probable that Johnson was desired to seek this information by the envoy himself.

Mention must now be made of the Soho Academy, a commercial school established in the eighteenth century, not later than 1719,[4] by Martin Clare, who appears to have been the first master. The school was situated on the north side of the Square where the French Protestant Church now stands. Many were the pupils turned out by this excellent school; some of them indeed became famous. Under Clare was George Onslow, son of the Speaker who, as I have mentioned, himself once resided in the Square; he was probably the "show boy" of the place, for when Clare published his *Youth's Introduction to Trade and Business*, he dedicated it to "Master George Onslow, only son of the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons."[5]

Succeeding Clare in the mastership was Cuthbert Barwis. Under this master, the school attained fame for the histrionic instruction imparted to the pupils, with the result that we find Holman and Fawcett, the actors, and Morton, the dramatist, all schoolfellows here under the Barwis *régime*. In contemporary literature there are frequent references to this characteristic; thus Angelo writes: "The first time I saw Holman, the performer, was when at school in Soho Square, at the Rev. Dr. Barwis's. Hamlet was the character. It was in the Christmas holidays; there was afterwards a dance in the schoolroom;" while Fanny Burney records, on November 15, 1768, going "to see the play of *Tamerlane* acted by young gentlemen at an Academy in Soho Square." "The play," she adds, "was much better performed than I expected, and the dresses were superb."

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[1] It may be mentioned here that some tapestry, designed by Zuccarelli, that used formerly to hang in Northumberland House, is said to have been worked in Soho Square in 1758.

[2] Walpole's *Anecdotes*.

[3] Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 23.

[4] *Men and Women of Soho*, p. 117.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 118.

The Rev. Dr. Barrow succeeded Dr. Barwis as master in 1785. He does not seem to have shared his predecessor's love of theatrical exhibitions, for in a work on the art of education, he has these direct words about the matter: "When I first engaged the Academy in Soho Square, I found that the annual performance of one of the Dramas of Shakespeare had been an established custom for many years; and for four years longer it was continued; and then, from a conviction of its impropriety, finally relinquished . . . . our performances obtained an extraordinary degree of excellence, or at least of celebrity, which exposed us the more to the censures which I have passed upon such performances in general . . . . and it was soon found that the only effectual remedy for its various evils was a total abolition."[1] Under Dr. Barrow's rule I find that one of the sons of James Boswell was here.[2] Bozzy himself refers to the circumstance on one occasion: "My second son is an extraordinary boy," he writes; "he goes in the day to the Academy in Soho Square kept by the Rev. Dr. Barrow, formerly of Queen's, Oxford, a coarse north-countryman, but a very good scholar; and there my boy is very well taught." It is to be feared that James Hook, the father of Theodore Hook, could hardly say the same of his son, for, from the "green-doored, brass-plated establishment" in Soho Square, as Theodore himself calls it, he was continually playing truant, and it is probable took little away from it to Harrow beyond his own curiously incomparable powers. One of these occasions was the night of the illuminations for the Peace of Amiens, when Theodore determined to spend the day at home in order presumably the better to prepare for the fatigue of viewing the fireworks in the evening. He therefore gave out that a whole holiday had been granted; but his elder brother happening to pass through Soho Square observed signs at the Academy denoting that work was in progress as usual, and going in found that Master Theodore had not put in an appearance for three weeks! Alarums and excursions in the Hook household were, as may be imagined, the result of this discovered delinquency.

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[1] *Men and Women of Soho*, p. 123.

[2] As was also that eccentric baronet, Sir Lumley Skeffington.

Another one-time scholar at the Soho Academy was the *litterateur* and bookseller, Sir Richard Phillips.[1] He is probably best known by his little book *A Morning Walk to Kew;* but besides this he published a number of works, and was concerned in the compilation of several others, and as an editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, contributed to that periodical many papers under the signature of "Common-sense," of which he seems to have had a full share.

Turner, the painter, is also said to have been at one time at the Soho Academy, but Thornbury's account of this period of the great man's life is too confused to allow us to identify the actual years of his entry and departure. Another biographer, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, is more circumstantial, for he states that Turner in 1786 or 1787, was sent to Mr. Palice, a floral drawing-master in an Academy at Soho. Dr. Barber would appear to have succeeded Barrow in the mastership of the Soho Academy, and it was in his house, "in a handsome first floor," that Macready lodged with his brother in 1817. The house was, according to Macready, a boarding-house kept by Dr. Barber, "the master of what still retained the name of Soho School."

Unlike the majority of London squares, that of Soho has two churches in it; one, the French Protestant Huguenot Church of London, stands on the site of what used to be No. 8 Soho Square; while the other is St. Patrick's Catholic Church and Presbytery.[2] An earlier chapel dedicated to St. Patrick was formed out of the banqueting-hall of old Carlisle House, and as Besant remarks, "where masqueraders had revelled priests heard confession." This, however, was eventually absorbed in Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell's premises; and the present church of red brick, with a campanile 125 feet high, was opened in 1893. Within it, is a noticeable marble group of a dead Christ supported by an angel, as well as some pictures of unusal value and beauty, such masters as Murillo, Vandyck, and Carlo Dolci being represented. It was here that Father O'Leary ministered with such zeal and success for the ten years of his life in London. He it was who, on the passing in 1791, of an Act of Toleration for the Roman Catholics, initiated the taking of the banqueting-hall attached to Carlisle House and then turning it into a chapel, which was opened by Bishop Douglas in 1791, the sermon on that occasion being preached by Father O'Leary, of whom Grattan once said in the House, "A man of learning, a philosopher, a Franciscan, he did the most eminent service to his country in the hour of its greatest danger."[1]

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[1] See Timbs's *Walks and Talks in London*, p. 94, for an account of Phillips.

[2] In the *Jerningham Letters* I find a solemn service for the repose of the soul of the Duc D'Enghien taking place here on April 26, 1804, and Lady Jerningham, writing to Lady Bedingfield, says, "It is said that about 1400 people were present. The whole Square is in an *Embarras* of coaches, for the Protestants, I believe, exceeded the Catholicks."

Two equally zealous and pious successors were found in the persons of Canon Long and the Rev. Thomas Barge, both of whom left the mark of their individuality on the religious work of their times.

The Soho Bazaar was once a well-known feature of Soho Square, and indeed still exists in another *milieu*. It was started by Mr. John Trotter, with whom Jerdan was acquainted, and in the Autobiography of the latter the fact is stated, and a letter from Trotter dated March 15, 1818, from Soho Square, printed.[2]

The centre garden in the Square was formerly graced by a stone statue of Charles II. in armour, on a pedestal enriched with crowns and foliage, the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley Cibber, who, Cunningham says, " must be regarded as the forerunner of whatever is poetic in the sculpture of Great Britain." He also designed the elaborate base, on the four sides of which were emblematical figures, with inscriptions, of the Thames, Severn, Tyne, and Humber, each figure serving as a fountain. Subsequently the fountain basins were filled up and used as flower-beds, and finally the statue of Charles himself was removed, it having become damaged and generally disreputable. The original railings around the centre garden were of wood, and Mr. Clinch[3] mentions a document, dated 1748, recording the subscriptions made by the inhabitants to replace them with iron ones. The Duke of Portland headed this list with £300.

From an eighteenth-century print of the Square, probably dating about 1700 (in which we find Frith Street and Greek Street given as Thryft Street and Greg Street), the centre garden is shown enclosed by railings on a dwarf wall, while the space within is divided into four grass-plots, each having a border of flowers; some truly Dutch-looking trees form a sort of central avenue, and at the extreme four corners are four stone ornaments on pedestals; the centre forms a circular path surrounding a small basin of water, in the middle of which rises the statue of Charles II. with its ornamental base.[4]

There was at one time a movement on foot to throw open this space, and in 1874, the matter went so far that a meeting was held and a committee formed to try and induce the then Duke of Portland, in whom

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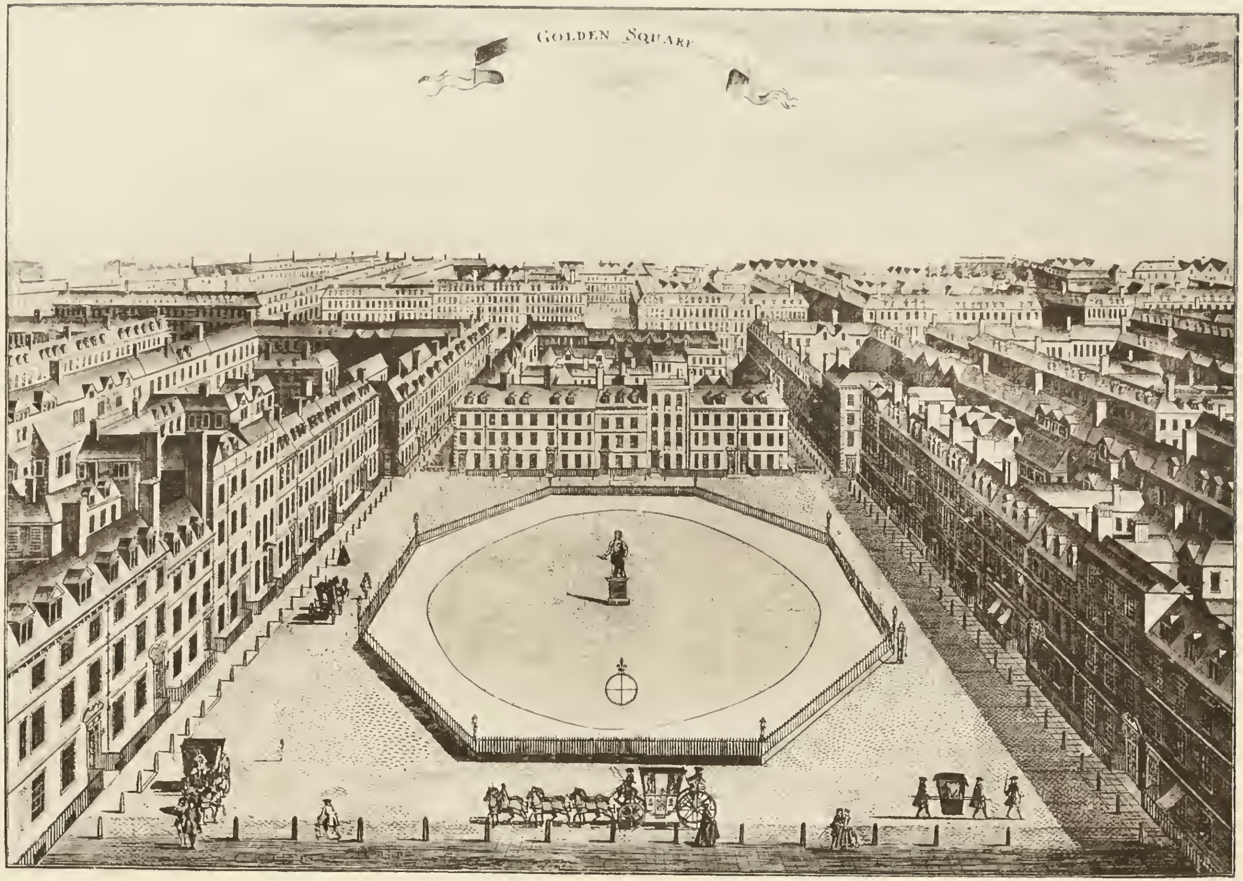
[1] *Men and Women of Soho*, p. 192.

[2] In Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795 Messrs. J. and S. Trotter are given as living at No. 7 Soho Square.

[3] *Soho and its Associations*.

[4] Another print of the Square is given in *Some Prospects of Publick Buildings in London*, 1724, and is also reproduced in Strype's edition of Stow, 1755. These prints are headed "Sohoe, or King's Square."


GOLDEN SQUARE

the fee-simple of the land was vested, to surrender his rights; but the duke did not respond to these overtures, although Baron Grant, who is remembered as a benefactor to Leicester Square, offered to lay out the garden and to endow it with a sum sufficient for its maintenance.[1]

GOLDEN SQUARE

"It is one of the squares that have been—a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world."—Dickens.

Golden Square, now a quiet oasis almost in the midst of the rush of Regent Street, is known, except to those interested in the manufacture of woollen goods, rather by name then by actual contact. Hatton even in 1708, spoke of it as "being not exactly in anybody's way, to or from anywhere," and it still preserves this characteristic, although it abuts now on the finest street in London, while in the eighteenth-century Swallow Street (not the smaller Swallow Street now known to us, which was then called Lower Swallow Street), Marybon Street, and Tichborn Street occupied the site of the present Regent Street.

If one looks through a modern Directory of London one will find that nearly the whole of Golden Square is occupied by woollen manufacturers' offices, in place of such people of importance as Lord Blundel, Viscount Falconberg, the Bishop of Lichfield, Lords Stawell and Yarmouth, &c., who, according to the *New Review of London*, published in 1728, were living there at that period; while the appearance of many of the houses, both within and without, can easily succeed in transferring the imaginative to those still more distant times when the heroic Craven might have been seen in the vicinity, or when, later, Lord Bolingbroke and Mrs. Cibber trod its stones; or later still, when Angelica Kauffmann —Reynolds's Miss Angel—plied her brush in a room in one of the houses; or—for here all is now romance—when Matthew Bramble and Humphrey Clinker and Winifred Jenkins took up their abode in the Square; to when Ralph Nickleby lived in one of the larger houses and entertained such guests as Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk.

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[1] Angelo in his *Reminiscences* mentions that when a petition for the pardon of Dr. Dodd was set on foot, he remembered "Dr. Kennedy and the elder Mr. Sheridan, with the Rev. Bate Dudley, with a long roll of parchment, pens and ink-bottles in their button-holes, going from house to house in Soho Square to obtain signatures" (vol. i. p. 355). It may be mentioned that that excellent institution, the Cabdrivers Benevolent Association, of which H.M. the King is Patron, has its headquarters at No. 15 Soho Square.

The name of "the most melancholy of all the squares in this region," as Knight[1] calls it, has given rise to some dispute. Jesse says that it was originally Golding[2] Square, and it certainly so appears on the "New View of London" by Morden and Lea, dated 1707; and Hatton in 1708 speaks of its being so named from its first builder. The probability of this is heightened by the fact that the west side was formerly called John Street and the east side James Street, possibly analogously to the naming of streets in the Adelphi. Timbs on the other hand thinks it more probable that the name was formerly Gelding, adapted from the sign of a neighbouring inn, which certainly confirms Pennant's story, as told to a friend of his by the Earl of Bath, to the effect that the inhabitants were disgusted with so vulgar an appellation, and changed it to its present name.[3] This story has, however, now been generally discarded, and so it is probable that whether the name was originally Golding or Golden, it was derived from some individual, especially as the general aspect of the Square can hardly be thought to have given rise to the latter designation, although it is called "The Golden Square" in an advertisement in the *London Gazette* for the year 1688, and in the *New Review of London* of 1728.

The Square was formed soon after the Revolution of 1688, on a portion of what was then called Pest-House Fields, a dreary waste of land taking its name from the Lazaretto used as a pest-house during the Great Plague, and built by that interesting seventeenth-century figure Lord Craven, whom Pennant rightly calls "the intrepid soldier, the gallant lover, the genuine patriot." The actual site of this pest hospital, which consisted of thirty-six small houses and a cemetery, was what was once known as Carnaby Market, which is to-day bounded by Carnaby Street on the west, and is divided from Golden Square by Beak Street, known in 1755 as Silver Street and even so called in Luffman's Map of London for 1816. A portion of the western end of Silver Street was called Beak Street in 1733, as the *Daily Journal* for March 23rd of that year, mentioning the death of Thomas Beake, Esq., one of the Clerks of the Council, at his house in Beak Street, proves; and even in the 1755 plan it is still so given.

The connection of Golden Square with Lord Craven's philanthropic erections is therefore only that of contiguity. Strype, indeed, states the position of the pest-houses thus specifically: "On the east side of this (Carnaby) Street are the end of Craven's pest-houses, seated in a large piece of ground, enclosed with a brick wall, and handsomely set with trees, in which are buildings for the entertainment of persons that shall have the plague, when it shall please God that any contagion shall happen."

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[1] *History of London*, vol. vi. p. 199.

[2] Part of Poland Street and Great Marlborough Street was called Little Golding Field, and this was granted to Eliza Dodington in the eighteenth year of Elizabeth's reign.

[3] Both Hunter and Nightingale in their Histories of London perpetuate this error as to Gelding.

When the immediate neighbourhood began to be covered with private dwellings, these pest-houses were removed to that part of Paddington now known, in consequence, as Craven Hill. This occurred in 1734, and an Act of Parliament was passed to effect it.

Although, as we have seen, Golden Square was at one time considered out of the way and dreary, there are yet many interesting associations connected with it, and it has numbered not a few notable people as residents. One of its earliest inhabitants,[1] and certainly its most illustrious, was Lord Bolingbroke, who is known to have resided here for four years (1704-8), during which time he was Secretary of War; that he was here later during the period when he was Secretary of State (1710-1714), is proved by an entry in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, in which the Diarist, under date October 16, 1711, writes, "I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Coatesworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden Square." On February 12, 1712, Bolingbroke entertained at dinner, in Golden Square, Prince Eugene with about seven or eight General Officers and Foreign Ministers. Swift was not present at this function, which perhaps accounts for his remarking to Stella, when he writes her the news, that "they will be all drunk, I am sure."[2]

It was in this same house that Bolingbroke for the last time gave a dinner to his former colleague, Harley. Among the other guests was the Duke of Shrewsbury, Earl Poulett, and Lord Rochester; but the meal does not seem to have gone off quite smoothly, for we are told that the latter, "taking pains to calm the spirit of division and ambition," made a vain attempt to effect a reconciliation between the rival politicians.[3] As Mrs. Oliphant says, "the bond between Harley and St. John (Bolingbroke), men strangely unlike each other, began to slacken when the struggle for power was over, until at last the brilliant Bolingbroke got the upper hand of the duller Oxford." One more entertainment is recorded as having been given by Bolingbroke while living in Golden Square; when he received at dinner the Duke of Marlborough; but his tenure of the house was now to be a short one, for it was soon after that he departed hence in disguise to the Continent, on the death of Queen Anne; an event that effectually wrecked his already tottering fortunes.

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[1] In the Rate Books for 1714, Lord Luxborough is given as residing on the west side, and Sir Edward Hulse on the east, and they are rated respectively on £40 and £45.

[2] *Journal to Stella*, February 17, 1712.

[3] Jesse, *Memorials of London*, vol. i. p. 23.

Indirectly, Golden Square is connected with another great figure of the Augustan age, for it was while she was living here that Miss Anastasia Robinson, famous as a dramatic singer, was married to Lord Peterborough, known for his naval exploits and his eccentricity. Miss Robinson made her *début* in 1714, her appearance in public being due to the fact that her father, a portrait-painter of a good Leicestershire family, had become afflicted by partial blindness, which prevented his supporting his family. Miss Robinson, who had a naturally fine voice, improved it by lessons from the best masters, and soon gained the favour of the public and the support of many influential friends. Her father, encouraged by this success, took a house in Golden Square, and established there a sort of weekly concert, at which Lord Peterborough was one of the fashionable visitors. From this time till the year 1724, she was a regular performer, her first appearance in Opera being in *Creso*, a compilation from the works of various composers. Dr. Burney states that she received no less than £1000 a year for her services, besides benefits, &c.—a large sum in those days; but on her marriage with Lord Peterborough she quitted the stage.[1]

Mrs. Delany, an intimate friend of Lord Peterborough's, communicated to Dr. Burney a lengthy account of Miss Robinson and the details of her marriage, in which is mentioned the fact that Lord Peterborough first met her in Golden Square. The manner in which he intimated the fact of his marriage to his relations is characteristic, and may be given in Mrs. Delany's own words: "He appointed a day for all his nearest relations to meet him at the apartment over the gateway of St. James's Palace, belonging to Mr. Poyntz, who was married to Lord Peterborough's niece. He also appointed Lady Peterborough to be there at the same time. When they were all assembled, he began a most eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues and perfections of Mrs. A. Robinson and the rectitude of her conduct during his long acquaintance with her, for which he acknowledged his great obligation and sincere attachment, declaring he was determined to do her that justice which he ought to have done long ago, which was, presenting her to all his family as his wife. He spoke this harangue with so much energy, and in parts so pathetically, that Lady Peterborough, not being apprised of his intentions, was so affected that she fainted away in the midst of the company."

There is another account of how Lord Peterborough made known his marriage to the general public, which was by ordering a servant to call out in a loud voice, in the Pump-Room at Bath, "Lady Peterborough's carriage waits;" upon which, we are told, all present rose and offered their congratulations.

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[1] Hogarth's *Memoirs of the Opera.*

Although this eccentric nobleman thus delayed the notification of his marriage, he could not forget that he had the right to defend his wife when occasion arose, and this might have once given to the world, which was in ignorance of their relationship, an equivocal reason for the friendship between them, for he horse-whipped the singer Senescino, who had been brought to this country by Handel, for some rudeness to the Countess at a rehearsal. As we know that Senescino returned to the Continent in 1726, that year probably marks the date of this occurrence.

Swift describes Lord Peterborough as

> "A skeleton in outward figure,
> His meagre corpse though full of vigour
> Would halt behind him, were it bigger;"

and Pope, writing to Swift in 1735, says of Lord Peterborough, "No body could be more wasted, no soul can be more alive;" while the portrait of him by M. Dahl confirms what Macky says: "that he had a very brisk look."

We have every reason to suppose that Handel was a visitor at the Robinsons' house in Golden Square, for we know that the great composer admired Miss Robinson's voice and wrote various airs expressly to suit it.[1]

Mrs. Cibber, who has the glory of lying amidst the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey, once lived in Golden Square, and in 1746, I find her writing to Garrick and desiring him, in his reply, to "direct to me at the centre house in Golden Square, for I have left Craven Street."[2] Mrs. Cibber was not only herself a noted actress, but was related to the two Cibbers whose name she bore, Theophilus, her husband, and Colley, her father-in-law; while Dr. Arne was her brother. She appeared first in 1732, in the opera of *Amelia*, and her fame rested for some time chiefly on her singing, but in 1736, she made her first appearance as a tragic actress in the part of Zarah, in Hill's version of Voltaire's *Zaïre*, and at once achieved so great a success in this form of drama, that on hearing of her death, Garrick is said to have exclaimed, "Mrs. Cibber dead! then tragedy has died with her."

Although the connection of Bolingbroke with Golden Square was but a fortuitous one, the Square is more closely associated with a statesman of a later date, for at a house here on May 3, 1750, was born William

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[1] See Hogarth's *Annals of the Opera*.

[2] *Garrick Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 40.

Windham, who held high posts in various administrations and was prominent as one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, in which connection readers of Fanny Burney's *Diary* will remember her amusing references to him. He was originally a Whig, but on the differences which occurred in that party over the French Revolution, he took the side of Burke. In 1801 he joined Pitt's Administration as Secretary of War, and three years later was one of the Ministry of "All the Talents," under Fox. He was not only an ardent politician, but a polished and accomplished man, as the diary he has left is alone sufficient to prove.[1]

The house in Golden Square where Windham was born was the residence of his father, Colonel Windham, who, having quarrelled with *his* father, enlisted in the Hungarian Hussars in the days of the Empress Maria Theresa. He is described as being a fine horseman and swordsman, very handsome in person, slightly made, but athletic, and so fond of adventures that he accompanied the traveller Pococke, in 1741, to some of the higher valleys of the Alps, and even ascended Mont Blanc, which in those days was a feat worth recording. It was due indeed to these explorers that the first practical information about the Valley of Chamouni was made public.[2] We are further told that he delighted in theatrical performances, and that Garrick and others were his constant guests; and therefore his house in Golden Square, as well as that of Mrs. Cibber, must often have received the great actor.[3]

Another resident in the Square about this time was Robert Bright of Badsworth in Yorkshire, a member of that important family so long connected with this county. He was a rich man, as was proved by the dowry he gave his daughter when she married the second Marquis of Rockingham on February, 22, 1752, the public prints of the day, in alluding to the match, describing the bride as "Miss Bright of Golden Square, with £60,000."

Lord Rockingham is remembered as the peer—"a sporting man of sound sense and large possessions, but with no power of language or popular government"[4]—who was put forward by the great Whig families to form a Ministry in 1765, at the instigation of the Duke of Cumberland; a Ministry which barely lasted a year. Quite unfitted for the high post to which he was called, he seldom even spoke in the House, and it was to him that a friend of Lord Sandwich referred, when that nobleman was on one occasion attacking him, with the remark, "How could you worry a poor dumb creature so?" Lord Rockingham, after having filled various other offices, died in 1782, his wife surviving him twenty-two years.

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[1] See Burney's *Diary*; Miss Berry's *Diary*, &c., as well as his own *Diary*, published by Mrs. Baring, of 11 Berkeley Square, in 1866.

[2] *The Story of Mont Blanc*, by Albert Smith, where there is a chapter devoted to the visit of Messrs. Pococke and Windham.

[3] Introduction to Windham's *Diary*.

[4] Bright's *History of England*.

Only a few months before the fall of the Rockingham Ministry, London was startled by the trial for forgery of Robert Perreau and his brother Daniel,[1] more particularly because they had held respectable positions, Robert being an apothecary, which we should now call a general practitioner, residing in Golden Square; and because the great banker, Henry Drummond, deposed to knowing him in his position of medical attendant to several families with whom he (Drummond) was connected. The case was however a clear one, and both brothers were executed, as the barbarous custom of the times then permitted, on January 17, 1766.

Associated with the forgers was the celebrated, or perhaps we should say the notorious, Mrs. Rudd, whom it will be remembered Boswell went to visit on one occasion; indeed Dr Johnson himself intimated that he would have done so, but that "Now they have a trick of putting everything in the newspapers," and once remarked that he envied Boswell his acquaintance with her; although this may have been said with the object of putting out of countenance a lady who had expressed disapproval of Boswell's visit; a thing Johnson was rather fond of doing. The reason of all this interest in Mrs. Rudd was because she was "universally celebrated for extraordinary address and insinuation."[2] In a note to this passage Croker conjectures that this reputation was probably very unfounded; "it arose," he says, "from this, she betrayed her accomplices and they in return charged her with being the real author of the forgery, and alleged that they were dupes or instruments in her hands, and to support this allegation they and their friends, who were numerous and respectable, exaggerated in the highest degree Mrs. Rudd's supposed powers of address and fascination."

Whatever were the lady's characteristics, they did not suffice to impose, except in the way of curiosity, on many apparently, for some years later (1779) she herself died in very reduced circumstances.[3]

The year after her death occurred the Gordon Riots, which left few parts of London where there was any sign of Roman Catholicism unscathed, and unfortunately for Golden Square, the chapel of the Bavarian[1] Legation was situated in it; the consequence being that the mob was directed by its leaders to this point, and the chapel broken into and plundered; but even the rioters must have been surprised at what they found, if we are to believe a passage in one of Walpole's letters to Mann, dated June 1780, which runs thus: "Old Haslang's Chapel was broken open and plundered, and as he is a prince of Smugglers as well as Bavarian Minister, great quantities of rum, tea, and contraband goods were found in his house." There is a mention of this Chapel in the *Jerningham Letters;* thus Lady Jerningham, writing to her daughter on March 18, 1800, says: "The abbess went with me to High Mass in Golden Square: there we met Lord and Lady Petre and all the *Beau monde.*"

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[1] For a full account of this famous trial see Mr. Bleackley's *Some distinguished Victims of the Scaffold.* In Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795, Mrs. Perreau is given as then residing at No. 31.

[2] Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. vi. p. 80.

[3] Mrs. Papendiek mentions going to visit Newgate and seeing the three rooms occupied by the notorious Dr. Dodd; these were afterwards inhabited by Mrs. Rudd who had neatly furnished them, and on her acquittal left them just as she used them (*Diary*, vol. i. p. 124). An account of the latter was published in two volumes, in 1776, under the title of *Authentic Anecdotes of the Life and Transactions of Mrs. Rudd.* It is somewhat scarce.

At this time Golden Square was a fashionable place of residence, and people of quality not only lived in it, but in the small streets which adjoined it, and we are able to trace Mrs. Delany to Hog's Lane, and Lady Falmouth and Mrs. Vernon to Catherine Wheel Street and Dean Street, close by; while it was from Golden Square that Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope in 1774, published those celebrated letters of her father-in-law, Lord Chesterfield, which drew forth the well-known criticism from Dr. Johnson. It may have been its fashionable reputation which actuated Angelica Kauffmann in taking a house in the Square in the spring of 1767. The residence settled upon was the centre house on the south side, now No. 16, which outwardly preserves much the same appearance as it must have done during that time, although its old-world look is sadly marred by the house next door, which has been rebuilt and wholly modernised. This, and the large premises on the east side which have also undergone so-called improvement, prevent the Square from retaining much of its primitive appearance; but, with these exceptions, it probably looks very much as it did when "Miss Angel" went to live in it. We know what popularity was enjoyed by the young artist, a popularity rather perhaps due to curiosity and her sex than to the intrinsic merit of her paintings; and her biographer has told us how "Golden Square was blocked by carriages."[2] "She was doubly, trebly, fashionable; one day a royal carriage drove up to the tall door, and the King's mother, the Princess of Wales, alighted. Angelica was delighted, writing to her father: 'Never, oh! never has any painter received such a distinguished visitor!'" Had she remembered something of the history of the Art she practised, she might have chastened her exuberant spirits by reminding herself that Titian had his Charles V.; Andrea del Sarto his Francis I.; and Vandyck his Charles! But Angelica was naturally excited at the fact that Royalty had deigned to notice her; she was not prepared to take such patronage in the way Northcote did when some one told him that the Prince of Wales remarked on one occasion that he knew him. "Ah, that's his bragging," said Northcote.

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[1] By the Rate Books for 1714, I find the Bavarian Envoy paying rates on two houses, in the case of one on £80, and in the other on £150, at the rate of 1s. 6d. in the £.

[2] Smith in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, records how he remembers being taken by his father to Angelica Kauffmann's studio, when she was residing in Golden Square. Angelo mentions another painter, one Chandler, whom he met at La Sablonière's Hotel in Leicester Square, as living at that time in the Square.

Angelica's father soon joined her in her new house. He is described as a "rather pompous old man, much inflated by his daughter's success. He spent most of his time arranging the house and studio for the reception of the distinguished sitters and patrons, who, as was the fashion in those days, had free *entrée*, and lounged away whole mornings in an artist's studio."[1] Unfortunately, there was included in this miscellaneous crowd a smooth-tongued rascal, who called himself Count Frederick de Horn, but who was in reality the valet of the real Count de Horn, and bore the name of Buckle. He seems to have entirely fascinated one with whom the great Sir Joshua affected to be in love, and they were married on November 22, 1767, at St. James's, Piccadilly. How he was prevailed upon to attend a court, and was there unmasked by the real count, and how Queen Charlotte's sympathy went out to the deluded girl, are known to readers of Angelica Kauffmann's Life; what may be added is that on the subsequent death of the deceiver in 1781, "Miss Angel" gave her hand to an old friend, one Zucchi; her name being entered in the marriage settlement as "Angelica Kauffmann of Golden Square, Painter, Bloomsbury, spinster."

There are not many other notable persons recorded as having lived in Golden Square, but mention may be made of Mrs. Armistead, who afterwards became the wife of Charles James Fox, because her sojourn here is indicated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his engagement book, under date June 9, 1772, thus: "To Mrs. Armistead at Mr. Mitchell's, Upper John Street, Golden Square," this John Street having been the name of the west side of the Square, as I have previously noted.

Jerdan, in his entertaining Autobiography, mentions, too, that Mr. Kerr, the inheritor of Kippilaw, who was an eminent Scottish lawyer and Parliamentary agent,[2] and one of the Diarist's oldest and most valued friends, lived in the Square; and it was at his house here that Jerdan dined on the night before he set out for his walk from London to Edinburgh; a walk undertaken for a mere whim, and not as a wager, as the pedestrian thought fit to give out.

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[1] Gerard, *Life of A. Kauffmann.*

[2] In 1852, one of the Parliamentary polling-stations was situated in Golden Square, for I find Lord Macaulay, in an entry in his *Diary* for July 8 of that year, writing that he went to Golden Square and polled for Shelley and Evans.

I may also record the fact that Anthony Morris Storer, the correspondent of George Selwyn—who will be found referred to in connection with Delmé and Grosvenor Square—and the owner of a fine and curious library, which he subsequently left to Eton College, was known to be residing in Golden Square in the year 1786.[1]

Mrs. Montagu, who is so closely identified with Portman Square, also stayed at the house of her cousin, Mrs. Knight, in Golden Square while she was awaiting the completion of another of her one-time town residences, in Hill Street.

Of late years, as I have before indicated, the Square has fallen out of favour with private occupiers; but one notable man did live here in our own day, for Cardinal Wiseman—Browning's Bishop Blougram—resided for a time at No. 35,[2] the large house in the centre of the north side of the Square. Lord Houghton tell us that "a decorous precedenee was willingly given to him in Protestant houses, and he was becoming gradually esteemed as an author, although naturally his books were received with more favour and less criticism among those who sympathised with his opinions and objects, than by the general reader."[3] He died in 1865, and his obsequies were of unwonted grandeur, and even quasi-royal in their importance. "A great funeral ceremony was got up the other day for the interment of Cardinal Wiseman, who died last week, after a long illness," writes Henry Greville in his *Diary*. The house the Cardinal occupied had been for many years previously, the residence of the Roman Catholic Vicars-apostolic of the London district, as they were designated previous to 1850; and here in 1835, were living Bishops Bramston and Griffiths, who held that office in turn.[4]

We are reminded by Sir Walter Besant[5] that it was in Golden Square that De Quincey took leave of Ann, whom he was never destined to see again. Readers of the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* will remember the passage which refers to his parting. "Having time enough before us, we bore away, until we came into Golden Square. There, near the corner of Sherrard Street, we sat down, not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told Ann of my plans some time before, and now I assured her again that she should share my good fortune, if I met with any, and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. . . . I kissed her at our final farewell; she put her arms about my neck and wept, without saying a word."

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[1] The two witnesses to Nollekens' will are given as Henry Jeaumeret and Edward Cary Grogan of Golden Square; and G. G. Babington, Esq., a director of the Clerical and Medical Assurance Co., was living here in 1831.

[2] In 1795, one James Wallace was living in this house.

[3] *Monographs*, p. 53.

[4] *Old and New London*, vol. iv.

[5] *Fascination of London*: "The Strand," p. 41.

The immortal pen of Dickens has given a vivifying touch, which it now sadly needs, to Golden Square, for here, readers of *Nicholas Nickleby* need hardly reminding, lived the surly, ill-conditioned Ralph Nickleby. So potent is the novelist's pen, that the topography of his novels has that same fascination for inquirers as if actual people lived in the houses he mentions, and it is not therefore surprising to find solemn conjecture exercised as to which house was once the residence of old Nickleby.

Mr. Rimmer, whose excursions into Dickensian topography are well known, gives in his work[1] an illustration of the house which must have been indicated by the novelist. It was a double house, and this is, or rather was (for it has recently been demolished), the only double house in the Square. No. 35, once, as we have seen, the residence of Cardinal Wiseman, has been pointed out as the house in which Ralph Nickleby lived and carried on his business, but the one preferred by Mr. Rimmer is undoubtedly the one that Dickens had in his eye.

What the Square must have been like in or about 1838, we learn from the Magician's own pen. This is how he saw it, and those who see it to-day will have little difficulty in recognising the picture: "It is one of the squares that have been—a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let, furnished, to single gentlemen, and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of foreigners. The dark-complexioned men who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards, and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the Opera Colonnade, and about the box-office in the season between four and five in the afternoon, when they give away the orders—all live in Golden Square,[2] or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind instrument from the opera-band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening-time round the head of the mournful statue—the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs, in the centre of the Square."[3] It will be remembered, too, that Golden Square is mentioned in a greater book than *Nicholas Nickleby*, for it was here that Esmond first paid his respects to Major-General Webb, when the latter was lodging here.

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[1] *About England with Dickens.* It was the last house to the east, in the middle block on the south side.

[2] In the Imitation of Crabbe in the *Rejected Addresses*, it will be remembered that James Smith refers to "Bankrupts from Golden Square" as forming part of the audience in the Theatre.

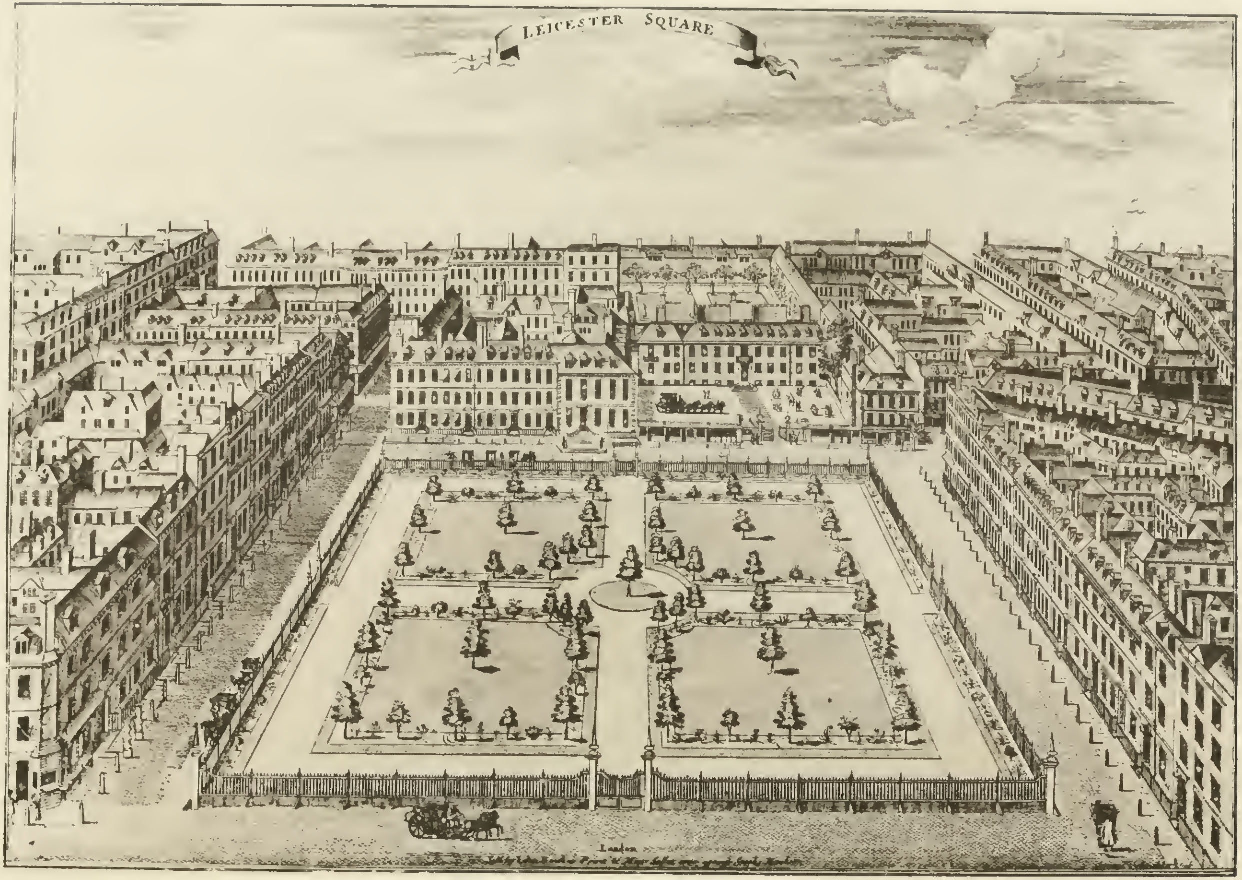
[3] *Nicholas Nickleby.*

An engraving of the Square in 1750[1] gives a good idea of its general appearance at that time. The houses forming it are, with a few exceptions, of uniform elevation, and posts (reminding one of Dr. Johnson and his invariable habit) skirt the edge of the pavement. The central space is enclosed by railings forming an octagon with lamps at the eight angles; within is a circular space, which looks in the print,[2] like water, but is more probably intended to represent grass, and in the centre stands on a pedestal the invariable statue—this time of George II. habited "as an antique Roman," which was formerly at Canons, the Duke of Chandos's seat near Edgware.

With regard to the lamps mentioned above, there is a curious error in Besant's *London in the Eighteenth Century*. It is there stated that Golden Square is the only one in which lamps on the railings are shown in old engravings. But if we look at Pollard's "View of Hanover Square," published in 1787, we shall see that lamps of large dimensions are there also given.

[1] Which is reproduced in Strype's edition of Stow, 1755.

[2] In *Several Prospects of Publick Buildings in London*, by John Bowles, published in 1724, the central garden is shown as a square laid out in four grass-plots, surrounded by trees, and intersected by paths, with wooden railings. In this plan all the south side houses are uniform except the third from James Street, which is also fifth from John Street. There is, too, a view of the Square, looking north, by Sutton Nicholls, dated 1731, and, in the Crace collection, a "Prospect of the Original House built by the Surgeon Norton," on the south side of the Square, engraved by Long, and dated 1740.


LEICESTER SQUARE
London

CHAPTER V

LEICESTER SQUARE

> "Leicester's busy Square."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

UNLIKE the other squares dealt with in this volume, Leicester Square is one of which the characteristics have entirely changed. Soho, Golden, and Red Lion Squares have each passed from their glorious days of splendour and fashion into commercial or professional centres; many of the squares of Bloomsbury have fallen from their one-time high estate; even some of the more westerly squares cannot claim to be the "glass of fashion" which we know they once were. But if, so far as their inhabitants are concerned, they have suffered a certain eclipse in the whirligig of time, outwardly they bear a not remote resemblance to what they did in the "snows of yester-year." With Leicester Square, however, the case is different; not only are its inhabitants (if it can, indeed, be said to have inhabitants in the true sense of the word, other than caretakers) of a far different order from those who once lived in its houses or flaunted their splendour or beauty in its ample enclosure, but its very aspect has undergone a radical change, and with the possible exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds's old house, there is not a single building but has been rebuilt out of all recognition; and not only this, but such rebuilding has been carried out with a view to the transformation of the various habitations into houses of very different objects than were dreamed of in the past, so that where once stood a royal palace, the Empire Music Hall and hotels of flaunting grandeur now rear their massive proportions; where Hogarth lived and painted, is an Institution with a very modern exterior; where demure dwellings once sheltered bewigged gentlemen and hooped ladies,[1] restaurants and shops of all sorts have their being; and above all the central space, which was formerly as jealously reserved for the particular use of the residents as those in Berkeley or Grosvenor Squares, is now the resort of the *profanum*

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[1] It is interesting to find that some fine vases in the gardens of Penshurst, with sea-horses for handles, came originally from an old house in the Square.

vulgus, on whose heads Reynolds and Hogarth, Hunter and Newton in marble, look down in wonder, and Shakespeare, in full length, seems to find in the scene but another proof that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." In a word, from being as much a private square as those of St. James's or Bloomsbury, Leicester Square has become as much a public "place" as Trafalgar Square or the Place de la Concorde.

A process of gradual development and evolution is responsible for this remarkable change, and it will be of interest to note what various phases in the Square's history have brought it about. Unlike all the other squares, with the exception of St. James's, Leicester Square has had its painstaking historian, and the most determined investigator into the byways of antiquarian topography will hardly be able to add much to what Mr. Tom Taylor brought together in his *Leicester Square: its Associations and Worthies*, which must always be the standard work on this particular spot, and to which I shall be greatly indebted for what I have to say, at far less length, in this chapter. Tom Taylor's book was published over thirty years ago, and has of course long since been out of print, but a small brochure by the late John Hollingshead, published in 1892, carries the history of the Square down to practically our own times, and is, naturally, chiefly valuable for the facts it relates with regard to the houses of amusement, with which its writer was so closely connected, and through which, to many, the Square is solely known.

Few squares have had, in the past, so many interesting associations, or have been the home of more illustrious men. The busts which stand at the corners of its central garden help to remind the passers-by of its connection with such worthies as Newton and Reynolds, Hogarth and Hunter, while if the immortal Shakespeare cannot claim to have been in any way connected with this particular locality, we must remember that his province is universal, and that hardly a spot could be chosen in the capital of his own land where his marbled presence would seem out of place; indeed, with its cosmopolitan reputation, perhaps no place in London could be more appropriate than Leicester Square for him to ponder over, when we remember that, as Matthew Arnold phrased it,

> "All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
> All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
> Find their sole voice in that victorious brow."

In the time of Elizabeth we know, from Ralph Aggas's Map of London, that the ground on which Leicester Square stands was divided into open fields: these fields once belonged to the hospital of St. Giles, although lammas rights were enjoyed over them ; in 1537, however, the Warden of St. Giles, in consideration of receiving the Manor of Burton St. Lazar in Leicestershire, had granted to the Crown the property in the parish of St. Giles, held by the hospital, in which was included the site of the Square. About eight years later the land and hospital buildings were granted to Lord Lisle, who converted the latter into a dwelling for himself, but does not seem to have been satisfied with it as a home, for two years later we find him conveying it to one John Wymonde Carewe, Esq. The lammas rights over the land appear to have been the cause of various disputes; but they were subsequently adjusted, when Sydney Earl of Leicester succeeded Carewe in the occupancy of the land ; and a domestic paper which Mr. Taylor found in the Record Office, under date 1630, gives a clue as to the nature of the compromise arrived at. It runs thus: "Henry Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy Seal, Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and Secretary Dorchester to the King, have viewed the place and heard the parties interested, and to accommodate the Earl of Leicester and benefit the parish of St. Martin's have set down fit limits for the wall and appointed a way across the fields, and set apart a portion thereof to be turned into walks and planted with trees, and spaces left for the inhabitants to dry their clothes. These alterations to be made at the Earl's expense, besides which he is to pay to the parish in perpetuity £3 per annum in recompense of the lammas common to which the parishioners were entitled." The wall here mentioned evidently refers to that of the garden attached to the house which Lord Leicester was about to erect, and which is shown in Faithorne's map of 1658, with large ornamental gardens behind it stretching to another enclosure called "Military Yard." It is curious that this "Military Yard,"[1] which, by-the-bye, was used for exercise by Henry, Prince of Wales, should have given its name to the northern portion of the Square, but that it did so is proved by the fact that both Lord Leicester's and Lord Newport's names appear in "Military Street."

An entry, quoted by Mr. Wheatley, refers to the Earl of Leicester's tenancy; it is taken from the Overseers' Book of St. Martin's, and runs thus: "To received of the Honourable Earl of Leicester, for ye Lamas of the ground that adjoin to the Military Wall—£3 . . . The Rt. Honourable the Earl of Leicester, for the Lamas of the ground whereon his lordship's house and gardens are, and the field that is before his house neare to Swan Close."[2]

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[1] Also shown on the map is Newport House, at the north-east corner of what is now Leicester Square, built by the first Earl of Newport.

[2] The identity of this is not known.

There appears to be some doubt as to the exact site of old Leicester House, because if absolutely accurate Faithorne's map would bring it to about the centre of the present Square, and there is a certain confirmation in this, in the fact that the architect of the present centre of the Square, Mr. (now Sir James) Knowles, told Mr. Taylor that extensive foundations were found on that site during the alterations. In any case its gardens extended to Gerrard Street, where Dryden, who, in his dedication of his *Don Sebastian* to Lord Leicester, describes himself as "a poor inhabitant of your lordship's suburb, whose west prospect is on the garden of Leicester House," lived; but this description would be quite consistent with Lord Leicester's house occupying the site of the later Leicester House, as we see from a view of the Square, which shows the back windows of the house Dryden occupied looking on to the garden attached to it.

The original house, as shown by Faithorne, is a large building having three wings and a comparatively narrow main portion projecting in the centre of these wings, the whole occupying the four sides of a square and enclosing a quadrangle.[1] Lord Leicester's property was, on the fall of the monarchy,[2] sequestrated, but through the efforts of the Earl of Northumberland, his brother-in-law, this was set aside. During the usurpation of Cromwell and the early days of the following reign, Lord Leicester was alternately here and at Penshurst; and we find him noting the various events of his life in his *Diary;* as that in March 1652, he observed from Leicester House the great eclipse of the sun, when the streets were totally deserted, the people keeping at home, "as the Egyptians did during their darkness," says the Earl; or later, when Charles sent for him from Leicester House, to be sworn of the Privy Council. After he finally left the place to reside permanently at Penshurst, Leicester House was occupied by Lady Sunderland or any other member of Lord Leicester's family who might require the use of a town house; and when not used for this purpose, was occasionally let to Foreign Ambassadors as a temporary residence.

An incident which occurred during Lord Leicester's time at Leicester House, is thus given in the *Publicke News* for January 11, 1642: "The Earl of Leicester having invited the Earl of Essex (Lord Chamberlaine), the Earl of Holland and some other great personages to a supper, which was performed at his house in St. Martin's Lane neere the Strand,

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[1] It must be remembered however that as, when Faithorne published his map, the house was not actually erected, both its proportions and site must have been largely conjectural.

[2] During the imprisonment of Charles I., the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth were placed at Leicester House under the care of Lord Leicester, by order of the Parliament.

and being set at supper there came in a hellish and bloody-minded fellow, a Frenchman (and it is conceived) backed into that wicked intention by some of the popish faction. . . . This Frenchman being come into the place where these noble Peeres did sup that night, he privately whispered with the cooke of the Earle of Leicester, who also was a Frenchman, and could not speak a word of English, and told him in his own language, that if he would undertake to poyson the second course that was to be set before these worthy and honourable personages, he would for his reward and secresy therein give him £3000 in ready gold." The cook seems to have been proof against this infamous proposal, a proposal probably emanating from Richelieu, whose plans were not likely to be looked upon favourably by such "worthy and honourable personages" as Leicester, Holland, and Essex.

In 1662, the Ambassador from the United Provinces was housed here, but not for long, for on January 28th of that year Charles sent Dr. Fraser to Penshurst to ask Lord Leicester if he would let the house to his aunt, Elizabeth of Bohemia—"The Queen of Tears," as she has been called. Two days later his Majesty was informed by the Earl that his "poor house, himself, and all that he calls his," was at his Majesty's service.

The Queen of Bohemia thereupon took up her residence here, practically at once, for on the following 8th of February we find her devoted friend Lord Craven writing to the Earl notifying that the £200 required for a three months' tenancy had been paid to Mr. Spencer (Lord Leicester's steward), and hoping that this prompt quittance of her indebtedness would induce the Earl to leave open some rooms "for the better convenience of the Queen's ladies," which rooms had apparently been reserved for stowing away Lord Leicester's surplus furniture; indeed by the Earl's reply this is proved to be so, for he says, in the course of it, that if it had been known that the uppermost rooms or garrets could have been useful to them, "my servant Spencer could not have proposed the reservation of them for any use of mine. But they were thought unserviceable to persons of that condition and fit only to keep such pictures, furniture, &c., as were not worthy to be left in the Queen's sight. But now I hope the ladies are as well accommodated as they can be in that little house, which was not built for a Levée, but only for a private family."

The Queen was not to be a tenant for long, however. Seriously unwell when she took up her residence there, she rapidly became worse, hæmorrhage of the lungs being further complicated by signs of dropsy, to which she succumbed on February 13,[1] 1662, at the age of sixty-five, so that her sojourn here extended little more than one week!

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[1] Pepys, in an entry in his *Diary* dated 13th February, says, "*Last* night died the Queen of Bohemia."

After the Queen's death—which Lord Leicester notified to the Earl of Northumberland with the words, "My royal tenant is departed. It seems fate did not think fit I should have the honour, which indeed I never much desired, to be landlord to a Queen,"—Leicester House returned to its old use as an occasional lodging for ambassadors, and a London house for members of Lord Leicester's family. In its former capacity it was occupied by Colbert, not the great Finance Minister but his brother, who came to this country in October 1668. On the 21st of that month Pepys records going with Lord Brouncker and several others to pay the Ambassador a visit, but the Diarist was too late, "they being gone before," he writes. This visit would appear to have been a ceremonial one on the part of certain members of the Royal Society, of which Brouncker was President and Pepys a distinguished member. The other great Diarist of the period paid a visit to Leicester House four years later, as the guest of Lady Sunderland, whose husband had just been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court, for Evelyn, writing under date of October 8, 1672, has this entry in his *Journal:* "I took leave of my Lady Sunderland, who was going to Paris to my Lord, now Ambassador there. She made me stay dinner at Leicester House, and afterwards sent for Richardson, the famous fire-eater. He devoured brimstone in glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer glass and eat it quite up." Evelyn relates a variety of further wonders performed by Richardson; but could he have looked with prophetic eye down the centuries, his amazement at Richardson's performance might have been tempered by the sights of wonder which, on the same spot, were, a couple of hundred years later, to make the "Empire" famous.

The old Earl of Leicester died in 1677, when Viscount Lisle succeeded him in the possession of Leicester House. His successors only occupied the place temporarily, letting it as the old Earl had done before them, and with this additional reason that the estate had been heavily charged by this peer in favour of Henry Sidney, a younger son, a favourite of his father as he had been of his mother, who by her will, made in 1659, had bequeathed him a variety of personal objects then lying at Leicester House.

One of the later tenants was the Imperial Ambassador,[1] who occupied it in 1708, and for some years subsequently; and here in January 1710, he received as a guest Prince Eugene, who had come to this country on a secret mission to prevent peace from being arranged between Great Britain and France. Swift in his *Journal to Stella* (January 6th) refers to the august visitor thus: "I went to Court which I found very full, in expectation of seeing Prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester House;" while Narcissus Luttrell notes that on "Saturday night Prince Eugene arrived here, landed at Whitehall, and went directly to his lodgings at Leicester House."[1]

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[1] While Leicester House was let to the Imperial Ambassador, Lord Leicester took up his residence on the north side of Soho Square.

How Leicester House became, as Pennant alliteratively calls it, "The Pouting Place of Princes," must now be told. When the quarrel between George I. and the Prince of Wales came to a head—over the appointment by the King of the Duke of Newcastle as one of the godfathers to the Prince's son, George William, who was born at St. James's in 1717—Prince George shaking his fist in the Duke's face, and the King ordering thereupon his arrest—he went temporarily to Lord Grantham's in Albemarle Street, but in the course of the following January took Savile House, then lately occupied by Seymour Portman, Esq., but with an eye on Leicester House next door, where Lord Gower was then living; the latter,[2] however, agreed to give up possession to the Prince on the following 25th March at a yearly rental of £500; this being arranged, the heir apparent moved in, but still kept Savile House, between which and Leicester House a communication had been made, for the use of the royal children and their attendants.

It will be obvious to any one who has examined the representation of old Leicester House on Faithorne's map that that building differs essentially from the mansion shown in the later views of the Square; and even Taylor's remark that of the former house "the front towards the Square, with the projecting loggia, had been removed," not only insufficiently accounts for the entirely different appearance of the new building, but also fails to tell us when these drastic alterations took place; a *lacuna* in the history of Leicester House which other topographers have also been unable to fill up. It seems probable, however, that the alterations were made when George, Prince of Wales, took up his residence here in 1718. Here, until 1727, an opposition Court was held, and here the enemies of the King, George I.—and they were neither few in number nor despicable in power and influence—assembled, probably rather to show their contempt for the first of the Georges than to exhibit their regard and loyalty to his heir.

Walpole and Hervey and Lady Cowper have left us reminiscences, more or less exact, of the *vie intime* of Leicester House, and from what we can gather, George II. seems to have been even less estimable as a prince than he was as a king. But at any rate many wits and beauties whose names are identified with the quarrels of the father and son made Leicester House a rendezvous, where, if the beautiful Bellenden did toss the Prince's money on to the floor, bored to extinction by perpetually seeing him count it; yet such as Chesterfield and Scarborough, Hervey (the brother of "Sporus"), Mrs. Selwyn, and Mrs. Howard, could find in their royal hostess that capacity of intellect and power of discernment which was far to seek in her heavy, saturnine husband.

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[1] See also Strickland's *Lives of the Queens*, vol. viii. p. 459.

[2] So Taylor, yet in another part of his *Leicester Square;* he says that "John, heir of the Earl of Romney, in 1717, let Leicester House to the Prince of Wales." The Earl of Romney here indicated was Henry Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester.

On the accession of the prince, as George II., the first council of his reign was held here on June 14, 1727, and the new King's "Declaration" was dated "At the Court at Leicester House," on that day. "The Square," we are told, "was thronged with multitudes of the meaner sort, and resounded with huzzas and acclamations, whilst every room in the house was filled with people of higher rank, crowding to kiss hands, and to make the earliest and warmest profession of zeal for the new King's service;" and during the four days that his Majesty stayed in town, for he had been apprised of his accession, as all the world knows, by Sir Robert Walpole while at Richmond, whither he was anxious enough to return, "Leicester House was thronged from morning to night, like the 'Change at noon," says Hervey.

It is unnecessary to recall all the unsavoury details of the perpetual quarrels which took place between George and *his* eldest son Frederick, Prince of Wales; except for their causes they form a fairly accurate replica of what had occurred during the previous reign, and it is only necessary to refer to them inasmuch as, on their becoming acute in 1743, the Prince took up his residence at Leicester House, as his father had done before him in 1718. Here a fresh opposition Court was established; here Pulteney and Cobham and the egregious Bubb Dodington were the chief advisers of a prince who was so weak that it would seem, from a national point of view, a mercy that he never succeeded to the crown. His eldest son, afterwards George III., had been born on June 4, 1738, at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, which Frederick was then inhabiting, it having been lent him by the Duke of Norfolk during the carrying out of some repairs at Carlton House, which he had purchased in the previous year. When exactly, or why, the Prince moved his establishment to Leicester House is not quite apparent, although it is certain he was established there by April 1743, and on December 15th of the same year Walpole mentions "going to Leicester House, where the Princess sees company from seven to nine on her lying in."

For accounts of the life led at Leicester House by the Prince and his Court, a life made up of trifling amusements and perpetual intrigues, the pages of Walpole, Hervey, and Dodington contain practically all there is to know, and much that were better not known. Frederick had many foreign tastes, and here, as at Cliveden and Kew, theatricals and masques and music alternated with milk-and-water plotting, and political intrigues that had little that was really serious in them except, perhaps, the self-seeking of parasites like Bubb Dodington, or the activity of men like Lord Egmont. Croly, however, takes a very rosy view of the life here, and certainly, compared with that at St. James's, there is something in what he says: "In the one was all the freedom of private life, all the festivity of wit, all the elegance of literature; in the other little but the gloomy pomp of state and court etiquette," he writes; and as Frederick did succeed in surrounding himself with men like Lyttelton, Thomson, Mallet, Quin, and "Leonidas" Glover, as well as with his political adherents, the "elegance of literature" is not exactly an empty phrase in this connection.

Walpole inaccurately states that the Prince added Savile House to Leicester House for the use of the royal children, or as Sir John Fielding, according to Timbs, expressed it, "for the more immediate intercourse of the royal family," but, as we have seen, this junction of the two houses took place in the time of the Prince's father. Under Frederick, however, the latter mansion was used as a nursery-house, as it had been in the previous reign; and it was here that the royal children performed Addison's *Cato* on January 4, 1749, in which we know that Prince George, afterwards George III., sustained the *rôle* of Portius and also spoke the Prologue. Here, too, in 1743, or at Leicester House, occurred the incident of the Princess Augusta mistaking Sir Robert Reed for Sir Robert Walpole, and addressing him in a manner both characteristic of her precocity as a child, and of the freedom of speech indulged in by her elders.[1] To Leicester House, two years later, came the wife of Lord Cromartie implicated in the '45, leading her four little children, to try and soften the heart of the Princess of Wales, and thus obtain her husband's pardon, when, says Gray, "the Princess saw her, but made no other answer than by bringing in her own children, and placing them by her."

Even Dodington sometimes records pleasanter pictures than those of jealous royalties and self-seeking politicians. Here, for example, is a more homely vignette, for writing on November 17, 1753, he says: "The Princess sent for me to attend her between eight and nine o'clock. I went to Leicester House expecting a small company and a little music, but found nobody but her Royal Highness. She made me draw a stool and sit by the fireside. Soon after came in the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, and then the Lady Augusta, all in an undress, and took their stools and sat round the fire with us. We continued talking of familiar occurrences till between ten and eleven, with the ease, unreservedness, and unconstraint, as if one had dropped into a sister's house, that had a family, to pass the evening."[1]

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[1] Doran's *Queens of England of the House of Hanover*, vol. i. p. 412.

Frederick died at Leicester House rather suddenly at 9.45 on the evening of March 20, 1751; and the reception of the news by George II. forms one of the dramatic incidents recorded by Lord Hervey. According to Wraxall,[2] Désnoyers, the celebrated dancing-master, was playing on the violin to amuse the Prince by the side of his bed, when the abscess, which had been long forming as the result of a blow from a cricket-ball, burst, and Frederick expired in his arms.[3] George II., although never actually calling, sent several times to inquire after his son's health, and on the whole seems to have shown something more of natural feeling over the matter than was, perhaps, to be expected from his long-standing enmity to his son and heir; indeed on the first visit he paid the Princess after Frederick's death, he refused the chair of state which had been set up for him, but placing himself next the Princess on her sofa he kissed her and wept with her, and showed other signs of a decent sorrow which, it is probable, he felt little enough.

After the Prince's decease, the Princess of Wales continued to reside here, and with her, her son George who in 1760, was proclaimed King in front of the mansion, and who here received "in the most gracious and pleasing manner," says Lord Holland, the crowd which came to do him homage. On the accession of George III., the Princess of Wales remained here till 1766, when she removed to Carlton House, where she died six years later. Before she left Leicester House, the marriage of her daughter the Princess Augusta to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick had taken place; and the reception held on that occasion was the last royal function which is connected with the Square, if we except the death and funeral of Prince Frederick William, George III.'s youngest brother, who expired at Leicester House on December 29, 1765.

Savile House, which during the lengthened royal tenancy of Leicester House is so closely associated with that mansion, was the residence of Sir George Savile. In a view of the Square (*circa* 1700) it is shown adjoining the courtyard of Leicester House, with a broad flight of steps to the street, and standing practically in the centre of the north side of the Square; it was sometimes known as Ailesbury House, and it was here, in 1698, that Peter the Great was entertained by the Marquis of Carmarthen, the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, who was then occupying the house, and of whose drinking bouts with the Autocrat of all the Russias it was the principal scene.

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[1] According to Angelo, in order that the Princes might be close to their mother, while they were finishing their education, "a house was provided for them on the east side of the Square within two doors of the present La Sablonière Hotel" (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 7).

[2] Wraxall is followed in this account by Croly in his *George III.: His Court and Family*, but Walpole, who gives an account of the Prince's last moments in a letter to Mann, does not mention it.

[3] *Historical Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 408.

The mansion passed into the hands of the Savile family through the marriage of Lord Ailesbury's son, the third and last Earl of that creation, with Lady Ann Savile, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir William Savile, second Marquis of Halifax; and the Sir George Savile who owned the house in 1780,[1] was a descendant of that peer.

During the Gordon Riots, Savile House was one of the many mansions marked out for destruction by the fury of the mob, and not only were its valuable contents burnt in the middle of the Square, but the iron railings in front of it were torn up and used as weapons by the infuriated crowd. Mr. Wheatley quotes a letter from Burke, a close friend of Sir George Savile, to Shackleton, in which he refers to the defence of Savile House: "For four nights I kept watch at Lord Buckingham's or Sir George Savile's, whose houses were garrisoned by a strong body of soldiers, together with numbers of true friends of the first rank who were willing to share the danger;" while Walpole in a letter to Cole, dated June 15, 1780, recounts with horror the doings on what he calls the "Black Wednesday," when Leicester Square was filled with the infuriated populace; "the most horrible sight I ever beheld," he says, "and which, for six hours together, I expected to end in half the town being reduced to ashes."

George III., on his accession, had handed over the apartments he occupied in Savile House, of which the royal family had a lease, to his brother the Duke of York, who held them until he removed to his new house in Pall Mall.[2] Both Leicester House and Savile House soon after passed from their high estate; for, some years subsequent to the death of Prince Frederick William (Duke of Gloucester), the former was let to Sir Ashton Lever,[3] in 1771, for the exhibition of his fine collection, which he called the Holophusikon, of objects illustrative of natural history, which Pennant describes as "the most astonishing collection of the subjects of natural history ever collected in so short a space, by any individual," and in the *Morning Post* of November 16, 1778, we read the following advertisement referring to it: "Sir Ashton Lever's Museum containing many thousand articles, displayed in two galleries the whole length of Leicester House, is open every day from ten o'clock till four. Admittance 5s. 3d. each person."[1]

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[1] See *Old and New London.*

[2] George III. left here on November 4, and took up his residence in St. James's Palace, occupying the apartments which William III. had previously used.

[3] A great-uncle of Charles Lever. See *Dictionary of National Biography.*

On the death of Sir Ashton,[2] in January 1788, the collection was removed, and, after being refused by the Government to whom it had been offered at a nominal sum, it was sold in 1806, when the number of the lots, says Pennant, many of which contained several articles, amounted to no less than 4194; the sale lasting for forty days.[3]

Leicester House was subsequently demolished, although the building[4] in Lisle Street which now houses the Ecole de Notre Dame de France has, in its architecture, some affinity to what the original palace of Prince George and Prince Frederick must have looked like. On the site of Leicester House, so early as 1790, it had been proposed to erect a theatre, for a contemporary advertisement says, "The site of the new Opera House is settled—Leicester Square—the mound occupied by Leicester House."[5] This was not carried into effect; but on the site of the gardens New Lisle Street was formed in 1791, and as we shall see, when speaking of the Square, the ground on which Leicester House stood is occupied to-day by places of entertainment[6] and other buildings. Although the most important of the houses in Leicester Square, neither Leicester House nor Savile House sheltered such illustrious ones as some of the smaller dwellings, as we shall see in our perambulation.

The Square itself, called originally Leicester Fields, appears to have grown gradually around Leicester House from about 1635 to 1671, in which latter year the south side was completed. By the view of it taken about 1700, the uniformity of the buildings appears to have been carefully preserved so far as the east and west sides were concerned, but the north was somewhat broken up by the fact of Leicester House lying back from the roadway, which the low range of small shops or booths flanking the gateway does not tend to improve. The general appearance of the Square in this plan is one of dignified comfort and prosperity, and the central garden is as tidy and precise as the formal Dutch method of tree-planting can make it. Strype's description of it in 1720, confirms this, for he writes that "Leicester Fields (is) a very handsome, large square, enclosed with rails, and graced on all sides with good built houses, well inhabited, and resorted unto by the gentry, especially the side towards the north, where the houses are large."

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[1] Quoted in *London Past and Present.*

[2] An account of Lever was given in the *European Magazine* for August 1784, and is reprinted in Tom Taylor's book.

[3] Thus Pennant in a footnote. In *London Past and Present*, however, as if to increase our wonder, the lots are given as numbering 7879, and the days of sale as sixty-five!

[4] On it are the words New Lisle Street, which thoroughfare was formed on the site of the gardens of Leicester House.

[5] *Lady's Magazine*, 1790.

[6] A view of the house is given in the "View of Leicester Square" in the 1754 edition of Stow, and the "View of the Square" (1700) also shows it; but the only actual picture of it was in the Strawberry Hill sale, and is now in the Gardner collection.

Among some of the earlier residents whose names have come down to us, I find Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, who was residing for a time here, probably in one of the four houses adjoining Savile House, till April 1681, on the 11th of which month Evelyn writes in his *Diary* that he took leave of the Bishop "at his house in Leicester Fields, on his going to reside in his diocese"; and the second Earl of Strafford, who is proved to have been here in 1683, by a letter he wrote from here to the second Lord Clarendon.[1] Another illustrious inhabitant was Lord Somers, sometime Lord High Chancellor, whose fine collection of pamphlets was partly reprinted in the *Somers Tracts*. Whichever house Lord Somers resided in, and it was probably also on the north side, it must have been one of those first erected in 1635, for, on his death in 1716, an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* for the 1st of August of that year, tells us that it was to be disposed of, and adds, "There are about 18 years to come of the lease," which would bring its termination to 1734—just ninety-nine years (a usual ground lease) from 1635.[2] Besides Lords North and Grey, who on the authority of J. T. Smith we know both once lived in the Square, may he mentioned Speaker Onslow, who was residing here in 1728, and Lady Howard and the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1714, in which year the latter was created a marquis.

Although, as we have seen, royalty has been in the past largely, and ecclesiastics and statesmen in a somewhat lesser degree, connected with the Square, it is with painters pre-eminently that the spot is most closely identified, and among these are two whose names occupy the highest place in the annals of British art. Before, however, I say anything of Hogarth and Reynolds, who are the artistic tutelary deities of Leicester Square, it will be convenient to mention some of the lesser-known painters who have lived and worked in its precincts. Of these, one of the earliest was William Aikman, a portrait-painter of some importance in his day; who was born in 1682, and became the pupil of Sir John Medina. Aikman visited Italy and Turkey, and on his return lived for a while in Edinburgh, where he was patronised by the Duke of Argyll. In 1723 he came to London and settled himself in a house in Leicester Square. His portraits of Gay, Thomson, and Fletcher of Saltoun are considered some of his best works, but his limitations will be apparent when it is remembered that he took Kneller as his model. Besides his talent as a painter, he must have possessed many attractions as a man, if we can judge by his friends, among whom were numbered such men as Swift, Pope, Thomson, Allan Ramsay, Somerville, and Mallet. Aikman died in June 1731; Mark Noble, by some unaccountable error, placing the date of his decease just ten years later.

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[1] *London Past and Present.*

[2] Lord Somers who is found in the Rate Books for 1714 as Lord Somars, paying rates of £3, 10s., once lived at Powis House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which he left at the end of 1700, when he took Winchester House, 21 St. James's Square, for about a year.

About the same time Sir James Thornhill, a decorative artist of merit, but perhaps now chiefly remembered as Hogarth's father-in-law, was also living in the Square.[1] He was born at Melcombe Regis in 1676, and was a nephew, on his mother's side, of the well-known Dr. Sydenham. His chief works were the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's, for which undertaking Laguerre had previously been selected, and ceilings at Manor Park, Blenheim, Hampton Court, and particularly in the hall of Greenwich Hospital, upon which he was engaged for nearly thirty years. He was made Sergeant-Painter to Queen Anne, and was knighted by George I., while he represented his native town in Parliament, succeeding Sir Christopher Wren in that capacity. He died in 1734; and although Dr. Young affirmed that "Raphael's pencil lives in Thornhill's hands," other more competent critics have not endorsed this exaggerated praise; and if Thornhill may be considered, in his particular style, the best English painter of his time, when we consider the state of art at that period, it is not saying so much as one might at first be inclined to imagine.

Another painter whose reputation as an artist has been obscured by the notoriety which attached to him as a murderer, lived in the Square, at the south-east corner; this was Theodore Gardelle, a French enamellist and portrait-painter of repute, and a companion of Hogarth and the various French engravers who worked in this country, such as Grignion, Scotin, Ravenat, Baron, and others. The Newgate Calendar has more to say of Gardelle than has the history of the art he practised, and he remains one of those anomalies, a man whose life-work is forgotten, and whose one best-forgotten deed is alone remembered. The atrocious act, for which he was hanged in the Haymarket opposite Panton Street, was the murder of his landlady in Leicester Square on February 19, 1761; and in that he cut the body up and burnt it piecemeal, he anticipated Greenacre's later awful crime. In the Newgate Calendar is a portrait of him fearfully bestowing portions of his victim on the fire, and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761, is an account of the nefarious act. Foote in his *Mayor of Garratt* incidentally mentions the gibbet on which the murderer was hanged; while a portrait of Gardelle in a white cap, and holding a book, is the work, certainly of doubtful authenticity, of his one-time friend and companion, Hogarth.

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[1] The ceiling, copied from Rubens's famous one at Whitehall, which J. T. Smith saw at No. 41 Leicester Square, and which had been reported to him as an original Rubens, may conceivably have been the work of Thornhill. See *Nollekens and his Times*, by J. T. Smith.

The landlady whom Gardelle did to death was one Mrs. King, a woman of but questionable reputation, and certainly of easy ethics. Her home was No. 37, on the south side of the Square, and here on the morning of February 19, 1761, the murder was committed. According to Gardelle's own story, he got into an altercation with Mrs. King, and in the quarrel pushed her violently, causing her to strike her head against the edge of her bed. She began to vomit blood and charged him with killing her; whereupon in his terror he seized a tail-comb from the toilet-table, and struck her with it, hoping thus to silence her; when he found, to his horror, that she had really succumbed.[1]

Nine years after Gardelle's execution another painter was born, who in time was to become one of the celebrated, although critics of our day will hardly allow him the term of great, portrait-painters of his time, in the person of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who came to London in 1787, and lived for a time in the Square, at No. 4, "in a suite of handsome first-floor apartments."[2] His residence here was, however, but a temporary one, and he is chiefly identified with Russell Square, where I shall have something more to say of him. As, however, we know that on his first arriving in the Metropolis he was kindly received by Sir Joshua, we may reasonably suppose that the residence of the latter in Leicester Square may have had something to do with his choosing it as his resting-place, apart from the fact that it was at that time a recognised centre of artistic activity.

Another branch of the art—that of engraving—has had in the past several exponents who also resided here; among these may be mentioned first, the name of David Loggan, who is said to have studied under Simon Pass, and who lived here during the latter years of his life, and died in the Square at the close of the eighteenth century—to be precise, in 1693. His engraved portraits, of which he produced a great number, are well known, and his work was not only painstaking but fine, and shows a thorough knowledge of his art and a distinct advance on the works of the majority of his predecessors—better, indeed, than all but the best.

Another engraver, Edward Fisher, who worked chiefly in mezzotint, is associated with the Square, where he appears to have been living in 1762,[1] when he produced his fine reproduction of Reynolds's portrait of "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy;" the Portrait of Lady Tavistock; and other works known to collectors, and in these days sternly contended for at Christie's or Sotheby's. Fisher's address is given as "at the Golden Head on the south side of Leicester Square." This must not be confused with the house bearing the same sign on the east side, in which, as we shall see, Hogarth lived for many years, and died in 1764. In view of this last date, it will be seen that the two houses bearing the same address were in existence at the same period, the only distinctive feature being that they were on different sides of the Square.

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[1] See for fuller account, which need not be given here, the Appendix to Tom Taylor's book.

[2] Timbs's *Anecdote Biography*.

Another artist—for so I think we may describe the architect of that beautiful production, the Tower of Magdalen College, Oxford—also resided in a house near the Square. This was John Gwynn, who, besides his fine work at Oxford, was also responsible for Shrewsbury Bridge, and is known as the author of a book entitled *London and Westminster Improved*, in which work he would appear to have anticipated many of the architectural improvements in London which were subsequently carried out, probably through the publicity he gave to their desirability; he also, says Mr. Wheatley, "suggested others which remain to be achieved." He is known, too, as the friend of Dr. Johnson, which indicates that his talents were not merely confined to his professional work. Another artistic personality, to be thus described rather than an actual artist in the more extended acceptation of that much ill-used term, was James Stuart, known to us as "Athenian" Stuart, from his share in the *Antiquities of Greece*, a work which he produced in collaboration with Revett.[2] His house was on the south side of the Square, near that occupied by Fisher, and here, according to J. T. Smith,[3] he caused to be erected "a large room at the back, in which were several of his drawings, particularly those he had made for a continuation of his work: they were in body colours, and in style resembled those of Marco Ricci."

Before I say anything of the two great painters connected with the Square, mention must be made of another artist in a different medium, who once lived and carried on his work here. This was William Tassie, who succeeded, in 1799, his more celebrated uncle James Tassie, in the manufacture of those reproductions of ancient gems with which their joint names are associated. This work consisted in the making of medallion portraits as well as in the copying of antique cameos and intaglios in a soft white paste, well known to collectors and often to be met with in sale-rooms and curiosity-shops. James Tassie, the inventor of this work, was a Scotchman descended from Italian refugees, who in 1763, went to Dublin and became known to Dr. Quin, a lover of the arts and a munificent patron of artists. Three years later Tassie established himself in London, and made such progress that we find him a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy from 1769 onwards, for the space of some twenty years. In 1775, he issued his first catalogue, and five years later received a command from Catherine of Russia, to supply that remarkable woman with a set of his pastes. From an account of his work, his charges are found to have ranged from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. for "Intaglio Pastes, the size of seals and rings;" from 5s. to 21s. for "large Intaglios and Cameos." On James Tassie's death in 1799, William Tassie continued his work till his death in 1860. In 1816, he published two more catalogues of pastes, with the following title: "Descriptive Catalogue of a Collection of Devices and Mottoes from Engraved Seals, formed in Composition Paste, and sold by W. Tassie, Leicester Square." A small work on the Tassies was published by Mr. J. M. Gray in 1894, and an interesting article on them and their work appeared in the *Queen* (for December 5, 1905), from the pen of Mr. Martin Hardie. An anecdote of William Tassie, as given by this gentleman, tells that a poor artist once called on him with a ticket he had taken for the lottery of Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, which he found he could ill afford. Tassie, at the artist's request, bought the ticket out of charity, and lo! when the numbers were drawn, he found the ticket bore the lucky number, and himself the possessor of the Shakespeare Gallery in Pall Mall!

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[1] *London Past and Present.*

[2] He was also the author of *Critical Observations on the Buildings, &c., of London.*

[3] *Nollekens and his Times.*

On the east side of Leicester Square, at the south corner, there stands to-day a red-brick building with stone facings, known as Archbishop Tenison's Schools. On the front is one of the Society of Arts tablets indicating that here once lived William Hogarth. In Hogarth's time it was, as we have seen, known as "The Golden Head," and the sign was formed, says Tom Taylor, by "pieces of cork, cut, glued together, and gilded by Hogarth himself." The original house, numbered 30, was the last but two on the east side, which afterwards became part of the well-known Sablonière Hotel, which Mirabeau, Countess Guiccioli, Kosciusko, and so many other interesting people, particularly foreigners, used to frequent, and which was more recently rebuilt for its present purpose. Here in 1733, Hogarth, who, it will be remembered, had served an apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble, the silversmith in the neighbouring Cranbourne Alley, established himself with his wife, with whom he had eloped[1] from her father, Sir James Thornhill's house three years before. At the time of Hogarth's migration to Leicester Square, the place was described by Ralph[2] as having "nothing remarkable in it, but the enclosure in the middle," which, says the writer, "affords the inhabitants round about it, something like the prospect of a garden, and preserves it from the rudeness of the populace too;" while in Seymour's Survey we have the additional information that at this time the buildings were very good, "well inhabited, and frequented by the gentry."

Hogarth's actual house, with the sign which Smith well remembered as being "placed over the street door," is shown in an engraving of the Square by Parr.[3] According to the Rate Books, Hogarth is found in 1756, paying a poor-rate on £60 per annum; but by that time he had enlarged the house by the addition of a painting-room at the back, which apartment afterwards became the billiard-room of the Sablonière Hotel. Here the great satirist produced that long series of works which gives us, better perhaps than anything else ever attempted in writing or painting, a picture of the age in which he lived, and has established his claim to the title of the *castigator morum* of his country and placed him, *mutatis mutandis*, by the side of Juvenal and Petronius; here he held, on two different occasions, those sales of the pictures on his hands which had such unsatisfactory results, when, on the first occasion, in 1745, "The Harlot's Progress" sold for fourteen guineas a picture, and "The Rake's Progress" for but eight guineas more; while at the second venture, five years later, the superb "Marriage à la Mode" found but a single bidder at £110, at which price Mr. Lane secured the canvases which, just under half a century later, were bought by Mr. Angerstein for £1386. Here he was selling, at a shilling each, impressions of his well-known likeness of Lord Lovat; here he endured the storm raised in 1753, by the publication of his *Analysis of Beauty;* here he painted his unlucky "Sigismunda" for Sir Richard Grosvenor, who refused to pay the price, £400, asked for it; and from hence he dated the subsequent acrimonious correspondence which he addressed to the critics of the work. It was at the house in Leicester Square that he returned to die, from one of his regular visits to his country house at Chiswick, in 1764, after he had put the finishing touches to his last work—his "Bathos." Mr. Taylor records the story of this picture. At one of his last dinners, he said he would execute one more engraving. "What is to be the subject?" asked one of his guests. "The end of all things," replied the painter. "In that case, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter," rejoined his friend. "There will be so," answered Hogarth, with a sigh, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." The next day he commenced this gloomy allegory, and, it is said, did not leave it till he had put to it the final touches.

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[1] He married her on March 23, 1729, at Paddington Old Church.

[2] *A Critical Review of the Publick Buildings in London*, 1734.

[3] *London Past and Present.*

On October 25th he came up to town from Chiswick, cheerful but tired by the journey, and after answering a letter from Dr. Franklin, he went to bed. Soon after, a violent ringing of his bell startled his housekeeper, Mary Lewis,[1] who ran to his room, and found him in the agonising paroxysms of angina pectoris. Two hours later he had ceased to struggle.

After his death Mrs. Hogarth continued to live in Leicester Square, and at her death a sale of the remaining pictures and prints was held at the Golden Head on April 24, 1790. Lot 52 was the "Sigismunda," which was purchased by Boydell for fifty-six guineas, and represents perhaps the only true piece of "bathos" which the great satirist ever produced.

The subject of one of Hogarth's most celebrated portraits, Captain Coram, was lodging in Leicester Square, when he died on March 29, 1751. The picture was painted in 1739, in which year a charter was granted to the Foundling Hospital, established through the exertions of this gallant old sea-captain. Hogarth always referred to this work as being that which had given him most pleasure to execute. The fact was that he not only greatly admired Coram's character, on the humanitarian side of which it was so similar to his own, but he found in the strong, benevolent face of his sitter a subject made to his hand, and he was no doubt perfectly well aware that when he had laid down his brush he had produced as fine a piece of work in portrait-painting as even the other great artist of the day, who was to be his opposite neighbour in the Square during his latter years, could have produced. It is doubtful, indeed, if Reynolds ever did anything finer.

Sir Joshua came to live in Leicester Square, at No. 47, in the summer of 1760, being then thirty-six, and at the height of his fame. To attempt to say anything, in the least detail of his life and marvellous work, would lead me into extending this chapter to an inordinate length; material for the proper appreciation of his career is, too, so full that to embark on anything beyond a few words on the subject would be superfluous.

Northcote, Leslie, Allan Cunningham, and how many others, have written of that life so full of honour and glory, and of that genius so illustrious that it has helped more than any other to place English portrait-painting in the first rank of artistic endeavour.

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[1] Mrs. Hogarth's niece, who lived on with the widow in Leicester Square till the death of the latter in 1789.

Northcote was, indeed, not always fair to his subject, and Leslie's better-known Life was admittedly written to correct various errors which the former biographer had intentionally or unintentionally permitted himself to perpetuate, but I may at least make one extract from the earlier Life, as giving an excellent description of the studio in which the great man worked.

"His painting-room," says Northcote, "was of an octagonal form, about 20 feet long, and about 16 in breadth. The window which gave light to the room was square, and not much larger than half the size of a common window in a private house, whilst the lower part of this window was 9 feet 4 inches from the floor. The chair for his sitters was raised 18 inches from the floor and turned round on castors. His palettes were those which are held by a handle, not those held on the thumb. The sticks of his pencils were long, measuring about 19 inches. He painted in that part of the room nearest to the window, and never sat down when he worked;" to which, as a pendant, may be added Cunningham's remark that Reynolds "rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his studio at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter, painted till four, then dressed, and gave the evening to company." If such a workroom might well startle a great painter of our own day, used to his vast studio filled with properties, with its large window admitting a north light, and furnished with all the necessary accessories as well as so many merely to give an artistic atmosphere to the room, what would he say to the prices which the greatest of English portrait-painters, at the zenith of his renown, received for his masterpieces; twenty-five guineas for a head; fifty for a half-length; and a hundred for a full length? But if the painting-room was limited and the payments small, what a constellation filled the one, and what beautiful and illustrious hands paid the other! We have only to glance through the memoirs and diaries of the time, from Boswell and Fanny Burney downwards, to realise what famous voices have echoed in those walls and what illustrious feet have passed up that old staircase whose steps, to-day, show themselves worn away by statesmen and poets, beautiful women and famous men. And then those "symposia" where Sir Joshua received his more intimate friends in the evenings which "he gave to company"; they must have equalled sometimes the meetings of "the Club" itself; the talk must have been an echo of that at the Mermaid! It is a hopeless task to try and rehabilitate such scenes from a mere list of names; but take the most illustrious statesmen, writers, painters, beauties, of the better part of

George the Third's long reign, and then remember that the best of them were the friends of Sir Joshua, and you will not only gather some idea of the conversation of the guests, but will have gone a long way towards a proper appreciation of the character of the host who could, by his genius and fine qualities, gather around him, in his house in Leicester Square, so notable a constellation; as Mr. Taylor justly says, "Of all the leading personages of London life of all classes and both sexes, in that eventful forty years, both in politics and pleasure, in arts and arms, in letters and science, Reynolds knew more than any man of his generation; and the walls of 47 Leicester Fields, if walls had tongues as well as ears—could tell more than any walls now standing in London."

It is not infrequent for the biographers of illustrious men to take the names of their most notable contemporaries, and generally, with much contrasting of noble and illustrious personalities and the help of alliteration, to build up a somewhat fancy picture, with a little leaven of fact, of the numbers of their friends; but, in the case of Sir Joshua, not only contemporary records but the entries referring to his various sitters in his pocket-books, attest that what has been here indicated represents no more than the plain facts, and proves that these adumbrations are reflected from actual bodily presences.

Reynolds took No. 47, on a forty-seven years' lease, giving £1650 for it, and in his pocket-book, under the date of July 3rd, are the words, "House bought;" and under the 11th of September, "Paid the remainder of purchase-money, £1000." Shortly after taking possession, he added to the original building a gallery and the painting-room[1] which has been mentioned, as well as other rooms for his pupils, copyists, &c., of whom he employed quite a staff; of these Northcote was one, and therefore his description of the *vie intime* here is given from personal observation, and is more correct than are, perhaps, some of his deductions from, or his estimate of, the character of his illustrious master. He tells, for instance, of the grand ball given by Reynolds as a "house warming"; of the carriage he set up, with its panels painted by Catton, the great coach-painter of the day and one of the original Royal Academicians; of his insisting on his sister driving about in it, attended by his servants in silver-laced liveries, he himself having no time for such pleasures; of Sterne coming to No. 47, fresh from the success of *Tristram Shandy*, and being made the subject of one of Reynolds's most glorious portraits; of his long painting hours and his famous dinners, a mere scrambling sort of picnics in fact, where the deficiency of forks and knives was more than counterbalanced by the efficiency of the host and the glory of the talk;

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[1] These additions cost Sir Joshua £1500.

of his looking from his window and seeing the gutting of Savile House by the Gordon Rioters, and fearing for the fate of so many of his friends and sitters, some of whom were particular objects of fury to the maddened rabble; and of his engagement-book for that terrible week, with a pen-mark through the names of those who were to have given him sittings—Strahan the publisher, Lady Betty Delmé, Lady Laura Waldegrave, and Mrs. Campbell.

While painting on July 26, 1789, Sir Joshua was sensible for the first time of failing sight, and within a few weeks the power of his left eye was gone for ever; about six months later he resigned his Presidency of the Royal Academy, although, in deference to the King's express wish, he resumed his tenure of the post for a time; on the 10th of the December of 1790, he delivered his last discourse, when, as he wished, the last words he uttered was the name of Michael Angelo, and Burke addressed to him, as he left his chair, those beautiful lines of Milton:—

> "The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood rapt to hear;"

and on July 23, 1792, after a comparatively short illness, he expired in Leicester Square, calmly and without pain, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. The notice of his death, written by Burke in Sir Joshua's own house while his body was still lying awaiting its last resting-place, is in existence, and the manuscript can be seen, blotted by the tears of true friendship. On February 29th the body was removed from No. 47, to Somerset House, whence on the 3rd of the following month it was borne to St. Paul's; the procession being so long, that it is said the first carriage arrived at the Cathedral before the last had left the Academy.

Some twenty years after Sir Joshua's death his house was occupied by the Earl of Inchiquin,[1] who married Miss Palmer, Reynolds's favourite niece, and who is given by Boyle as residing there in 1795;"[2] later, about 1821, it became the home of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, when a lecture-room designed by Godwin was added to it; and it is now in the occupation of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, the well-known auctioneers of literary, musical, and philatelic property; the first-floor rooms being occupied by the Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club. The back portion has been recently rebuilt, but the front remains practically as it was in Reynolds's time; as does the staircase with its balustrades rounded to admit the passage of Georgian hoops, and its steps worn away by generations of illustrious feet.

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[1] Subsequently created Marquis of Thomond, and died in 1808; his widow surviving him about thirteen years.

[2] In which year John Downman is given as at No. 5; Sir Benjamin Tibbs at No. 18; and the Earl of Lauderdale at No. 25, Leicester Square.

At least three great surgeons have lived in Leicester Square, one of whom may, indeed, be regarded as perhaps one of the greatest in the world—John Hunter, who in 1783 came to reside at No. 28, on the east side, next door to Hogarth's old home. Hunter purchased not only No. 28, but the ground behind it "as far as a house in Castle Street," says Mr. Taylor, on which ground he erected, during the next two years, the building in which he subsequently placed his unrivalled Museum of Comparative and Pathological Anatomy. In 1785, the installation took place, and some idea of the size of the new buildings may be gathered from the fact that the hall was 52 feet long and 28 feet wide, lighted by a large skylight, with a gallery around it; a lecture theatre and another large room in which the society known as the Lyceum Medicum held its meetings. At this time, we are told, Hunter was earning £6000 a year, most of which went to house and increase his wonderful collections, in adding to which he was untiring—spending large sums of money, and even, when hard-up, borrowing for the purpose; *à propos* of which, the story is told of his once going into the bookseller's shop of Nicol, a friend of his and brother-in-law of another famous surgeon Cruikshank who also lived in Leicester Square, and asking him if he had any money in his pocket? "Yes," replied Nicol. "Have you got five guineas? Because if you have, and will lend it me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" "Why halves in a magnificent tiger now dying in Castle Street." The story of how he became possessed of the gigantic corpse of the giant O'Brien also makes good reading, but it is too long to be given here. Mr. Taylor tells it together with many other interesting details of the life of the father of scientific surgery, and on the more technical side of Hunter's personality, my old friend, the late Sir Richard Owen, was eloquent; while other sources of information are Ottley's and Foot's Lives of the great surgeon, and the *Reminiscences* of his amanuensis Clift. Hunter died with tragic suddenness from a spasm of the heart brought on by an altercation with another surgeon at St. George's Hospital, on October 16, 1783, and his body, placed in a chair, and followed by his empty carriage, was carried thus to his house in Leicester Square, where, we are told by Foot, he had been used "to send out cards of invitation to the faculty to attend on Sunday evenings during the winter months at his levée, and they were regaled with tea and coffee, and treated with medical occurrences."

The portrait of Hunter which Sir Joshua Reynolds painted in the

May of 1785, probably gave the great painter more trouble than any other of his pictures, for Hunter was a troublesome sitter, and it was only when he happened to fall into a reverie one day in Sir Joshua's studio that the artist caught that abstracted air which was so characteristic of the man when following out some deep train of thought. The picture now hangs, in the midst of Hunter's Museum, in the Royal College of Surgeons.

Another great surgeon, who was a contemporary of Hunter's, and indeed succeeded him as lecturer in anatomy, was William Cumberland Cruikshank; he lived next door to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and attended both his illustrious neighbour as well as Dr. Johnson in their last illnesses; but great and skilful as he was, there was yet a prevalent idea at the time that his treatment in the former case was not so successful as it ought to have been, and that in paying too much attention to his patient's eye he overlooked a liver complaint from which Reynolds had long suffered and which caused his death. Cruikshank himself died in Leicester Square, on June 27, 1800. Four years after his decease there came to London from Scotland another surgeon of no less renown; this was Charles Bell, celebrated as the discoverer of the distinction between the nerves of sensation and motion, a discovery which Müller considered almost as important as Hervey's discovery of the circulation of the blood.

Bell, says Taylor, "united the artist and the poet with the philosopher and surgeon," and properly remarks that "there is no more interesting or lovable personality among the British men of Science." When he arrived in London he went into lodgings, but soon after took a house in Leicester Street, which must then have been known as 1 Leicester Square, as is proved by a curious circumstance. Bell himself thus tells the story: "When I got into this house, the first night I slept in it, I had put out the candle and was leaping into bed, when the floor gave way under my feet, and I found I had displaced the board. On examining this in the morning, I discovered a tube under the loose board—it was the house where the invisible girl was exhibited."[1] I shall have a word to say of this mysterious illusion, one of the early shows of the Square, later on.

Bell left Leicester Square on his marriage in 1811, and went to 34 Soho Square. He died on April 28, 1842, curiously enough of angina pectoris, which had claimed as victims two other Leicester Square worthies, Hogarth and Hunter. He lies in the churchyard of Fallow, near Worcester, where he was on a visit; and his epitaph, written by his lifelong friend Lord Jeffrey, fittingly, as do not all such memorials, perpetuates his amiable character, great gifts, and blameless life.

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[1] She is known to have been on exhibition at No. 1 Leicester Square.

Among the busts which stand now at the four corners of the central garden of Leicester Square is one of Sir Isaac Newton, who, if we allow that his residence in St. Martin's Street entitles him to be considered an inhabitant of the Square itself, and the house he lived in is so close as almost to do so, must be considered as its most illustrious resident. The house still stands, marked by one of the Society of Arts tablets, but its original brick front has been covered with stucco, and its present appearance is neither attractive nor particularly interesting.

In 1709, the house was occupied by the Danish Envoy, apparently for a short time only, as Sir Isaac Newton took it in the following year, when his name appears in the Rate Books, where it is to be found till 1727, in which year it is crossed out and the word "Empty" written against the house.[1]

During the seventeen years of Newton's tenancy, hardly another house in London, with the possible exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds's, received within its walls so many illustrious representatives of politics, science, and literature. Here, assisted by his niece, Mrs. Catherine Barton, Newton, who we must remember was not only the greatest natural philosopher of his day, indeed probably of all time, but also President of the Royal Society and Master of the Mint, entertained such great ones as Arbuthnot and Mead, Wren and Bentley and Whiston; Sloane and Burnet and Butler. Hither came, too, Harley and Halifax and St. John; Swift, Prior and Congreve; Addison and Gay; the noble Bathurst and the glittering Chesterfield; the gay Lady Betty Germaine and the Duchess of Queensberry, the friend and patroness of Gay. That remarkable woman Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, loved to talk with Newton, and he had but to cross the Square to Leicester House to give her this gratification, when he could tear himself away from revising the third edition of his *Principia*, which appeared during the years 1723–1725. And it can be well understood how interesting the conversation of this great man must have been, apart from its scientific side, when we remember that he was born so early as 1642. Dim memories of the Civil War and the death of the King; clearer recollections of the Commonwealth and the reign of the Merry Monarch; until the short rule of James and of William; the glorious years of crowded life under Anne; and the inauguration of an entirely new order of things under the first of the Georges, must have been an open book to that active and receptive mind. Newton died on March 20, 1727, having removed to Kensington shortly before the end, and is buried in the Abbey; one of the greatest dead who lie within its venerable walls.

One Paul Dominicque succeeded Sir Isaac in the occupation of the house; and it afterwards for a time (1770–1789) became the home of Dr. Burney, and here Fanny Burney wrote her *Evelina.* In her *Memoirs* of her father, Miss Burney gives the following description of the house at that time: "The observatory, which overlooked all London, still remained in the same simple state in which it had been left by Sir Isaac," she writes, "namely, encompassed completely by windows of small old-fashioned panes of glass, so crowded as to leave no exclusion of the glazier, save what was seized for a small chimney and fireplace, and a cupboard probably for instruments. Another cupboard was borrowed from the little landing-place for coals." This observatory was eventually removed, and at the beginning of the last century a wooden room on the roof was erected by some speculator and shown for money as Newton's study; but this too disappeared, having, it is said, been purchased and taken away to America, Mr. Hollingshead shrewdly supposes.

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[1] *London Past and Present.*

The visitors to the house in Dr. Burney's time must have formed almost, not quite, as notable a circle as was gathered together there in Newton's day; Macaulay, with his love of antithesis, indeed remarks that "few nobles could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor Square or St. James's Square, a society so various or so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr. Burney's cabin."[1]

In so large a square as that under consideration, it is almost impossible not to overlook some notable resident, especially as Leicester Square is essentially one where as many interesting people have lodged temporarily as have lived more or less permanently. Thus I should have, perhaps, mentioned the great name of Swift, as a one-time resident as well as a visitor to Sir Isaac Newton, for I find him telling "Stella," that he took lodgings, for which he paid 10s. a week, and which "don't smell ill," here in 1711; and Sir Andrew Fountaine, who also resided here and whom both Swift and Ralph Thoresby visited; as well as Mrs. Inchbald, who began writing plays "in humble apartments" in Leicester Fields until she left in 1803; Daniel Lambert, the fat man, who resided here for a time and "felt inconvenienced by the atmosphere of the metropolis"; and Dick England, the notorious gambler, who resided during the latter years of his life at his house in the Square, where he died at the age of eighty, after having miraculously escaped death by the guillotine while living in France.[2]

Many, too, will come under this category as staying for more or less lengthy periods in the various inns and hotels in the Square, once fashionable and always much affected by foreigners. Thus I find Robert Nelson "putting up" at the Blue Posts in the Square, when he came to London in 1699, in order that his wife might benefit by the advice of the famous Dr. Radcliffe; and to make a great leap through time, the Countess Guiccioli both at the Sablonière Hotel and also at the Hotel Jannay, at which latter house she was staying in August 1835. The Blue Posts, the Feathers,[1] the Sablonière, and other houses of entertainment have disappeared, but how many have not taken their place, from, in point of time, the Cavour downwards! These we must pass by, in order to say a word about the other sorts of "entertainment," for which the Square has long been famous, even from Evelyn's day, when he wondered, as we have seen, at the marvels of Richardson, "the famous fire-eater."

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[1] An interesting account of the house in Dr. Burney's time will be found in *The House in St. Martin's Street*, by Constance Hill.

[2] See Timbs's *Eccentrics and Eccentricities.*

Mr. Hollingshead in his brochure on the Square, has given, with a good deal of detail, a description of the many shows, music-halls, panoramas, poses plastiques, exhibitions, &c. which have followed one another in quick succession here. Sir Ashton Lever's Museum has been mentioned earlier in this chapter, but I must not forget the little theatre—called the Sans Souci—which Charles Dibdin built in the short space of twelve weeks, at Nos. 2 and 3, on the east side of the Square, on the site of the old Feathers Inn, a house much frequented by Hogarth. The theatre had a more or less successful career from 1796 to 1805, when it was closed. Then there was that very mild sort of entertainment, Miss Linwood's Gallery of Needlework Pictures[2]—sixty-four in number—copies, in coloured worsted on linen, of celebrated works of art, which followed Lever's Museum at Savile House, where it existed for no less than forty years—1806 to 1846—in which latter year the pictures were publicly sold. Miss Linwood's tenancy has another sort of interest, for it gave rise to the celebrated Chancery case of Page (the architect of Savile House) *versus* Linwood, which lasted forty years, and may have given Dickens a hint for his attacks on the law's delay.

In the Gardner collection of playbills, largely drawn upon by Tom Taylor, may be found quite a series of documents tracing the various entertainments which followed Miss Linwood's disappearance. First there was Madame Warton's "Unequalled Tableaux Vivants and Poses Plastiques," under the comprehensive title of *Walhalla*, from 1846 to

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[1] In the back parlour of this house used to meet a club of artists and amateurs, among whom were "Athenian" Stuart; Scott, the marine painter; Grose and Hearne, the antiquaries; N. Smith, father of J. T. Smith; Luke Sullivan, the miniature painter; and John Ireland. (*History of Signboards.*)

[2] One of these, a portrait of Napoleon I., is still preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

1848; then Risley's Panorama, and Gompertz's Panorama, in the following year; and still another, under the direction of one Cambon, in 1851; exhibitions of giants—the Lapland Giantess, 7 feet 2 inches, and the Italian Giant, 7 feet 7 inches; *opera bouffe*, by real negroes "direct from the cotton-fields of America"; a collection of Greek and Etruscan Antiquities; and, in 1852, the inevitable bearded lady, in this case Madame Fortunne, whose hirsute appendages reached "from ear to ear, yet without impairing her beauty"! Mention should also be made of that ridiculous hoax, Mary Tofts, the rabbit-breeding woman of Godalming, who was brought, in 1726, to "the Bagnio in Leicester Fields, to be delivered in the presence of Sir Hans Sloane and other medical worthies," as noticed in *London Past and Present.* Lady Suffolk writing to Swift thus notices the circumstance, "A yahoo of Sussex (*sic*) has brought forth four black rabbits;" and there is no doubt but that all the town, from high to low, was filled with wonder and credulity at this freak.

One of the curious characteristics of the Leicester Square shows was the mixture of pure amusement and educational purpose which they attempted to combine; thus with the bearded lady we can bracket Cantelo's egg-hatching apparatus, which was carried on from 1849 to 1852; with the "Industrious Fleas," an exhibition of Louis David's pictures; with Bree's Panorama of New Zealand, and the Living Marionette Troupe, Professor Krosso's "antique athletic sports," and Reimer's anatomical and ethnological Museum; besides a host of other entertainments far too numerous to mention, and not particularly interesting to read of.

Savile House, the home of so many of these ingenious devices, was destroyed by fire in 1865. At that time it was being carried on as the El Dorado Music Hall, and on the evening of March 1st, an explosion was heard here, and fire and smoke issued in volumes from the basement, then used as wine shades, where the application of a lighted candle to an escape of gas is said to have caused the fire. So great was the explosion that the whole front of Ward's furniture manufactory was blown out, and fears were entertained that Messrs. Stagg & Mantle's premises (still existing) would have shared the same fate. Savile House, which, says Taylor, "extended some 300 feet from the Square to the back of premises in Lisle Street," was entirely gutted. About 1880, a Panorama was built on the spot which is now occupied by the "Empire," a successful undertaking which the projected "Alcazar," and "Pandora," had they reached the stage of practical schemes, would have attempted to anticipate.

As will have been noticed, Panoramas have had a great vogue in Leicester Square in the past; the greatest of these was Burford's, which was situated at the north-east corner of the Square, and was erected in 1793, and opened in the June of that year. It had "three circles, the largest ninety feet in diameter and forty in height," and here were shown for many years a variety of scenes representing "every war by sea and land, every scene of interesting incident or discovery, every locality of special natural beauty, every great ceremonial." Between thirty and forty years since, it was demolished, and its site is now occupied by the school of Notre Dame de France and its attendant chapel.

In 1862, the Alhambra took the place of the old Panopticon, a sort of rival to the Polytechnic, which had been inaugurated in 1854, by a committee armed with the dignity of a Royal Charter, but which, notwithstanding this state aid, had but a comparatively short-lived career. On the south side of the Square still stands the Dental Hospital, recently enlarged, the offices of the Odontological Society, and St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin.

A word must be said finally about the centre of the Square. In the days of Charles II. and his immediate successors it was, in common with many such open spaces, a favourite place for duels, the most famous one being that between Captain Coote and Mr. French, in which Lord Mohun and the Earl of Warwick were associated, and which ended fatally for the captain.[1] Highway robberies also took place in the precincts, with some frequency, and at least one political murder was attempted there, for we read in Luttrell's *Diary*, under date of October 15, 1679, that "Mowbray, the late discoverer of the plott in the north against Sir Thomas Gascoign, goeing over Leicester feilds, was sett on and attempted to be stab'd, but haveing a pair of bodice on, and falling down as if really dead, the assassinate fled."[2] That the Square was used as a place of execution is also proved by the same authority, who mentions that on March 2, 1688, "Mary Awbry, the french midwife, was burnt in Leicester Fields, for murdering her husband."

The central garden is not the least interesting part of the Square; indeed in the vicissitudes it has experienced it forms a reflex of the larger surrounding area. It was, of course, originally laid out when the Square itself was formed, and the various descriptions of the latter embrace it; while from an old print we see what its former appearance was in the first year of the eighteenth century. Nearly half a century later, the gilt equestrian statue of George I., which had originally stood in the grounds of Canons, "the ostentatious transitory seat of the Duke of Chandos," as Noorthouck calls it, was placed in the centre by Frederick, Prince of Wales, according to Walpole, as a petty attempt to annoy George II. It was the work of Van Nost, who was also responsible for the other statue of George in Grosvenor Square, and was ceremoniously unveiled on November 19 (the anniversary of the birth of Frederick, as it was also of Charles I.,[1] which day may have been selected as an additional annoyance to the King), 1748. About ten years before this, the central garden, which had fallen into great neglect, was put in order, and a new dwarf wall with railings and a basin in the centre added.[2]

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[1] Luttrell mentions the duel, under date of November 1, 1698.

[2] Tom Taylor gives a long and interesting account of the incident, in his book on Leicester Square.

When subsequently the Square fell from its high estate, the centre garden again became a wilderness, a receptacle for rubbish, and a last resting-place for dead cats and, as a Mr. Packer, who remembered the Square at the accession of George III., told J. T. Smith, "a dirty place, where ragged boys assembled to play *chuck*"; while the statue was treated to all sorts of indignities, the most notable of which occurred on October 17, 1866, when some idle persons, with more time on their hands than wit in their heads, painted the horse white with black spots, put a fool's cap on the head of King George, and placed against his shoulder (for he had already lost an arm, as his horse had a hind leg and a fore foot), a broomstick, and otherwise further disfigured what had already become a disfiguring object. On February 24, 1874, the *disjecta membra*, for little else remained, were removed, and in Mr. Taylor's book is a sketch made by the artist O'Connor, from the window of his studio in Sir Joshua Reynolds's old house, showing the now riderless horse with its trunk, in which a large gap appears in which royalty once sat, supported by a pole, and surrounded by workmen about to consign it to the limbo of rubbish.

This was not, however, the first time the statue had been removed, for it was temporarily taken away in 1851, when the vast building known as "Wyld's Great Globe" was built up in the enclosure. This erection was the project of Wyld the geographer, and was built for him by Mr. Myers from the designs of Mr. Abrahams. Wyld supposed that he had purchased the freehold, but finding he was unable to do so, entered into an agreement with the Tulk family, the ground landlords, to whom the freehold of the Square had passed from the Sidneys by purchase in 1789 together with Leicester House, to make over the ground on certain terms of re-

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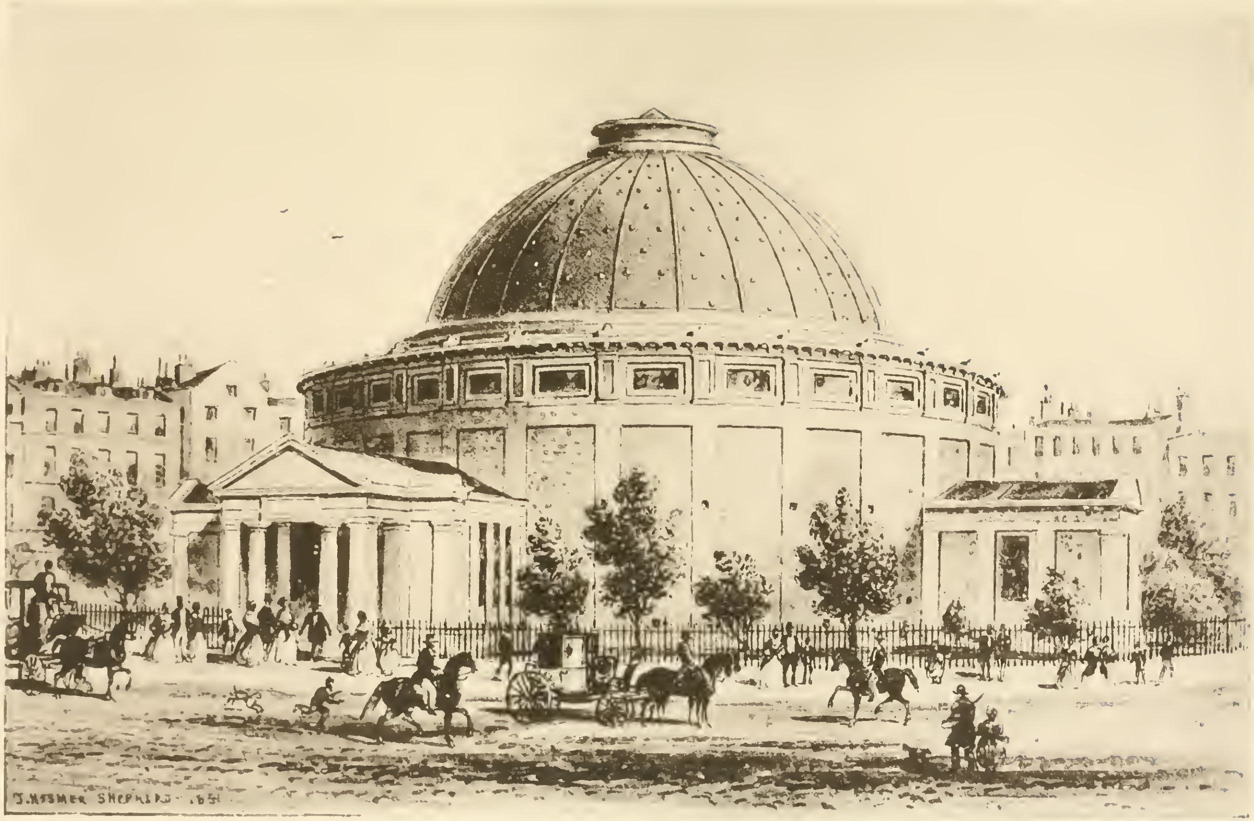
[1] Curiously enough, the horse had been modelled from Le Sueur's beautiful statue of Charles at Charing Cross.

[2] The original sketch for the basin is preserved in the British Museum.


T. HOSMER SHEPHERD. 1851

WYLD'S GLOBE, LEICESTER SQUARE

purchase should they then wish to exercise this option; this they did, and consequently in 1861, the Great Globe, in which dioramas, exhibitions of curiosities, a military museum, and all sorts of other shows had been exhibited, was taken down, and the statue, in an even then sadly incomplete state, again set up to serve as an object of derision for another decade.

The garden being in the desolate state I have mentioned, the Metropolitan Board of Works stepped in and took possession of it; not, as may be supposed, to the satisfaction of the Tulk family, who brought an action against the Board, on the ground that it had taken possession of the land illegally. This case they won; but it indirectly led to negotiations with Baron Albert Grant, who eventually purchased the site, laid out the garden in its present form under the direction of Mr. (now Sir) James Knowles, and presented it to the Board of Works in perpetuity for the use and enjoyment of the public.

The statue of Shakespeare which stands in the centre was the work of Signor Fontana, and is copied from the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, while of the four busts which are placed at the corners of the garden, that of Reynolds is by Weeks; that of Newton by Calder Marshall; that of Hogarth by Durham; and that of Hunter by Woolner.

On July 2, 1874, the garden was formally handed over to the public by Baron Grant, who is popularly supposed to have spent no less than £30,000 in endowing London with one of the most badly needed of its many nineteenth-century improvements.

CHAPTER VI

RED LION SQUARE

"Green is the plane-tree in the Square."
AMY LEVY, *A London Plane-Tree.*

WHEN the industrious Pennant wrote his book on London, he could find nothing further to say about Red Lion Square, which Noorthouck calls a "neat, small square, much longer than it is broad," than to record an inscription on a monument which formerly stood in its centre. "I shall just mention Red Lion Square, not far to the south of this house,"[1] he says, "merely for the sake of some lines written on the occasion of the erection of the clumsy obelisk lately vanished:

OBTUSUM
OBTUSIORES INGENII
MONUMENTUM.
QUID ME RESPICES, VIATOR
VADE.

Thus Pennant, who further informs us that there was formerly a stone watch-house at each corner; which does not add much to the otherwise scanty information he gives us about this Square, the houses of which would seem to promise almost as much of interesting associations as those of Soho or Golden Squares.

The ubiquitous but hypercritical Ralph is overcome by more than his usual gloom when approaching the subject of this Square, for it is a sad, but according to his own statement a true, fact that he never entered it without being reminded of his latter end; it recalled too forcibly a cemetery for him to view it with equanimity. "The rough sod that heaves with many a mouldering heap," he writes, "the dreary length of its sides, with the four watch-houses like so many family vaults at the corners, and the naked obelisk that springs from amid the rank grass . . .

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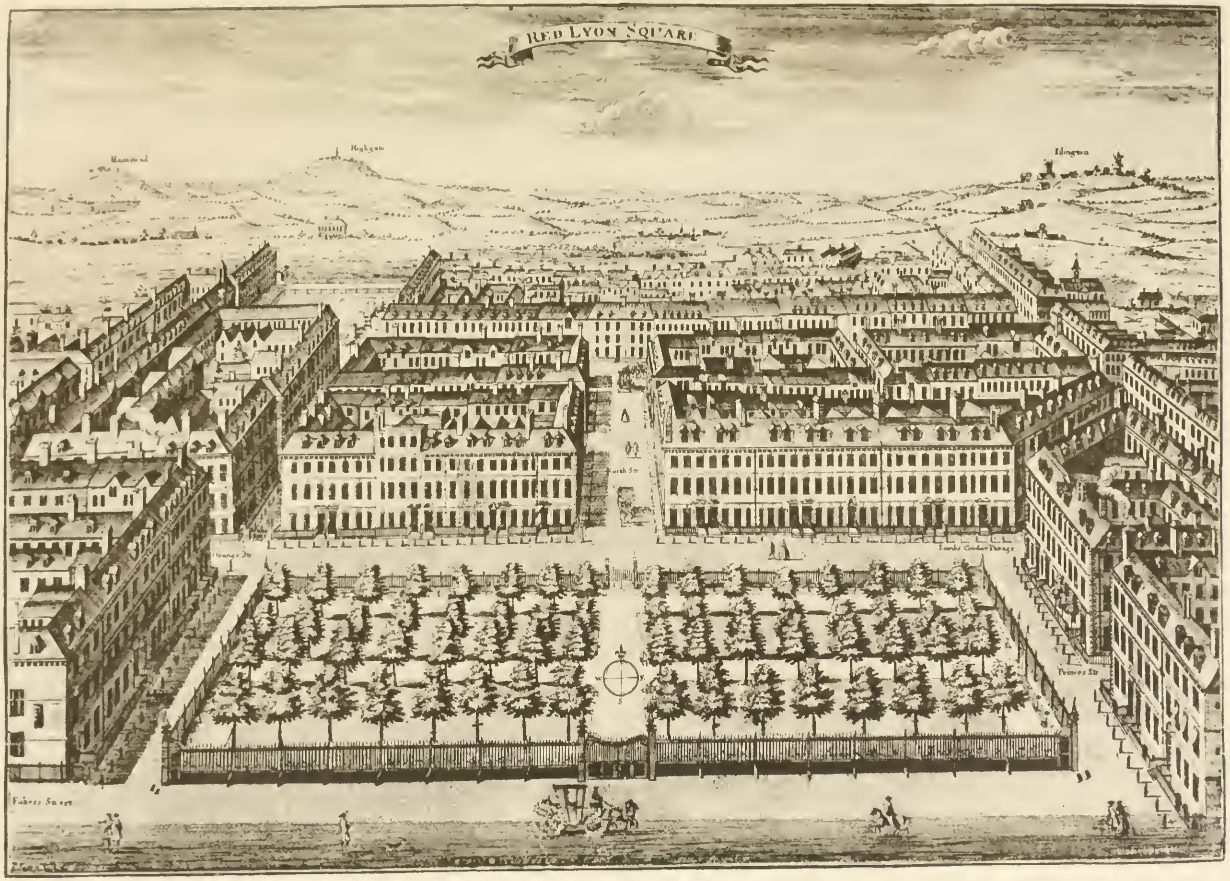
[1] Powis House.


RED LYON SQUARE
Hamsted
Highgate
Islington
North Str
Orange Str
Lambs Conduit Passage
Princes Str
Fishers Street

form together a *memento mori*, more powerful to me than a death's head and cross marrow-bones."[1]

This is a sad enough picture, but by a view of the Square published about 1800, some fifty years after the good Ralph wrote his description, we can see that so great an improvement had taken place that it then compared not unfavourably with those in other parts of the town. The obelisk has disappeared, and although the corner watch-towers still remain, they merely help to form a finish to the railings supported by a low stone wall which surround the centre garden. This garden is laid out somewhat in the formal style beloved by the Dutch, access to it being by two gateways; the whole forming a striking antithesis to the rank grass which Ralph complains of as surrounding the departed obelisk.[2]

The Square would seem to have derived its name from the Red Lion Inn in Holborn, for many years the largest and best known hostelry in that quarter; and besides, having an historical interest from the fact that when the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were disinterred at Westminster, on the Restoration, they were carried hither from the Abbey, preparatory to their final removal to Tyburn."[3]

Stow and Aubrey both mention the Inn, while Cunningham quotes the Baptismal Register of St. Andrew's, Holborn, to give this entry: "Thomas, a child borne under the Redd Lyon Elmes in the fields in High Holborn, baptised iii of August 1614." The Red Lion Fields, in which these "Elmes" most probably stood, formed indeed the site on which Red Lion Square was presently to be erected.

Cunningham gives the year of the formation of the Square as 1698, but I have every reason to believe that an earlier date should be assigned. My conjecture is based on an entry in Narcissus Luttrell's *Diary* under date of June 10, 1684, in which the Diarist writes thus: "Dr. Barebone, the great builder, having sometime since bought the Red Lyon Feilds, near Graies Inn walks, to build on, and having for that purpose employed several workmen to goe on with the same, the gentlemen of Graies Inn took notice of it, and, thinking it an injury to them, went with a considerable body of one hundred persons; upon which the workmen assaulted the gentlemen, and flung bricks at them, and the gentlemen at them again; so a sharp engagement ensued, but the gentlemen routed them at the last, and brought away one or two of the workmen to Graies Inn: in this skirmish one or two of the gentlemen and servants of the house were hurt, and severall of the workmen."

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[1] *Critical Observations on the Buildings of London.*

[2] See print in *Old and New London*, vol. iv. p. 547. See also the print published by Bowles in his *Prospects of Publick Buildings in London*, 1724, and those by Sutton Nicholls, and J. Harris, 1727.

[3] Additional MS. 10,116, and Woods' *Ath. Oxon.*, art. Ireton, both quoted by Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 695. Sir John Prestwick in his *Republica* states that Cromwell's remains were interred on the spot where the obelisk in Red Lion Square, mentioned by Pennant, once stood, which spot was then a small paddock; but there is no other authority for this statement.

I think it probable that building operations were quickly resumed, as had some settlement not been arrived at and the case carried to the Courts, Luttrell, who was a lawyer and careful to record matters connected with his profession, would, we may be sure, have taken care to notice the case. It may also be regarded as certain that Dr. Barebone was the original constructor of the Square. Nicholas Barebone, son of Praise-God Barebone, seems to have been a remarkable man; besides being a great builder, it was he who instituted the insurance of property against fire, and we find Luttrell remarking that if the motion made at the Guildhall on October 13, 1681, "that the City should undertake the business of insuring houses from fire be proceeded with, it will be a great injury to Dr. Barebone who first invented it, and hath set up an office for it, and is likely to gett vastly by it."[1] Eleven years later we read that Barebone "hath undertaken to pull down the six clerks office in Chancery Lane, and build a new one on arches in the new square adjoining Lincoln's Inn." In 1695, he was associated with a Mr. Brisco in a Land Bank as well as an Orphans' Bank, which latter proved so successful that Lord Godolphin removed his account from the Bank of England to it, thus largely helping in its prosperity, and raising its credit 10 per cent.; indeed so substantial became the position of these two banks that Barebone and Brisco eventually amalgamated them, and in 1696, offered to advance to the King no less than two millions towards the expenses of carrying on the war. Dr. Barebone eventually became a Member of Parliament, and Luttrell records his death in the April of 1698.[2]

Before the advent of the Square, the Red Lyon Fields were used as an open space for recreation and amusement; one form of the latter, had it ever been put in practice, threatened to introduce into this country the national sport of Spain, for in what was then termed the artillery ground there was erected "a large four-square house, with three galleries round, for the killing of wild bulls by men on horseback, after the manner as in Spain and Portugal, which was about this time to have been performed."[3] The discovery of the Popish Plot (1685) seems to have interfered with this scheme, which may possibly have had a patroness in Charles II.'s queen, Catherine of Braganza.

As was often the case in such open spaces, duels were frequently fought here, and Luttrell mentions some of them. Thus we read of "a duell in Red Lyon Fields, between Burton and Tankard, but the latter killed the former basely before he drew his sword, and is sent to Newgate"; again, "a duell in Red Lyon (*sic*) between a person called the Earl of Banbury and Captain Lawson of the Guards, his brother-in-law, and the latter was killed on the spot: his lordship was seized and committed to Newgate"; but he seems to have escaped the capital penalty, after some two years' delay on the part of the House of Lords on the question of his rights as a peer, &c. It was in the same month in which this duel took place, that Lord Mohun murdered Mountfort the actor, a matter which the House of Lords also had to take under its consideration, and which may have helped in the delay in Lord Banbury's case. A more mysterious case was that of Captain Butler, who was found murdered in Red Lyon Fields on July 27, 1695.

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[1] *Diary*, vol. i. p. 135.

[2] He was the builder of the original No. 4 St. James's Square, which he erected in 1676–7 for the Earl of Kent.

[3] Luttrell, vol. i. p. 263.

In a later entry in Luttrell's *Diary*, we have a reference to an event which happened in the Square itself, for on January 18, 1700, it is recorded that "last night a fire hap'ned in Red Lyon Square; burnt 2 houses, viz. Mr. Aislaby's, a member of parliament for Rippon (in which his lady perished); as also Mr. Knightley's, where Mr. Sellars the non-juring parson's library, with a great number of choice and scarce manuscripts, were (*sic*) consumed, and two adjoining houses much damaged."

It is interesting to be able to identify Aislabie as an inhabitant of Red Lion Square, for he is a well-known eighteenth-century figure. He it was who became Treasurer to the Navy in 1745, and in the same year moved the impeachment of Lord Strafford; later he became Chancellor of the Exchequer at that stormy period when the South Sea Bubble broke and overwhelmed him in company with so many others. He was one "who loved to tread the path lighted by his own impressions as to his own interests," says Mr. McCarthy.[1] This led him to champion the cause of the South Sea Company, when he assured the House that its propositions were likely to be more beneficial to the nation than those of the Bank of England; and finally landed him in the Tower, on the motion carried without a dissentient voice in the House that "John Aislabie, Esquire, a Member of this House and one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, is guilty of most notorious, dangerous, and infamous corruption."

Mr. Knightley, whose house we have seen shared the fate of Mr. Aislabie's, led also an eventful life, if not so much in the public view as his neighbour in Red Lion Square, for he was one of those implicated in the plot to assassinate William III. on his way to hunt in Richmond

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[1] *Four Georges.*

Park, on February 15, 1696. Knightley was indeed sentenced to death at the King's Bench on the following 25th May; a report then spread that he was to be pardoned; however, an order subsequently arrived from Flanders, where William then was, for his execution, "but the Lord Chief Justice Holt has given his opinion," writes Luttrell, "that, he being tryed at the King's Bench barr, a rule of that court must be had for his execution; so that (he) is respited till next term." He subsequently appears to have escaped the extreme penalty of the law and to have been banished the country, for a final entry by Luttrell states that "Mr. Knightley, one of the assassinates with Charnock, and condemned for it, pleaded his pardon at the King's Bench barr; and it was allowed, on condition he depart the realm in ten days from the date."[1]

In 1708, Hatton describes Red Lion Square as a "pleasant square of good buildings, between High Holborn south, and the fields north." Were the good topographer to revisit the glimpses of the moon and see what "the fields north" now look like, he would have some food for reflection. The Square must have been of some importance in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, which period was probably the heyday of its fashion, for we are told that in 1737, an Act was passed for beautifying it, it having become somewhat neglected; and the author of one of those numerous Tours through Great Britain, of which so many appeared about that time, opines that "Leicester fields and Golden Square will soon follow these good examples." A few years before this Act was passed, Lord Chief Justice Raymond was living here.[2] It may be remembered that he was one of the counsel appointed to defend Dr. Sacheverel, but the doctor having declined to take his advice on a certain point, he refused to continue acting for him. We find him later on (in 1710) kissing hands on his appointment as Solicitor-General.

Another name which presents itself, as belonging to one who once lived in the Square, is that of James Rotier, a member of that remarkable family of medallists who almost rivalled the unrivalled Simon. At the end of a busy life he retired, rich but very infirm and suffering from a complication of diseases, to a house in Red Lion Square, and it is probable that he died there, although Walpole does not specifically state the fact. Here, however, both lived and died, at No. 23,[3] Jonas Hanway, the traveller and philanthropist. Hanway was a remarkable man, not only on account of his many adventures, but also for his far-sighted benevolence. He was

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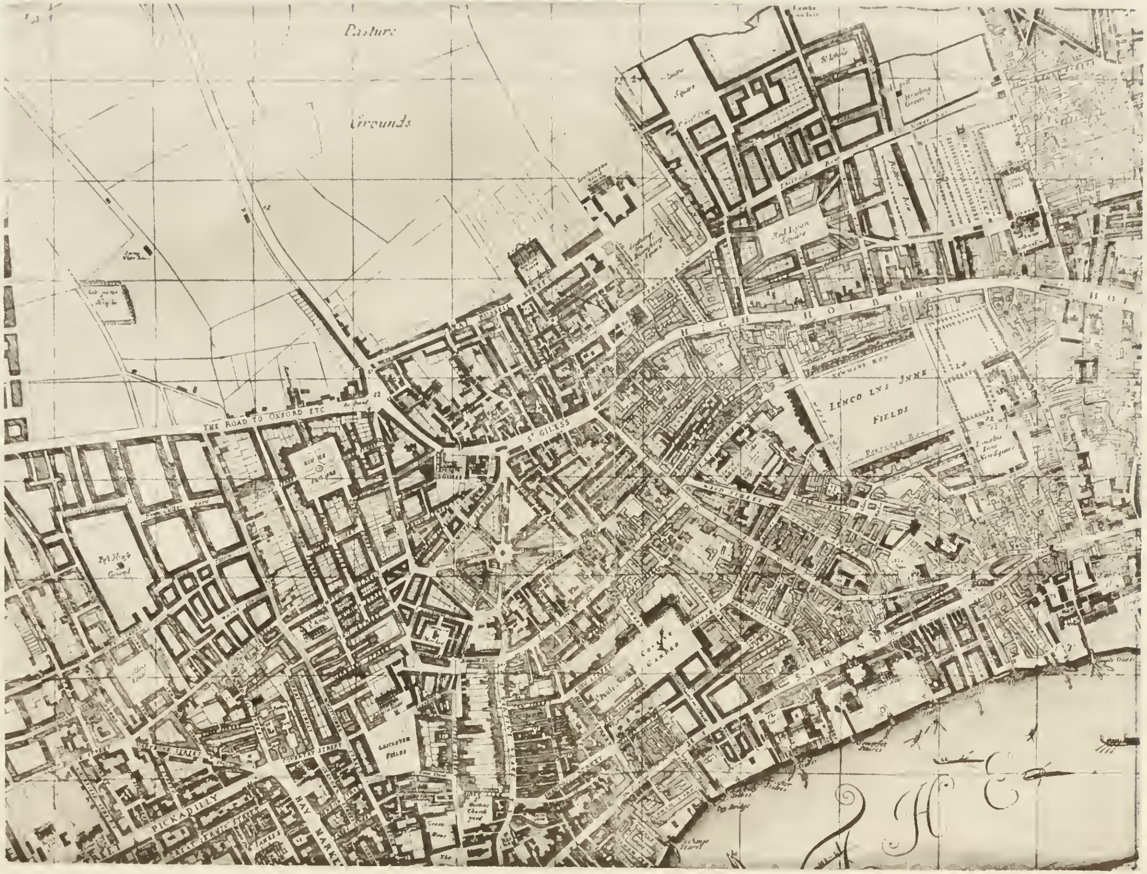
[1] *Diary* for October 25, 1698.

[2] At what are now Nos. 18 and 19, then a single house, once lived, it is said, Blackstone, the celebrated author of the *Commentaries*.

[3] Now occupied by Messrs. Bridges, Sawtell, & Co.


Pasture
Grounds
Red Lyon Square
HIGH HOLBORN
LINCO LNS INNE FIELDS
THE ROAD TO OXFORD ETC
ST GILESS
Covent Garden
STRAND
Leicester Fields
PICKADILLY
HAY MARKET

PLAN OF THE PARISH OF ST GILES.

born at Portsmouth in 1712, and when thirty-one became partner with an English merchant in St. Petersburg; in the same and following year he made a journey into Persia, in connection with his business, but suffered a variety of misfortunes, an account of which he published in 1753. He subsequently brought out a less successful work entitled *An Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston*, which caused Johnson to say on one occasion that "Jonas acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home." Copies of this work the author was in the habit of presenting to his friends, and Mr. Austin Dobson notes that these, with Hanway's inscription therein, are still occasionally to be met with. In the later years of his life Hanway seems to have given himself almost entirely to the elaboration of various philanthropic schemes, chiefly connected with the amelioration of the lot of poor children, in which connection he anticipated Raikes's establishment of Sunday-schools. He died in Red Lion Square on September 5, 1786, when he was accorded a public funeral. It is well to repeat the fact of his being the first man to habitually carry an umbrella in the streets of London, for such a daring innovation deserves to be recorded.

From an account of Hanway, we learn incidentally some interesting details of his house in Red Lion Square. Thus, the principal rooms were decorated with emblematical designs at his direction; and for this reason: "I found," he used to say, referring to these paintings, "that my countrymen and women were not *au fait* in the art of conversation; and that instead of recurring to their cards when the discourse began to fail, the minutes between the time of assembling and the placing of the card-tables are spent in an irksome suspense. To relieve the vacuum in social intercourse, and prevent cards from engrossing the whole of my visitors' minds, I have presented them with objects the most attractive I could imagine; and when that fails there are the cards."[1]

These attractive objects consisted of portraits of the famous actress Adrienne Lecouvreur together with five other beauties famous in their day, "in frames," says Mr. Austin Dobson in his *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes*, where there is one of its author's charming little essays on Hanway, "united by a carved and gilded ribbon incircled with passages in praise of beauty." These were surmounted by a statue of Humility, and below them was a mirror around the frame of which were these words:

"Wert thou, my daughter, fairest of the seven;
Think on the progress of devouring time,
And pay thy tribute to Humility."

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[1] *Life of Hanway.*

It is somewhat of an anomaly that, although Hanway's bust is in Westminster Abbey, his body lies buried at Hanwell.

A few years before Hanway's decease, Dr. James Parsons, one of the first members of the Spalding Society, died in the Square, where he had passed many years of his life, and in the *London Chronicle* for April 5, 1770, is his obituary notice; while in the same paper for March 29th, of the same year, we read that "on Monday evening, Sir Gilbert Heathcote was married, by a special licence, to Miss Hodson, of Red Lion Square."

To come to a later date, we find Sharon Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, as well as a solicitor, living at No. 13, in the Square, a house in which he died in 1847, and which was subsequently occupied by the Mendicity Society;[1] while Timothy Shelley, the father of the poet, was born in the Square in September, 1753. The "old lady of quality" who astonished Leigh Hunt by a somewhat informal manipulation of that portion of her mouth which she owed to art rather than to nature, also resided in the Square, and it was at her house that his father once met Wilkes, who, sitting gazing on the floor, was not recognised by the visitor until the latter made a remark other than flattering to the friend of liberty, when the good-humoured Wilkes looked up, and seeing Hunt's confusion, burst into jovial laughter.

Walford mentions the existence of an ancient Baronial Court held under the authority of the Sheriffs of Middlesex, in the house at the north-east corner of the Square. Quoting from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1829, he adds that "it is held monthly before the Sheriff or his deputy. Its power in judgment is as great as that of the present Courts at Westminster. It is more expeditious and less expensive; persons seeking to recover debts may do so to any amount at the trifling expense of only six or seven pounds. Nor is it confined to actions of account; it extends to detenue, trover, scandal, &c., and personal service of process is unnecessary. This court was instituted by King Alfred on dividing the kingdom into shires, and subsequently continued and sanctioned by Canute, by William the Conqueror, and various statutes, including Magna Charta; and is treated upon by several eminent legal authorities, as Judge Hale, Judge Lambert, and many others."[2]

Looking through a Directory we shall see that there are still many public and charitable causes represented in houses which once were the abode of private and even fashionable people. Artists have also lived in the Square, as for instance Henry Meyer, to whom Charles Lamb once sat for his portrait, a portrait which forms the frontispiece to Talfourd's *Memorials*, and the painting of which Crabb Robinson refers to in his *Diary* thus: "Called on Meyer of Red Lion Square, where Lamb was sitting for his portrait. A strong likeness; but it gives him the air of a thinking man, and is more like the framer of a system of philosophy than the genial and gay author of the *Essays of Elia*."[1] It is to Meyer that Lamb himself refers in a letter to Bernard Barton, as "an artist who painted me lately"; and proceeds to tell how this same artist, "had painted a blackamoor praying, and not filling his canvas, stuffed in his little girl aside of Blackey, gaping at him unmeaningly, and then didn't know what to call it. Now for a picture to be promoted to the exhibition as historical, a subject is requisite. What does me? I but christened it the 'Young Catechist' and furbish'd it with dialogue following, which dubb'd it an Historical Painting."[2]

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[1] Walford, in his *Old and New London*, gives the number of the house as 32.

[2] *Old and New London*, vol. iv. p. 549. No. 24 is now the home of the Sheriff of London; and formerly at No. 27 resided Charles Chabot, the well-known handwriting expert.

But Red Lion Square can boast a past association with more illustrious exponents of the arts than Henry Meyer, for not only did Rossetti and Walter Henry Deverell[3] once live here; but later Burne-Jones and William Morris came to reside in the same house; such a constellation, indeed, as can be matched by no other residence, it is probable, in all London. It was under the roof of No. 17 Red Lion Square that these four men worked, although between the occupancy of the former two and the latter there was a slight interval.

The first mention we appear to have of Rossetti's connection with Red Lion Square occurs in an entry in the *P.R.B. Journal*, under date of December 7, 1850, where we read that "Woolner, having written at Gabriel's request to know the price of the rooms in Red Lion Square lately occupied by Harris, called with a note from North Senior, the landlord, saying that he will submit to £4, 4s. monthly or 20s. a week. He stipulates that the models are to be kept under some gentlemanly restraint, 'as some artists sacrifice the dignity of art to the baseness of passion.' This seems a very advantageous prospect for Gabriel and Deverell, on whom we called to acquaint him."[4] The matter appears to have been arranged by about the middle of the following month, for another entry tells us that "Gabriel has, with Deverell, taken the first floor of North's house, 17 Red Lion Square." Rossetti's tenancy was not a long one, for we find his brother recording, on May 24th of the same year, that "Gabriel, who has given notice to quit his present studio in Red Lion

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[1] *Diary* for May 26, 1826.

[2] Lamb's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 193.

[3] Whose leaning to the theory and practice of the Pre-Raphaelites would probably have enrolled him as a member of the brotherhood but for his early death. (*Burne-Jones*, by Malcolm Bell.)

[4] *The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's Journal*, kept by W. M. Rossetti, 1849–53.

Square, has received from Brown the offer of a share of his; and purposes to accept it."

Five years later the rooms were to have their further phase of artistic celebrity, for it was in 1856 that, happening then to be vacant, Rossetti himself suggested that Burne-Jones and Morris should take them. The day following this suggestion they went to look at the rooms, and before the evening they were taken, Rossetti writing to Allingham and telling him that he had been to look at his old rooms and found them dusty and unused, with an address that either he or Deverell had written on the wall of one of the bedrooms still there; the only sign, said the poet, of any life left in this place, "so pale and watery had been all subsequent inmates, not a trace of whom remained."[1]

Morris's biographer thus describes the rooms at this time: "It was a first-floor set of three rooms," he says; "the large room in front looked north, and its window had been heightened up to the ceiling to adapt it to use as a studio; behind it was a bedroom (occupied by Burne-Jones), and behind that another small bedroom (used by Morris) or powdering closet."[2] Some French feather-dressers named Fauconnier were renting the whole house and carrying on their business on the ground floor at this time.

Here the brother artists continued to reside till the spring of 1859, and we are told that it is "round Red Lion Square that much of the mythology of Morris's earlier life clusters." A variety of amusing incidents of their daily routine either actually occurred there or were invented by Morris's fertile brain and formed a sort of legendary surrounding to their happy existence. The maidservant of the house—known to readers of the Lives of Burne-Jones and Morris under the name of Red Lion Mary—was the heroine of a number of these traditions, and as she served as a sort of model on which Morris hung his merry stories, so the walls and sparsely furnished rooms of No. 17 formed the background for some of his earlier efforts in decoration and furniture contrivance. The difficulty at that period of getting anything made from designs not redolently Victorian, caused Morris to turn his attention to this branch of craftsmanship, and the room in Red Lion Square gradually became filled with, as Rossetti humorously phrased it, "intensely mediæval furniture, tables and chairs like incubi and succubi;" and there is one great description of the arrival of a sort of giant settle. "We were out when it reached the house," says Burne-Jones, "but when we came in all the passages and the staircase were choked with vast blocks of timber, and there was a scene. . . . but set up it was finally, and our studio was one-third less in size. Rossetti came. This was always a terrifying moment to the very last. He laughed but approved."

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[1] *Memorials of Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 146.

[2] Mackail's *Life of William Morris*, vol. i. p. 212.

Rossetti indeed was so interested in this scheme for beautifying his old rooms that he once made designs for oil paintings on the panels of the cupboard doors and the side of this very settle. Some such scheme of decoration seems to have been foreseen by Burne-Jones, for in a letter to Miss Sampson notifying their change of lodgings he writes: "We are quite settled here now. The rooms are so comfortable, not very furnished at present but they will be soon; when I have time I will make a rough drawing of the place and send it down. To-day (Morris) has had some furniture (chairs and table) made after his own design; they are as beautiful as mediæval work, and when we have painted designs of knights and ladies upon them they will be perfect marvels." He fulfilled his promise of a sketch of the room, which he sent on a half sheet of note-paper, with a caricature of the painter himself gazing in rapt admiration at the back of one of the chairs which Rossetti had painted and Morris designed.[1] But furniture was not the only importation, for Morris, who loved birds and used to imitate, we are told, an eagle, with considerable skill and humour "climbing on to a chair and, after a sullen pause, coming down with a soft heavy flap," kept, much to the annoyance of Rossetti, an owl, for some time in Red Lion Square.

In 1857, Morris was in Oxford, and Burne-Jones, who had also been there with him, after finishing his *Death of Merlin*, returned to No. 17, where he lived practically alone until the spring.[2] However, Morris was occasionally back in Red Lion Square until his marriage with Miss Burden, when the establishment here was finally broken up, he going with his wife to temporary furnished rooms at No. 41 Great Ormond Street, and Burne-Jones moving to lodgings in Charlotte Street. The rooms were then passed on to Mr. Swan, whose acquaintance Burne-Jones and Morris had made at Oxford when they were engaged in decorating the Union. Mr. Swan's appearance seems to have warranted Red Lion Mary's exclamation, on his first call, of, "Oh, sir, here's a gentleman out of Byron come to see you!"

To-day No. 17 Red Lion Square is to all appearance a private house, but a card indicates that apartments may still be secured there, as in the days when the Pre-Raphaelites lived there and raised the Square to its artistic apotheosis.

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[1] *Memorials of Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 147, where a facsimile of the sketch is given. The likeness of Burne-Jones is there so like those of Ruskin that we can readily credit the story that, on the latter once calling at 17 Red Lion Square, the maidservant announced him to Burne-Jones as "Your father, sir."

[2] Except that a Mr. Price, who was reading for his degree, stayed there during most of the Long Vacation of 1858, and Rossetti, who had been driven from his studio at Blackfriars by the smell of the river, was also there with Burne-Jones for a time. (*Memorials of Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 187.)

The church on the west side of the Square, dedicated to St. John, was commenced in 1874, being the work of Pearson, and is generally regarded as his masterpiece,[1] not only from its actual architectural merits, but also because of the difficulties he had to contend with on account of the limited space at his command; by constructing the vestries in a crypt, however, he was able to combine the double advantages of a raised chancel and the allocation of greater space to the church itself. The exterior, though fine, hardly gives an indication of the beauty and symmetry of the internal proportions, but had Pearson's intention of placing a lofty brick tower and stone spire above the porch in Fisher Street, been carried out, as for lack of funds it was unfortunately found impossible to do, the exterior would have more nearly approximated to the interior in grace and completeness.

From a most interesting, but to the general reader somewhat technical description of the church, communicated to me by J. B. Chubb, Esq., F.R.I.B.A., architect to the Foundling Hospital, it would seem that the general idea of the church was inspired by the choir of Lincoln Cathedral, where Pearson worked for many years with such excellent results; the chancel and chapel on the south side, with its charmingly arranged apsidal east wall, having much in common with that highly representative example of thirteenth-century work. "The building," says Mr. Chubb, "is perhaps unique amongst modern London churches in its conformity to the accepted Gothic principles of 'Arcade,' 'Triforium,' and 'Clerestory,'" and, although the nave is practically square in plan, and thus departs from the pure Gothic, the aisles of unequal width give a very mysterious and impressive feeling to the whole.

The Clergy House is on the north of the building, and the main entrance to the church is by an arched passage over which the residence extends. The church is rich in modern stained glass and other features, largely the gifts of private individuals or of the congregation.

To-day Red Lion Square can hardly be said to preserve many, if any, of its original characteristics. Its houses, many of them rebuilt, are occupied almost wholly by professional and commercial undertakings. One block of new buildings is called Halsey House, after one of the ground-landlords, the other two being Earl Brownlow and Mr. Strickland. The Square has indeed undergone a change as radical and complete as that which is to be observed in the case of Soho and Golden Squares, with

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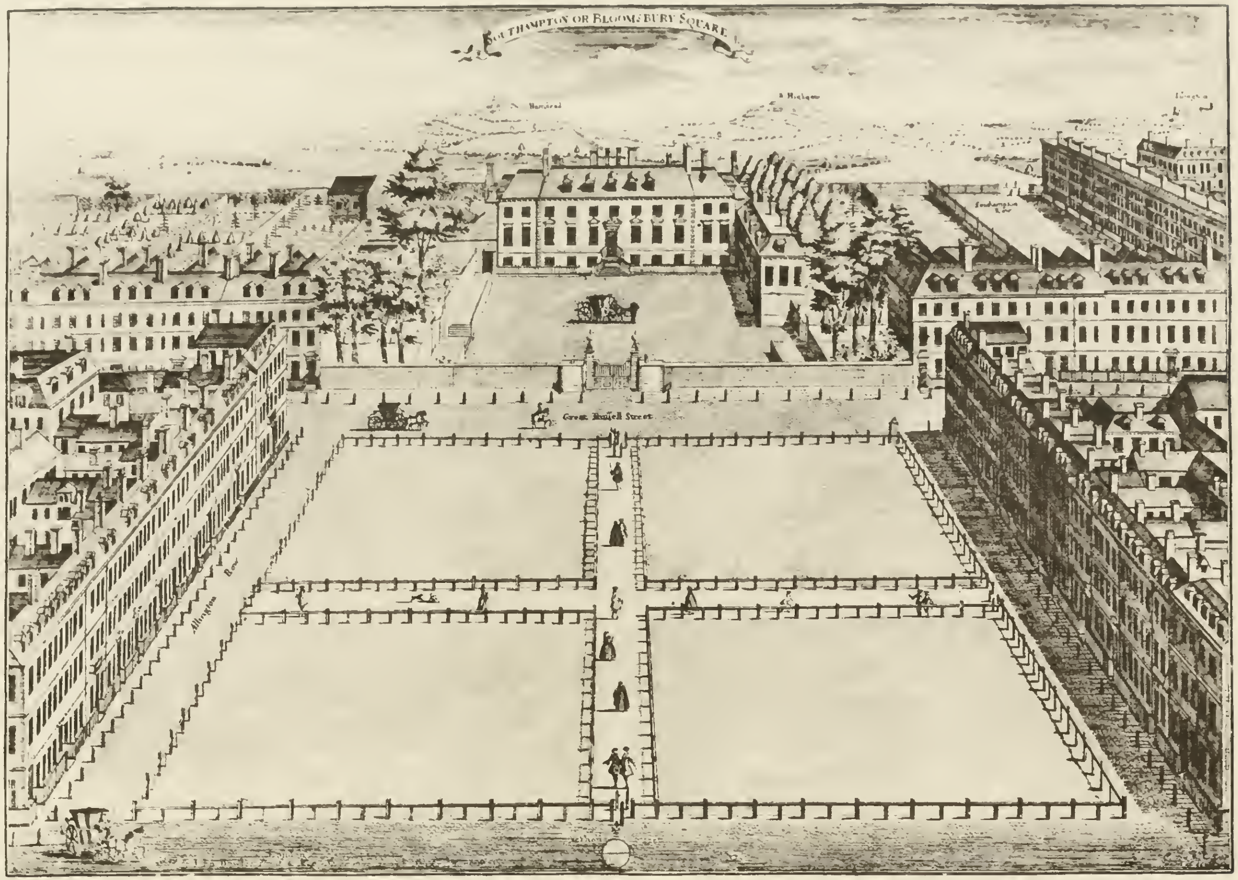
[1] The Dean of Westminster was so struck by Pearson's work here, that he appointed him architect to Westminster Abbey.


SOUTHAMPTON OR BLOOMSBURY SQUARE
Hamstead
Highgate
Islington
Southampton Row
Great Russell Street
Allington Row

which it has much in common in its decline as it had in the period of its prosperity, as will be seen from such old views of it as are extant, showing a Dutch regularity in the buildings as well as in the formal arrangement of the central garden. Most of its houses are freehold, and a once well-known conveyancer was wont to say, when looking at the somewhat untidy state in which the Square was kept, that it was an example of the evils attendant on this sort of tenure—a point of view which does not generally present itself to those who look upon "freehold" as the best of all holdings.

BLOOMSBURY SQUARE

> "What? Russell Square!"
> There's lilac there!
> And Torrington
> And Woburn Square
> Intrepid don
> The season's wear.
> In Gordon Square and Euston Square—
> There's lilac, there's laburnum there!
> In green and gold and lavender.
> Queen Square and Bedford Square,
> All Bloomsbury and all Soho
> With every sunbeam gayer grow,
> Greener grow and gayer."
>
> *Holiday and other Poems,* by JOHN DAVIDSON.

THIS Square, formed on a site called Bloomsbury, or as it was written originally, Lomsbery, appertaining to the Crown, and where it seems the Royal Mews were situated prior to their removal to Charing Cross, is, if we except the more ancient City squares, one of the oldest in London. It would appear to have been first formed in 1665, its originator being Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, from whom it was first called Southampton Square. The town mansion of this nobleman was situated on what is now the north side of the Square; and the Square itself, that "magnificent area" as Noorthouck calls it, was probably intended to form a sort of adjunct to the residence. Evelyn, writing on February 9, 1665, notes that he "dined at my Lord Treasurer's, the Earle of Southampton, in Bloomsbury, where he was building a noble square or Piazza, a little towne; his owne house stands too low, some noble roomes, a pretty cedar chapel, a naked garden to the North, but good aire." In Aggas's plan of

1591, Southampton House is shown surrounded by open country, and thus it must have existed for many years, for the original house was built in the reign of Henry VIII., practically on the site of the present Bedford Place. This mansion was eventually pulled down and one erected in its place, probably between the years 1652–1660. In any case the assumption that Inigo Jones, who died in 1652, was its architect appears to be incorrect. Strype describes the house as a "large building with a spacious court before it for the reception of coaches, and a curious garden behind, which lieth open to the fields, enjoying a wholesome and pleasant air"; and the view of Bloomsbury Square about 1746, showing Southampton House, bears out this description.

The formation of the Square was something of an innovation, for both St. James's and Soho Squares were yet to be built, and we can therefore understand the interest which such a work excited in the mind of the grave Evelyn; and that Pepys should have called it, as if with something of awe, "a very great and noble work," shows that he also was alive to its importance.

As was not unusual on the first building of the squares, the sides of Southampton Square were given distinctive names; thus the south side was called Vernon Street; the east, Seymour Row; and the west, Allington Row; and the north side, erected so late as 1800, after the demolition of Bedford House, and consisting of ten houses, completed the Square; while just as the great house became Bedford House, from the original Southampton House, on its passing into the hands of the Russell family, so the name of the Square itself was changed from Southampton to Bloomsbury, although for a considerable period it appears in views and descriptions as Southampton *or* Bloomsbury Square.

Ralph, as is usual, can find nothing to praise in the Square; in fact he is, even for him, particularly severe on its demerits; "Bloomsbury Square is at present remarkable for nothing but its being a place capable of great improvements," he writes; "there is not one tolerable house in it, and the area in the middle is almost as much neglected as the buildings."

For many years both Southampton, or Bedford House, and the Square were sights of London. The Grand Duke Cosimo during his stay in this country, was shown the former as a matter of course; and De Saussure[1] speaks of the Square in 1725, as being one of the finest in the Metropolis, a description which a later traveller, Count Kilmansegge,[2] in 1761, confirms, adding an interesting account of the house, which he calls "one of the best in London," at that period: "The hall, or gallery, on the ground floor, is a fine room, although it does not equal that of Northumberland House. In the place of tapestry there are fine copies of the nine large cartoons by Raphael in the gallery at Hampton Court. The courtyard in front of the house, which is so large that a great many carriages have room to stand there, is separated by a wall from the street, and, as there are two large gateways, this house has the great convenience, which is wanting at Northumberland House, viz. of enabling you to get away whenever you like without having to wait from two to three hours for your carriage."

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[1] *England under the Reigns of George I. and George II.*

[2] *Diary of a Journey to England.*

The copies of the cartoons mentioned by Kilmansegge were the work of Sir James Thornhill, and were originally hung in one of the wings of the mansion, in a gallery specially prepared for them by the Duke of Bedford. They had occupied Thornhill three years in painting, and were worthy of being housed in this stately isolation. When the contents of the house were disposed of by auction, on May 7, 1800, they, together with all the furniture and pictures, were sold; the cartoons, for which the Duke of Bedford had paid £200 at the sale of Thornhill's collection, being purchased by the Duke of Norfolk for £450; so at least says Mr. Clinch, but Taylor in his *Fine Arts in Great Britain* states that they were bought in by the Duke of Bedford, and presented by him to the Royal Academy, then at Somerset House. The furniture and pictures realised about £6000, and some of the prices of the more important lots have been preserved; thus a "St. John Preaching," by Raphael, fetched 95 guineas; "The Archduke Leopold's Gallery," by Teniers, 210 guineas; "An Italian Villa," by Gainsborough, 90 guineas; a landscape, by Cuyp, 200 guineas; and a set of battle-scenes, by Casanova,[1] which are said to have cost the Duke £1000, only realised 60 guineas; bronzes and marbles went for similarly ridiculous sums, and the contents of Bedford House may truly be said to have been given away. Among the pictures thus disposed of were probably examples of the work of Isaac Whood, an artist much patronised by the Duke of Bedford, who is mentioned by Walpole as having died in Bloomsbury Square, on February 24, 1752. In the gardens of Bedford House were a double row of lime-trees, which stood on the site of Russell Square, and which Sorbière in his *Voyage en Angleterre* refers to when he says that "on voit les arbres du Palais de Bethfordt par dessus la muraille." These trees were sold at the same time that the furniture was disposed of; one row fetching £90, and the other £80, while the acacia-tree mentioned and praised by Walpole, in his *Essay on Landscape Gardening*, was also sold.[1] Bedford House itself was pulled down and the material put up for auction, the houses on the north side of the Square being subsequently erected on its site.

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[1] He was born in London of Venetian parents in 1732, was a pupil of Simonini, and like his master painted battle pieces and landscapes. De Loutherbourg was a pupil of his. The *Annual Register* calls him Cassanovi.

There is a good view of the old house in Wilkinson, and a painting of it by Scott, taken from Lord Mansfield's house in the north-east corner. Other representations of the mansion are to be found in Dodsley's *Environs of London*, and also in one of Gillray's caricatures;[2] while a drawing of an old carved staircase formerly in Southampton House is given in Archer's *Vestiges of Old London*.

The fields behind Bedford or Southampton House were well known as a spot where duels were of frequent occurrence. "Where you wretches go and fight duels," cries Mrs. Steele to Mr. St. John, in *Esmond*. "Of which the ladies are the cause," replies her entertainer. Mountfort, the dramatist and actor, who himself met an untimely fate at the hands of the notorious Lord Mohun, refers to this in the epilogue to his play of *Greenwich Park*, where he says:—

> "If you're displeased with what you've seen to-night,
> Behind Southampton House we'll do you right;
> Who is't dares draw 'gainst me and Mrs. Knight?"

In Luttrell's *Diary* there is a reference to one of the numerous encounters here during the reign of William III. "A duel was yesterday fought between one Mr. Lawes and Mr. Wilson in Bloomsbury Square," writes the Diarist, under date of April 10, 1694; "the latter was killed upon the spot and the other is sent to Newgate." Luttrell throws a further light on the identity of the victim, adding, "'Tis that Mr. Wilson who for some years past hath made a great figure, living at the rate of £4000 per annum, without any visible estate; and the several gentlemen who kept him company, and endeavoured to find out his way of living, could never effect it." Lawes was subsequently convicted of murder on the following 19th of April; and in the October of the same year, we read of his trying to escape from prison by "filing down 4 bars, but was discovered"; however, he seems to have eventually succeeded in getting away, for Luttrell mentions a report (January 22, 1695) of his being apprehended in Leicestershire riding fast towards Scotland; which news is quickly followed by the intelligence that the wrong man had been caught; and as we hear

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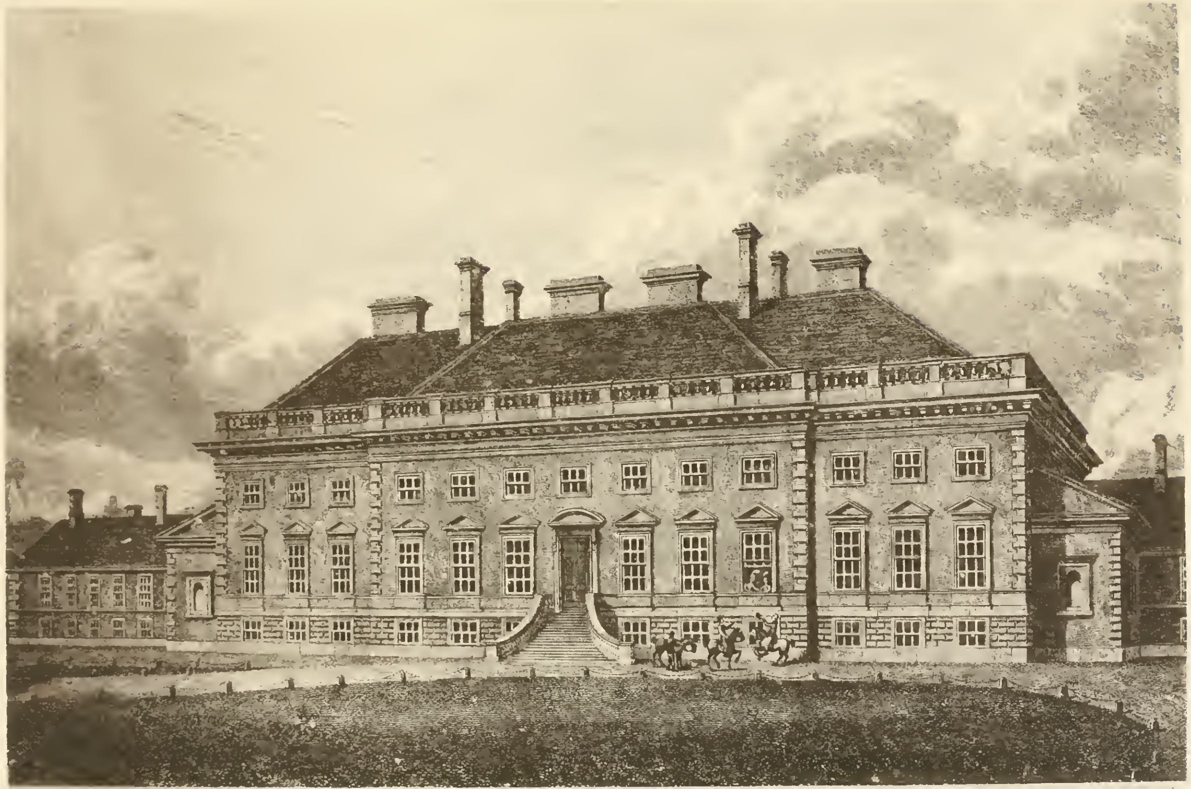
[1] Dodsley's *Annual Register* for May 1800, gives an account of the sale; and Dobie has printed an extract in a footnote to his work on Bloomsbury.

[2] Note in *London Past and Present*.



NORTH FRONT OF BEDFORD HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

This MANSION *which for more than a Century was the Town Residence of the noble Family of* RUSSEL *Earls and Dukes of* BEDFORD: *was built under the direction of the celebrated Architect Inigo Jones on the Scite of an antient Mansion called* SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE *belonging in 1667 to Lady Rachel Vaughan, who married W^{m} Lord Russell and by this Union conveyed the Estate including the ground on which Montague House now the British Museum was built to the Russell Family. In the year 1800 Bedford House was taken down, and upon the Scite of the Mansion House and Gardens a number of large Houses called Bedford Place, and Montague Street were erected by Francis the late Duke of Bedford.*

nothing more of the culprit, it would seem that he made good his escape. Thus far Luttrell—but the antagonists in this quarrel were no ordinary men, for the Mr. Wilson was the once celebrated Beau Wilson; the Mr. Lawes no less a person than the great John Law himself, who eventually received a full pardon in 1719. The cause of the quarrel, according to Evelyn, "arose from his (Wilson's) taking away his own sister from lodging in a house where this Law had a mistress, which the mistress of the house, thinking a disparagement to it, and losing by it, instigated Law to this duel." [1]

Evelyn appears to have been equally *intrigué* with Luttrell as to the source of Wilson's income, which he says was "a subject of much discourse." The spot where these encounters took place was that "vast area renowned in the seventeenth century for peaches and snipe." [2] It was indeed, at one time, as Gray says in a letter to Wharton, who had come to live in the vicinity, "a region of air and sunshine."

Southampton or Bedford House, which Noorthouck describes as "elegant though low, having but one story," housed in its time some notable people. There was the fourth Earl of Southampton, that staunch supporter of Charles I., whom Clarendon described as "in his nature melancholic and reserved in his conversation," who became Lord Treasurer in 1660, and died at Southampton House, which, as we have seen, he built, on May 16, 1667. The mansion then passed into the possession of his daughter, Lady Rachel Wriothesley, who, marrying William, Lord Russell, became that Lady Rachel Russell who is known as an example of pious and courageous womanhood, and, as it has been observed, was "alike exemplary in prosperity and adversity, when observed by multitudes, or hidden in retirement." The history of herself and her noble husband is too well known to require recapitulation here. These two were certainly the most illustrious of those who, at various times, lived in Southampton House. It is said that the proposal was made by the Duke of York that William, Lord Russell, should be beheaded in Bloomsbury Square, but that the King, to his honour, refused to listen to such a proposal, and so this true patriot was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but on his way to execution he passed his old home and for a moment his fortitude forsook him; then overcoming it, he exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is now passed," and Dr. Tillotson saw a tear gather in his eye. His son succeeded to the Dukedom of Bedford in 1700, and the mansion thus passed into the Russell family, and became known as Bedford House. Lady Rachel continued to reside here in what she termed "that desolate habitation of mine . . . a place of terror to me," till her death in the reign of George I. (1723), and as some of her celebrated letters from here are headed "Russell House," it would seem that the mansion must have been so called for a short time before its name was changed to Bedford House.

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[1] *Diary* for April 22, 1694; also see Timbs's *Romance of London.*

[2] Macaulay.

It was during Lady Rachel's occupancy of Bedford House that Montague House, close by, was burnt to the ground in January 1686. In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, she thus mentions the occurrence: "If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night I heard a great noise in the Square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant, and sent her down to hear the occasion; she brought up a very sad one, that Montague House was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames covering the house and filling the court. My boy awoke and said he was almost suffocated with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear."

It was a son of the "boy" here mentioned, who became fourth Duke of Bedford and succeeded to the possession of the mansion; and he it was whom Junius subsequently lashed with such biting invective. Looking back with more equanimity and a greater sense of proportion than contemporaries could be expected to bring to the contemplation of political disputes, the Duke does not seem to have deserved either the unpopularity he laboured under or the abuse Junius poured upon him. It was he who, in 1748, gave a great masqued ball at Bedford House, at which the King and the Duke of Cumberland were present together with a most brilliant company; and, as a proof of the then rural conditions obtaining around the mansion, his Duchess on one occasion sent out cards of invitation to her friends to "take tea and walk in the fields." A contemporary notice records the death of the first wife of this Duke thus, "Died September 1734, at Southampton House, Bloomsbury Square, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, of a consumption, the most noble Diana, Duchess of Bedford, &c., sister of the present Duke of Marlborough, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Sunderland."

Bedford House was demolished two years before the death of the fifth Duke, who had succeeded his grandfather in 1771.

As we have seen, the Parliamentary forces raised a fortification in Grosvenor Square, so in Bloomsbury Square, "two batteries and a breastwork" were erected in the gardens of Bedford House in 1642.

Besides the successive owners of Bedford House, Bloomsbury Square has numbered amongst its residents several very distinguished men. Of these was Sir Charles Sedley, one of that group of Restoration poets who clothed very questionable sentiments in unquestionably simple and, on occasion, fine and beautiful language. If not so grossly indecent as Rochester or Etheridge, he was if possible more insidious and therefore more dangerous. In which part of the Square he lived is not recorded, but we know he was residing here in the January of 1691, for on the 13th of that month, Luttrell enters in his *Diary* the fact that, "Sir Charles Sedley's House in Bloomsbury Square was lately searched upon an information that the Bishop was harboured there." Surely an inappropriate dwelling-place for a bishop, when we remember that it was the residence of the hero of the infamous frolic at the Rose Tavern in Covent Garden. But, morals apart, Sedley must have been a man of brilliant parts. "No one," says Jesse, "was more sought after for his society or admired for his talents,"[1] and Shadwell goes so far as to affirm that he has heard him "speak more wit at a supper, than all his adversaries could have written in a year." He died here on August 20, 1701.[2]

Pennant says that "Bloomsbury Square was the residence of many of our nobility; in later times, that of the more wealthy gentlemen of the long robe." In support of the former part of this statement I find a record of the Earl of Lincoln dying at his house here, on November 25, 1692;[3] while the latter is substantiated by the following entry in Luttrell: "May 2nd (1682), at night, that learned lawyer Sir William Jones, at his house in Southampton Square of a feavour, much lamented by most persons." The conjunction of Sedley and an administrator of the law is not altogether inappropriate, but there does seem an anomaly in having to place the name of the good Richard Baxter so close to that of the profligate rhymester. It is, however, a fact that the learned divine was dwelling in Southampton Square at that particular period when he was being harried by the notorious Jefferies. Here he was living when he lost his wife, who died in his "most pleasant and convenient house,"[4] on June 14, 1681: here, too, on October 21, 1682, he was seized at his house, and carried to prison on the Five Mile Act, for staying within five miles of a corporation,[5] for which heinous offence and for "writing and publishing scandalous and seditious notes on the New Testament," he was fined 500 marks, bound to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years, and committed to prison till this was done.

Some years later, in 1728, we learn from the *New Review of London* that the Earl of Nottingham and Lord Compton were living in the Square; while Walford adds to these the names of Lords Northampton, who died at his house here in 1721, Paget, and Carleton; but the lady of quality referred to in the following advertisement from the *London Gazette* for 1674, No. 946,[1] is not so well known, although she is thus proved to have lived here:—

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[1] *Court of England under Stuarts*, vol. iv. p. 265.

[2] *London Past and Present*.

[3] Luttrell, vol. ii. p. 625.

[4] *Literary Landmarks of London*.

[5] Luttrell, vol. i. p. 230.

"Lost from my Lady Baltingglasses house in the great square of Bloomsbury, the first of this instant December, a great old Indian spaniel or mongrel, as big as a mastiff; he hath curled and black hair all over, except in his forefeet, which are a little white; he hath also cropt ears, and is bowed and limps a little in one of his forefeet. If any can bring news thereof, they shall have twenty shillings for their pains."

If we are unable to identify the owner of this equally obscure quadruped, we shall have no difficulty in recognising another illustrious dweller in the Square. For here lived for a time, and died, Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield. So well known was his grandson, the great Earl, that he himself has been forgotten, but in the reign of Charles II. he made no inconsiderable figure, and de Grammount, who says of him "il avait le visage fort agreable, la tête assez belle, peu de taille, et moins d'air," makes frequent mention of him in his *Memoirs*. Like his illustrious grandson, the second Earl was a writer of letters, and these were given to the world, so late as 1829, in a now rather scarce volume entitled *Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, to several celebrated Individuals of the time of Charles II., James II., &c.* He also left in manuscript a short diary of events occurring to himself, on which is based a prefatory memoir by the editor of the *Letters*. He was a devoted adherent to the royal family, and in 1658, was thrown into prison three several times for his loyalty to its then exiled members. When the Restoration was brought about, it is pleasant, therefore, to find his services receiving recognition, for he was appointed, with Lord Dorset, Sewer at the Coronation of Charles II., which office he also filled at the Coronation of James II.; and he was made Lord Chamberlain to Catherine of Braganza, besides filling other posts of importance under the last two Stuarts. It is gratifying to find, that, unlike the time-serving traitor Marlborough, Chesterfield did not transfer his allegiance to William, although, had he done so, he would have been serving a better master than his last. He died in 1713, in his eightieth year; and as we learn that the best part of his latter years was spent amid the charms of his country estate, Bretley, it would seem that his occupancy of the house in Bloomsbury Square was but fitful, although his death took place within its walls on January 28, 1713.[1] He was married three times, and on each occasion added an important link to his own great family; his first wife being a daughter of the tenth Earl of Northumberland; his second, of the first Duke of Ormond; and his third, of the second Earl of Carnarvon.

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[1] Quoted in Cunningham's *Handbook of London*.

A letter from Lord Arlington to Lord Chesterfield, dated October 20, 1681, and containing a reference to the house in Southampton Square, is contained in the volume before mentioned: "There (London) I shall with great impatience wait your Lordships arrival," says Arlington, "wishing in the meantime you would give me commission to let your house in Southampton Square, and hire you another very near Whitehall, that I might, with less trouble to you, enjoy the honour and satisfaction of a frequent conversation with you."

But a more famous even than Lord Chesterfield, in spite of himself and his great alliances, once lived in the Square, for hither came, in 1712, Dick Steele, to reside "in the prettiest house to receive the prettiest woman," at what he describes as "the fifth door";[2] "having a small house in Jermyn Street for which he couldn't pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money."[3] Here it is said he once gave a grand dinner-party, the servants' places being taken by bailiffs who were in the house at the time, and who probably enjoyed their, perhaps, not unprecedented duties and the perquisities attending them. Writing to Addison, good-tempered, easy going Sir Richard thus alludes to the circumstance: "I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." "Poor, needy Prince of Bloomsbury!" adds Thackeray, "think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery Lane ominously guarding him."[4] Here Steele remained for three years, living from hand to mouth; with a town mansion and a country house, and immortality at the end of his pen.[5]

Another writer is connected with Bloomsbury Square, for here, through the kindly offices of his friend Dyson, Mark Akenside was established as a physician, either in 1749 or the following year. "Mr. Dyson," says Park,[6]

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[1] An interesting article on the second Earl of Chesterfield appeared in *Temple Bar* for October, 1876.

[2] Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London*, p. 268.

[3] Thackeray, *English Humorists*.

[4] "Do you know Bloomsbury Square?" asks Mrs. Steele of Mr. St. John in *Esmond*. "Do I know the Mall? Do I know the Opera? Do I know the reigning toast? Why, Bloomsbury is the very height of the mode," says Mr. St. John. "'Tis *rus in urbe*, you have gardens all the way to Hampstead, and palaces round about you, Southampton House and Montague House."

[5] See Aitken's *Life of Steele*, where these letters are given, dated from his house in Bloomsbury Square; while one to the Lord High Treasurer, dated Bloomsbury Square, June 4, 1713, is given in Bisset's *Life of Steele*.

[6] *History of Hampstead* (1818), p. 331.

"parted with his villa at North End, and settled his friend (Akenside) in a sensible house in Bloomsbury Square, assigning him, with unexampled liberality, £300 a year, which enabled him to keep a chariot and make a proper appearance in the world." Akenside had returned to England about five years earlier from Leyden, where he had been pursuing his medical studies, and had at first begun to practise in Northampton, in 1744, in which year his magnum opus, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, appeared. Johnson tells how Dodsley once informed him that when a copy of that work was offered him, the price demanded, viz. £120, appeared to him to be too much for such a production, but on showing it to Pope the latter advised him to make no niggardly offer, for it was the work of no everyday writer."[1]

In Northampton, Akenside had to contend with a well-established practitioner, Dr. Stonehouse, against whom he struggled vainly to build up a practice. Giving up the attempt, he removed to Hampstead, and thence, by the help, as we have seen, of Mr. Dyson, to London. Here, although known as a poet, he had a keen struggle to become a flourishing doctor. As Johnson says, "a physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune," and had it not been for the timely help of his patron it is probable that he would have died worsted in the contest; as it was, he never attained any great degree of popularity, although the fact that he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, took a medical degree at Cambridge, and became a member of the College of Physicians, proves that he must have made some mark in his profession; which is further attested by the fact that he was appointed Physician to the Queen, and to St. Thomas's Hospital, and made some reputation for himself by several series of lectures which he delivered. The fact remains, however, that he is enshrined, on a comparatively low niche it is true, among poets, and has ceased to be remembered as a doctor. He died at the early age of forty-eight, on June 23, 1770, although not, apparently, as Bucke, one of his biographers, seems to infer, in Bloomsbury Square, but in a house in Old Burlington Street; and is buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

But although Akenside could hardly be said to adequately represent physic in its highest form, in Bloomsbury Square, another one-time resident here fully did so, in the person of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe. This eccentric man is chiefly remembered now by his magnificent donations of money and books to the University of Oxford, but in his own day he was the fashionable physician, and his house, No. 5 Bloomsbury Square, was thronged by those who sought his skilful aid. He was physician to William III., and there is a well-known story of the King, on his return

[1] *Life of Akenside.*

from Holland in 1697, sending for Radcliffe and showing him his ankles, which were very much swollen, and inquiring, "What think you of these?" whereupon the doctor, who was admittedly no courtier, exclaimed, "Why truly I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," a reply which is said to have cost him the King's patronage. His connection with William's successor might have had still more serious consequences, for on Anne's being taken with her last illness, Radcliffe was sent for, but coolly replied that he had himself taken physic, and could not attend. A few hours afterwards the Queen expired, and it was seriously considered by Parliament whether the recalcitrant physician should not be summoned and censured, on public grounds. He seems himself even to have seen the advisability of retiring into the country for a time; for, writing from Carshalton to Dr. Mead, he says that he believes that if he went to London he would be torn in pieces by the enraged populace. Great as his reputation was, it was generally believed, according to Burnet, that his treatment of Queen Mary, who died of smallpox in 1694, was responsible for her death. Among other eccentricities, Radcliffe had a great dislike to pay his debts—how many similar eccentrics have lived in all ages!—and the Dr. Mead mentioned above tells a story in point, in his *Richardsoniana:* "A paviour, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. 'Why, you rascal!' said the doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.' 'Doctor,' said the paviour, 'mine is not the only bad work the earth hides!' 'You dog, you!' said the doctor, 'are you a wit? You must be poor, come in' . . . and paid him."[1] Dr. Mead succeeded his friend in the occupancy of the house in Bloomsbury Square.

But a still more illustrious scientific man lived in the Square, and one who, like Radcliffe, was a benefactor to the national collections of literary treasures, for here Sir Hans Sloane, who may be regarded as the founder of the British Museum, lived in a house on the south side of the Square, "at the corner of Southampton Street next Bloomsbury Square," in which way the naturalist Ray addresses him in 1696, while another friend, writing to him about five years later, directs "to Sir Hans Sloane, at his house at the corner of Southampton Square, Bloomsbury." Here he collected, in vast quantities, those curiosities and books which at last, in 1725, numbered 26,200 specimens of natural history, as well as 200 volumes of preserved plants.[1] His library of manuscripts, now known as the Sloane collection at the British Museum, consisted of 4100 volumes; and his library of printed books, numbering no less than 50,000 volumes, also adorns the national collection.

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[1] Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, vol. i. p. 100.

It is probable that the house in Bloomsbury Square was insufficient in size to contain these vast accumulations, for we find Sir Hans Sloane, in February 1742, beginning to remove his collections to Sir Thomas More's old house at Chelsea, which he had purchased in 1736, for £2500, and which, unfortunately, "the father of Natural History" pulled down. The famous gates, the work of Inigo Jones, he presented to the Earl of Burlington, who placed them at the entrance of Chiswick House, whence they were removed, only a few years ago, to the front of Devonshire House, Piccadilly. Sir Hans Sloane became subsequently the owner of a large portion of the parish of Chelsea, in the old church of which he is buried under an ugly monument on which the inscription tells us that "the President of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians died in the year of our Lord 1753, the ninety-second year of his age, without the least pain of body and with a conscious serenity of mind."[2] It was at Sir Hans Sloane's house in Bloomsbury Square that he once received a visit from Benjamin Franklin, who came to see his curiosities, "for which," says Franklin quaintly, "he paid me handsomely."

Angelo also records that the famous Dr. De Manneduke, "who was at the head of that class of visionaries who practised animal magnetism, lived in some style in Bloomsbury Square. Here he held conversaziones in his well-furnished drawing-rooms on Sunday evenings which were numerously attended for several seasons," and where were carried on what the same authority terms, "absurdities and tomfooleries."[3]

If Bloomsbury Square is not so closely identified with the legal calling as Russell Square, it has nevertheless had three illustrious lawyers dwelling in it in past times. One of them, Lord Ellenborough, lived at the house at the corner of the Square where it is joined by Orange Street. Lady Ellenborough, then the beautiful Miss Towny, is mentioned by Smith in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, and his last editor, in a footnote, recalls the fact that "her beauty was so great that passers-by would linger to watch her watering the flowers on the balcony of their house in Bloomsbury

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[1] Clinch's *Bloomsbury and St. Giles*, p. 138. Thoresby, in his *Diary*, mentions visiting Dr. Sloane here on several occasions and inspecting many of these treasures.

[2] See Blunt's *Handbook to Chelsea*, p. 53.

[3] Among those living in the Square in 1795, may be mentioned the Duke of Bedford, Baron Hotham, Richard Meux, Esq., Lady Davenport, Craven Ord, Esq., Dr. Coombe, E. Ommaney, Esq., and Lady Duckenfields.

Square."[1] It was this lady, who figures in the anecdote told by Rogers, who desired on one occasion to accompany her lord on circuit, to which Lord Ellenborough agreed, providing she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes—a special abhorrence of his. During the first day's journey, his Lordship's legs struck against something under the carriage seat, which he found, to his annoyance, was a bandbox. Furious at a contravention of his express wishes, he opened the carriage window and threw the box to the four winds. The carriage stopped, and the footman, thinking the box had tumbled out by accident, got down to replace it, when Lord Ellenborough thundered out, "Drive on!" and on they drove, leaving the bandbox in the ditch. Arrived at their destination, the Judge proceeded to robe himself for court, presently demanding his wig. "Your wig, my Lord?" said the servant; "it was in the box which fell out of the carriage window!"

In 1802, Lord Ellenborough was made Lord Chief Justice, and some years after this event,[2] he removed to St. James's Square, where he rented Lichfield House before purchasing No. 13 in the Square, and where I have already had occasion to refer to him. In the house in Bloomsbury Square there was a special room reserved for Dr. Paley, whenever he was in town, but whether this privilege was continued in St James's Square I do not know.

Another Lord Chief Justice who once resided here was Trevor, who inhabited a house on the west side of the Square;[3] while Chief Justice Willes died here in 1761; and Charles Yorke died in a house in the Square three days after he had been practically forced by the King to accept the Great Seal, on January 20, 1770. But the most illustrious legal figure connected with Bloomsbury Square is that of the great Lord Mansfield, not only from his own personality but from the untoward circumstance attending his residence here.

His house was in the north-east corner of the Square. Here it was that the Gordon Rioters, in 1780, put a climax to their work of senseless destruction by setting fire to his house and burning the entire contents, which were thrown into the Square in order to make a better bonfire, and thus more effectually to "glut the ire" of the frenzied rabble. Angelo[4] says he "only saw the walls of his Lordship's house, the inside was totally bare," and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who was an eye-witness of this holocaust, thus describes what he and the friends who accompanied him, witnessed on that fearful night: "Having got into a hackney coach," he writes, "we drove to Bloomsbury Square; attracted to that spot by a rumour, generally spread, that Lord Mansfield's residence, situate at the north-east corner, was either already burnt, or destined for destruction. . . . Quitting the coach, we crossed the Square, and had scarcely got under the wall of Bedford House, when we heard the door of Lord Mansfield's house burst open with violence. In a few minutes all the contents of the apartments, being precipitated from the windows, were piled up, and wrapt in flames. A file of foot-soldiers arriving, drew up near the blazing pile; but without either attempting to quench the fire or to impede the mob, who were indeed far too numerous to admit of their being dispersed, or even intimidated, by a small detachment of infantry. The populace remained masters; while we, after surveying the spectacle for a short time, moved on into Holborn."[1] The whole of Lord Mansfield's magnificent library and his invaluable papers fell a prey to the fury of the insensate populace; but what, we are told, his Lordship most regretted, was the loss of the MS. of a speech he had once delivered on the Privilege of Parliament, in which was embodied, as he himself once said to "Single Speech" Hamilton, all the eloquence and legal knowledge of which he was master;[2] and once in the House of Lords he pathetically referred to the incident, when giving his opinion on a legal question: "I speak not this from books; for books I have none." A fragment of one of these treasured volumes we know to have been rescued and perhaps still preserved, for Dr. Warner, writing to George Selwyn, says, "The fire, they say, is stopped, but what a rueful scene it has left behind! *Sunt lachrymæ rerum* indeed; the sentiment that struck me upon picking up a page of Lord Mansfield's Virgil yesterday in Bloomsbury Square."

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[1] In Louis of Bavaria's famous "Gallery of Beauties" at Munich, is a portrait of a Lady Ellenborough. Little or nothing appears to be known of the original of this picture, which may possibly be a portrait of the Lady Ellenborough mentioned in the text.

[2] That he was still here in the early part of 1806, is proved by a letter of his written to Lord Eldon on January 6th of that year.

[3] Walford's *Old and New London*, vol. iv. p. 538.

[4] *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 115.

It is probable that Lord Mansfield and his wife saved their own lives by escaping through a back door, for had they fallen into the hands of the infuriated people, it is impossible to say to what lengths their enemies would not have gone, particularly when we remember that it was a religious animosity which prompted their attack on the house, and such hostility is proverbially the most bitter and cruel. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the vivid description of the work of destruction given in *Barnaby Rudge*. Two of the rioters, mere boys, were subsequently hanged in Bloomsbury Square, and Dickens notes how, "as the cart was about to glide from under them, it was observed that they stood with their faces from, not to, the house they had assisted to despoil, and their misery was protracted that this omission might be remedied."[1]

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[1] *Historical Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 320–21.

[2] Robert Smith, father of James and Horace, used to relate how he remembered, the following morning, seeing the smouldering remains of Lord Mansfield's furniture. See Beavan's *James and Horace Smith*, p. 33.

Lord Mansfied is too well known for it to be necessary to enlarge on his career or attainments, but I may note that his countenance was said to have been indescribably beautiful. "It was an assemblage of genius, dignity, and good nature, which none could observe without reverence and regard."[2] Even Walpole, who was not particularly friendly to him, says, "his figure was engaging from a decent openness;" while in the *Malmesbury Letters*, he is described as "dignity and reason itself," a character which the portrait that Sir Joshua has left of him fully bears out. After having filled the offices of Solicitor and Attorney General, Lord Chief Justice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Speaker of the House of Lords, &c., he died in 1773, at the great age of eighty-eight. His house in Bloomsbury Square was afterwards replaced by three separate houses, Nos. 28 and 29 Bloomsbury Square, and No. 9 Bloomsbury Place.

Among other notable residents in the Square was Isaac Disraeli, who lived at No. 6, within a stone's throw of his beloved British Museum Library, for a number of years, 1818 to 1829, before he finally settled at Bradenham House. Isaac Disraeli is known as the author of those interesting compilations, the *Curiosities of Literature*, *Amenities of Literature*, *Calamities of Authors*, and a variety of other works of a like nature, but his *magnum opus*, for which he received the honorary D.C.L. at Oxford, his *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*, appears, somewhat unjustly, to be forgotten, notwithstanding that it is a work of great charm and shows a remarkable amount of original research; it is, too, refreshing in that it makes out a case for probably, with the exception of Richard III., the most maligned monarch who has sat on the throne of Great Britain. It was, too, Disraeli, who anticipated Forster in throwing light on the hitherto obscure but great and pathetic figure of Sir John Eliot. Rogers, who was fond of saying spiteful things, once said of Isaac Disraeli, "There is a man with only half an intellect, who writes books that must live."

No. 6 Bloomsbury Square has thus a claim to be remembered, but another cause makes it famous, for here were spent some of the early years of Benjamin Disraeli;[3] wit, dandy, author, Member of Parliament,

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[1] Cowper's two short poems on this event will be remembered by those, probably now few, who still read his works.

[2] *Reminiscences*, by C. Butler, vol. i. p. 131.

[3] He stayed occasionally with his father here, and a letter from him is extant dated from here on March 19, 1828.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, Prime Minister of England, and Earl of Beaconsfield! whose career was the wonder of his time; who first taught this country to think imperially, and was the first minister who, not by force of arms but by force of genius, made foreign nations to realise that the British Empire was as much to be feared and respected, as when Marlborough led the charge at Blenheim, or Wellington broke the power of Napoleon at Waterloo. Bloomsbury Square is the centre of many memories; as we have seen, it has been the abode of great personalities, but surely no memory can be brighter or no personality more illustrious than that of the great man, who as a boy walked in its garden, and in later life extended the fame of his country throughout the civilised world.

There was at one time a tradition that Benjamin Disraeli was actually born at No. 6, but this was effectually disposed of by Mr. Hutton in his *Literary Landmarks of London*, where the question is carefully discussed; and as the result of these investigations does not place Bloomsbury Square as the scene of Disraeli's birth,[1] I need not recapitulate the pros and cons here. The story, which, if it did not actually give rise to the report helped to keep it alive, may, however, be again told. It was first related in S. C. Hall's *Retrospect of a Long Life*, and I may merely remind the reader that Lord Beaconsfield was not averse from flights of imaginary retrospect, and also that great men have often been notoriously uncertain as to the actual place of their birth. This is what Mr. Hall sets down:[2] "Montagu Corry (Lord Rowton) told me that not long ago Lord Beaconsfield visited the house (in Bloomsbury Square) and asked leave to go over it, which was granted, although the attendant had no idea that the courtesy was extended to the Prime Minister. He sat for some time pondering and reflecting—a grand past and a great future opening before his mental vision—in the room in which he was born."

According to Cunningham, this house, which was described by Smith as "the first house from Hart Street," was built by Isaac Ware, who published a *Palladio*, and built Chesterfield House. But Mr. Rutton, in an interesting article on the subject, inclines to the belief that it was the next house, No. 5, which was built by the eminent architect; although Mr. Rutton's researches have not brought to light any actual reference to Ware in the old leases, &c. of No. 5, which was devised in 1744, to one John Deval.[3] Ware, who it will be remembered had once been a sweep's boy, and according to Nollekens had been rescued from this employment by a gentleman who saw him making drawings of the elevation of Whitehall on the flagstones, himself resided in the Square, but whether his death in 1766, occurred here or at a country house he had at Westbourn, north of Bayswater, is not recorded; it is however said that he retained the stain of soot in his face to the day of his death![1]

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[1] The elder Disraeli paid rates on this house from 1817 to 1829, so Benjamin would have been about twelve when his father came here.

[2] The story is also given by Mr. Hutton.

[3] See "Bloomsbury Square: Isaac Ware and Isaac D'Israeli Residents." By W. L. Rutton, Esq., F.S.A., in the *Home Counties Magazine*.

One of the few painters who once lived in the Square was Isaac Whood, who painted portraits in oils,[2] and curiously enough in black lead on vellum, who died in his house here, on February 24, 1752. While another, who also lived in the Square, was Isaac Fuller, who executed portraits and historical subjects, and among other things the altar-piece at Magdalen, Oxford, and the altar-cloth at Wadham. He died here on July 17, 1672; and Walpole mentions, too, one Sevonyans who painted a staircase in a house called Little Montague House, at the corner of the Square.

Among other residents here was Sir Anthony Panizzi, who as an Italian exile had, through the good offices of Lord Brougham, procured an appointment in the British Museum in 1839, to which institution he was appointed Chief Librarian in 1856, an office he held for a number of years; when, on his retirement, he took No. 31 Bloomsbury Square, where he died in 1879; having solaced his latter days reading his favourite Virgil and Dante. Dr. Garnett thus speaks of him: "Panizzi was a truly great man, of immense force of character, daring and magnificent conceptions, southern passions tempered by northern acuteness, and enough administrative talent to have governed a kingdom. He was imperious and despotic, but large-hearted and magnanimous."[3]

Another gentleman connected with the British Museum once lived in the Square, in the person of the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, afterwards Rector of St. Edmund the King and St. Nicholas Acon,[4] who went to the Museum as a cataloguer in 1842, and died at his house in the Square on January 27, 1862. He is mentioned by Smith in his *Book for a Rainy Day* as a great authority on old books; for, speaking of a copy of a rare work entitled *The Post Angel or Universal Entertainment*, published in 1702, Smith says that it is not mentioned by Watt, the compiler of *Bibliotheca*

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[1] *Century of Anecdote.*

[2] One of Archbishop Wake, by Whood, is now in Lambeth Palace.

[3] *Celebrities of the Century*, quoted by Harrison in *Memorable London Houses.* I may here note that William Bowyer, the printer, and once a member of the Club at Tom's Coffee House, resided for a time in the Square.

[4] So stated in a note to the last edition of Smith's *Rainy Day*, but Cunningham says that this church was destroyed in the Great Fire and not rebuilt.

Britannica, and "what is more remarkable, the Rev. Hartwell Horne, of the British Museum, never heard of it."[1]

Edmund Lodge, the well-known author of *Memoirs of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain*, which, on account of the fine plates with which that work was adorned, is known more popularly as *Lodge's Portraits*, also lived in Bloomsbury Square, and died at his house there on January 16, 1839. He had originally been in the army, but a love of historical inquiry led him to seek admission into the Heralds' College, where he became eventually Clarenceux King at Arms, and was created a Knight of the Guelphic Order. His researches resulted in other works besides the one named, such as his *Life of Sir Julius Cæsar* and his *Illustrations of British History*. Sir Walter Scott, who frequently consulted this latter work, once wrote of him, that his "talents as an Historian and Antiquary are well known to the public," and refers to his "patient powers of collecting information from the most obscure and hidden sources . . . and the talent for selecting the facts which are the rarest and most interesting, and presenting them to the general reader in a luminous and concise manner." One other resident[2] in this Square must be mentioned in the person of Miss Sarah Booth, who as an actress attracted in her day no small amount of attention, one of her most successful parts being that of "Juliet," in which rôle she was painted. This full-length portrait used to hang on the staircase of the house she occupied in Bloomsbury Square, and here Mrs. Crosland notes that she frequently saw it. Macready acted in a benefit performance on behalf of Miss Booth on June 30, 1818, enacting the part of Posthumus in *Cymbeline* to the Iachimo of Young.

Miss Booth is said to have been both "well informed and a thorough gentlewoman, and her talents versatile." She often acted with the young Roscius, of whom she said that "though apparently inspired on the stage, he was still the child off it."[3]

Bloomsbury Square is to-day largely given up to offices and institutions. Architects and solicitors greatly affect it, and although some of the houses still retain that residential character which they had in the past, its day as a fashionable centre seems to have irrevocably gone. No. 17, in the north-west corner, is now the headquarters of the Pharmaceutical Society, which was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1843; and in the same house, till the year 1862, the Royal Literary Fund had its home; while at No. 2, the College of Preceptors carries on its educational work.[1]

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[1] A copy is stated by Mr. Whitten to be now in the Museum Library, however.

[2] Among the Vestrymen, given in a list by Dobie for the parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, James Loch (1818); Samuel Brown (1828) at No. 24; and James Donaldson (1825) at No. 8, were residents in the Square.

[3] *Landmarks of a Literary Life*, by Mrs. Crosland, and Macready's *Reminiscences*. It is interesting to know that Miss Olier, a maternal aunt of Sydney Smith, opened a ladies' school in Bloomsbury Square, when her father, a French *emigré*, was forced to fly from his native country. Creswick the actor is also stated to have lived in the Square.

That Bloomsbury Square in its early days was not entirely residential in character, is shown by a curious advertisement in the *London Gazette* for October 11–15, 1667, which helps to link the Square indirectly with the Great Fire of London, and runs as follows: "Such as have settled in new habitations since the late fire, and desire for the convenience of their correspondence to publish the place of their present abode, or to give notice of goods lost or found, may repair to the corner house in Bloomsbury Square, or on the east side of the Great Square (Bloomsbury Square) before the house of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Treasurer, where there is care taken for the receipt and publication of such advertisements."

From the present well-ordered quiet of the Square, what a long cry it seems to the day when Luttrell could enter in his *Diary* (September 28, 1693), that on "Friday night several rogues got into the house of Dr. Ridgley in Southampton Square, pretending to carry him to a patient, but being unwilling to goe, they bound him and wounded him and his servants, and carryed off £600 in plate and money"!

The central garden, which is laid out in grass-plots planted with trees and shrubs, was formed under an Act 46 of George III., session 1806, in the year 1807. By this Act the owner of the freehold (the Duke of Bedford) and the occupiers of the houses for the time being were appointed Commissioners for carrying out its provisions; the Commissioners were empowered to lay out the garden and maintain it, the rates for so doing not to exceed 9d. in the £1 on the yearly rental or values of the various houses.[2]

In 1806, a fine statue in bronze of Charles James Fox was erected on the north side of the garden. It is of great size, and represents the illustrious statesman seated and habited as a Roman consul, with amply flowing robes. It is the work of Westmacott, and, from the natural pose of the figure and the excellent likeness of the face, is considered one of that sculptor's most successful productions.[3]

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[1] George Pinkard, Esq., M.D., the Chairman, and Ashley Smith, Esq., M.D., one of the Directors, of the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Co., were both living in the Square in 1831.

[2] Information kindly given by the Bedford Estate Office.

[3] A view of the Square showing the statue mentioned above was engraved by Greig from a drawing by Morland, for Hughson's *Walks through London;* and Sutton Nicholls in 1746, J. Harris in 1727, and E. Dayes in 1787, produced views of the Square.

BEDFORD SQUARE

> "Enough for me in yonder Square
> To see the perky sparrows pair,
> Or long laburnum gild the air
> In Bloomsbury."
>
> WILFRED WHITTEN.

BEDFORD SQUARE, although one of the larger squares on the Bedford estate, is not so extensive as Russell Square; it was originally formed between the years 1775 and 1780, at which time the central garden was laid out. In Horwood's plan of 1799, it is shown, the site being marked as formerly St. Giles's Ruins; as a matter of fact the Square covers a portion of the notorious "rookery" of St. Giles;[1] Dobie, indeed, speaks of its arising "from a cow-yard to its present magnificent form," a form which even Ralph approves—which is praise indeed!

The Square was originally maintained by those who held building leases from the ground landlord, the Duke of Bedford, and it was not till 1874,[2] that these leases expired, and the Duke took over the Square, which has since been maintained by the Bedford estate; the tenants of the houses being allowed the use of the central garden during the Duke's pleasure.[3]

During the reigns of George IV. and William IV., Bedford Square was practically given over to the legal profession, and, as we shall see, some very notable lawyers once resided here; by far the most illustrious of these being Lord Eldon, who lived at No. 6, from 1804 till 1819. This mansion was the official residence of the Lord Chancellor, and formed what are now Nos. 6 and 6A, the house having been subsequently divided. Lord Loughborough preceded Lord Eldon here, and he is said to have occupied this house from 1787 to 1796.[4] Lord Loughborough, it will be remembered, was Lord Chancellor from 1793 to 1801, in which year, on the resignation of his predecessor, Lord Eldon received the Great Seal.

Twiss, in his *Life of Lord Eldon*, gives the following story in that portion of his work which deals with the year 1801, and from this we might be inclined to place Lord Eldon's occupancy of No. 6 Bedford Square at least three years earlier than the date (1804) generally assigned; but his biographer may have merely selected this particular juncture to insert a characteristic anecdote. Here is the story in Lord Eldon's own words, as he related it to Mrs. Forster:—

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[1] In Aggas's map (1591) the sites of Bedford Square and the adjoining squares and streets in the parishes of St. Giles and St. George are shown as open fields.

[2] If these were the ordinary ninety-nine years' leases, it would show that they were granted in 1775.

[3] From information kindly afforded me by A. R. O. Stutfield, Esq., Steward to the Duke of Bedford.

[4] In Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795, he is given as residing here.

"They used formerly to hang for street robberies. That was a time when hanging was more in fashion than it is now. In one of the Recorder's reports, there was one man condemned for a robbery in Bedford Square. The King, George III., consulted his council whether this man's sentence should be executed, and all the ministers, except one, advised that it should. 'I observe,' said the King, 'that Lord Eldon has not yet spoken; what says he?' I answered, 'I will tell your Majesty my opinion: it has been the custom to hang for street robberies, and a very bad crime it is; but I think a distinction might fairly be made between those cases which are attended by personal violence, and those which are not; therefore, as this man did not use any violence, I differ from the other lords, and think he is not an improper object for your Majesty's clemency.' 'Well, well,' said the King, 'since the learned Judge, who lives in Bedford Square, does not think there is any great harm in robberies there, the poor fellow shall not be hanged.'"[1]

Taking 1804[2] as the actual date of Lord Eldon's commencing his residence here, it was not long before the house was one of mourning and the Lord High Chancellor one of the unhappiest men in the kingdom, for here, after an illness of very brief duration, his eldest son expired on December 5, 1805, on the very eve of the birth of *his* eldest son. Some most pathetic letters from the grief-stricken father to his brother, Sir William Scott, show how cruelly he had been smitten, while Lady Eldon's sorrow was so poignant that, for a time, those around her hardly knew what to do to assuage it. "Things grow worse in Bedford Square instead of better," is an expression in one of Sir William Scott's letters to his daughter. In Cheshunt churchyard the Hon. John Scott was buried, at his own request, and his epitaph was written by his uncle, Sir William Scott,[3] afterwards Lord Stowell.

As we know, Lord Eldon was a man of simple tastes and, equally with his wife, with whom he had run away, averse from entertaining company at his house; this rule laid him open to a somewhat unjust charge of parsimoniousness, but did not prevent him from occasionally giving dinner-parties, and at one of these, in 1812, the Prince Regent was present, "dining in Bedford Square with a man whom he had hated more than any other in his father's dominions, according to his unreserved confession," writes Lord Eldon himself to his old friend Dr. Swire.[1]

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[1] *Life of Eldon*, vol. i. p. 399.

[2] Harrison, in *Memorable London Houses*, says 1800–1813; Walford, 1804–1816; Twiss, 1804–1819; Clinch, 1809–1815; Cunningham, 1804–1815. This will give some idea of the divergence of views on a point not perhaps of great importance, but which in the interests of accuracy should be settled once for all.

[3] *Life of Eldon*, vol. i. p. 500.

But a better-known visit was paid Lord Eldon here by the Prince Regent, and as the Lord Chancellor has left an account of it in his own words, they shall be here given; premising that his Royal Highness's object was to overcome Eldon's scruples as to making Jekyll a Master in Chancery.[2] "He came alone to my door in Bedford Square," says Lord Eldon. "Upon the servants going to the door, the Prince Regent observed that, as the Chancellor had the gout, he knew he must be at home, and he therefore desired he might be shown up to the room where the Chancellor was. My servants told the Prince I was much too ill to be seen. He, however, pressed to be admitted, and they, very properly and respectfully, informed him that they had positive orders to show in no one. Upon which he suddenly asked them to show him the staircase, which you know they could not refuse to do. They attended him to it, and he immediately ascended, and pointed first to one door, then to another, asking, 'Is that your master's room?' they answering, 'No,' until he came to the right one; upon which he opened the door and seated himself by my bedside. Well, I was rather surprised to see his Royal Highness, and inquired his pleasure. He stated that he had come to request that I would appoint Jekyll to the vacant Mastership in Chancery. I respectfully answered that I deeply regretted his Royal Highness should ask that, for I could not comply. He inquired why I could not, and I told him, simply because in my opinion Mr. Jekyll was totally unqualified to discharge the duties of that office. He, however, repeated his request, and urged very strongly. I again refused; and for a great length of time he continued to urge, and I continued to refuse, saying Mr. Jekyll was unfit for the office, and I would never agree. His Highness suddenly threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, 'How I do pity Lady Eldon!' 'Good God!' I said, 'What is the matter?' 'Oh, nothing,' answered the Prince, 'except that she never will see you again: for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery.' Well, I was obliged at length to give in, I could not help it." And adds his lordship, somewhat naïvely: "Others ought really to be very delicate in blaming appointments made by persons in authority, for there are often many circumstances totally unknown to the public." Was ever office in this manner won?[1]

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[1] *Life of Eldon*, vol. ii. p. 225.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. pp. 267–8.

In the same year in which this curious incident took place, a Bill for imposing a duty on the importation of foreign corn was on its way through Parliament. This Bill was greatly resented by the lower orders in London, who, as usual, saw only one side of the question, and on the 6th of March popular feeling had risen to such a pitch that an attempt was made by the mob to enter the Houses of Parliament; being repulsed by the police, assisted eventually by troops which had been called out, the angry crowd set off for the house of Lord Eldon, obnoxious to it both as being one in authority and a Tory. Here the mob arrived about ten o'clock at night, and immediately proceeded to break the windows, and to tear up some of the area railings, which they used as crowbars to burst in the front door. Succeeding in this, they flooded the hall and staircase and one of the ground-floor rooms, but finding further ingress barred, they began to destroy what they could around them. Luckily for Lord Eldon and his family, the premises in the rear of No. 6, adjoined the gardens of the British Museum, and here they sought shelter and gave the alarm to the soldiers who then guarded the Museum. These rushed through the back of Lord Eldon's house and quickly drove out the mob, but not before the whole of the hall furniture and that of the adjoining rooms had been destroyed. The mob being dispersed from Bedford Square, created further disturbances in the neighbourhood of Great Russell Street and other parts of the town during the following three days, at the end of which time the military was able to put a stop to further riots. Lord Eldon, in his anecdote book, has left a more detailed account of the occurrence, by which he appears to have actively assisted the troops; and the story is told of how, having collared one of the intruders, he said to him, "If you don't mind what you are about, my man, you'll be hanged;" on which the fellow replied, "Perhaps so, old chap, but I think it looks now as if you would be hanged first"! "and," added Lord Eldon with an arch smile, when telling the story, "I had my misgivings that he was in the right.[2]

I have incidentally remarked that Lord Eldon ran away with his future wife, and Mr. Twiss gives an illustration of the house of that lady's father, Mr. Surtees, at Newcastle, whence the pair eloped. It is then a somewhat curious circumstance that his daughter Elizabeth, not being able to gain his consent to her marriage with Mr. George Repton, followed her mother's example by escaping from the house in Bedford Square on November 27, 1817, and joining her lover, who, having made the necessary arrangements, was married to her by special licence at St. George's, Hanover Square. Not till three years after would Lord Eldon consent to be reconciled to his child, who had but followed the precedent set by himself.

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[1] "The Prince's favour has procured him (Jekyll) that appointment," says Sir S. Romilly, truly enough.

[2] Mr. Wheatley reminds us that the wits said, on Lord Eldon's windows being broken, that "now he at last kept open house," in allusion to his reputation for inhospitality.

In 1819 Lord Eldon quitted No. 6 Bedford Square to take up his abode at the house he had built, No. 1 Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, where he died nearly twenty years later. Of the two houses, now Nos. 6 and 6A, which originally formed his residence; the former was, about twenty years since, the residence of Sir George Donaldson, the well-known art expert, who was followed by some of the Winchelsea family, and subsequently by the Hon. Mrs. O'Grady; and is now occupied by William Harris, Esq., who kindly gave me this information; while No. 6A is in the occupation of Felix Amies, Esq.

At No. 1 lives the well-known actor Weedon Grossmith, Esq., who has most kindly sent me information of great interest regarding the house. I learn from him that it was built by the Adam brothers in 1770, for Sir Lionel Lyde, the well-known special pleader. By the Rate Books it appears to have passed into the occupancy of George Gosling, Esq., the banker, in 1791; and subsequently till 1846, Mrs. Gosling[1] resided there; while in 1859 Miss Lydia Gosling's name appears in the Rate Books. In 1861 I find Jabez Hogg, Esq., M.D., there, and in 1896, Louis Marcy, Esq., until 1902, when Mr. Weedon Grossmith came to reside in the house, which still contains the original mantelpieces designed by the Adams, and a ceiling said to be the work of Angelica Kauffmann. It is further distinguished, unlike other houses in the Square, by a large square hall occupying nearly the whole of the ground floor, which is also adorned by characteristic Adams work.

Next door to Lord Eldon's house, at No. 5, now occupied by John Hopper Baker, Esq., M.D., where was living in 1795, a Dr. Nichols, subsequently resided another legal luminary, Mr. Justice Littledale, who died in 1842. It was in his office in Gray's Inn that Crabb Robinson became a pupil, "by presenting him with the usual fee of 100 guineas, and by entering at once on my employment."[2] Robinson had been introduced to Littledale by Serjeant Rough, and an entry in Crabb Robinson's *Diary* tells us that "the beauty of Littledale's chambers and his capital library" excited the admiration and envy of his pupil. Next door again to this, viz. at No. 4, now occupied by G. P. Willoughby, Esq., Sir Henry Lushington resided from 1799–1804; and Sir George Wood, a Baron of the Exchequer, from 1813–1824. Mention, too, may here be made of John Hunter, Esq., a Governor of the East India Company, who was one of the earlier residents of the Square, being given as living here, in a Directory for 1798. Another lawyer inhabiting a house, No. 43, in Bedford Square was Chief Justice Sir Nicholas Tindal; he it was who recognised the gifts of Talfourd, praising him highly for judgment and skill in the management of legal business; and next door at No. 42, once lived Butterfield, the well-known architect. Among the numerous other legal lights once residing here may be mentioned the names of Justice Lawrence, at No. 16; Judge Heath, at No. 39; and Baron Thomson, at No. 44, who were all resident here in 1795; and at a later date, Mr. Justice Burrough; Mr. Justice Bayley; Sir John Richardson; Mr. Justice Pattison, at No. 33, whom as a simple barrister Crabb Robinson notes as meeting at a New Year's Eve party at Edgar Taylor's; Lord Chief Justice Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, at No. 29; Sir James Allan Park, at No. 32; and Baron Graham. One or two good stories are told of the last judge, once a Baron of the Exchequer. Of him it is related that, in a case concerning certain parish rights, in which the parish of "A. B." was continually being referred to, he said in his address to the jury, "Gentlemen, there is one circumstance very remarkable in this case, that both the plaintiff's and defendant's counsel have talked a great deal about one A. B., and that neither of them has thought proper to call him as a witness!" And he it was who once, at the Old Bailey, omitted to pass sentence of death on a prisoner, and on being reminded of the oversight, said gravely: "Dear me, I beg his pardon, I am sure;" had the unhappy man recalled, and proceeded to pass on him the extreme penalty of the law.

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[1] In Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795 it is given as No. 1—Gosling.

[2] *Diary*, vol. i. p. 193.

The house on the other side of Lord Eldon's, No. 7, now in the occupation of Frank Wilson, Esq., and in 1795 occupied by D. Davidson, Esq., was for many years the residence of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, at one time Member of Parliament for Oxford University. Crabb Robinson met him at the Wordsworths', when he breakfasted there on one of his excursions to town, and remarks that there was "something highly respectable in his appearance," and that "benevolence and simplicity are strongly expressed in his countenance." Some years later he had the satisfaction of introducing Emerson to Sir Robert at a meeting of the Antiquarian Society. A well-known Fellow of this Society also once resided in Bedford Square, for on January 15, 1869, at No. 24 died, at the great age of ninety-one, Sir Henry Ellis. He is chiefly remembered for his monumental edition of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, which he brought out during the years 1817–30. He filled, too, the important position of Chief Librarian at the British Museum from 1827 to 1857. His house is now occupied by G. W. Prothero, Esq. Among other residents in 1829, were the Rev. J. E. Tyler, D.D., Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and James Carden, Esq., at the same address; Richard Woodhouse, Esq., at No. 17; J. F. Pike, Esq., at No. 30; James Parkinson, Esq., at No. 46; Thomas Wakley, Esq., one of the Churchwardens, at No. 35; and Mr. Luke G. Hansard, at No. 10.[1]

Music in the Square has been represented in the person of Sir George Smart, who lived for a time at No. 12, a house that is now the residence of J. C. F. Naumann, Esq., M.D., and was in 1795, that of John Chalie, Esq. Sir George, who lived to the great age of ninety-one, being born in 1776, was known for many years not only as a musical instructor and organist, but as a fine conductor, and it was he who first produced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* in this country. Besides publishing several volumes of glees and anthems, he edited Orlando Gibbons' *Madrigals*, and the Dettingen *Te Deum*. He died in Bedford Square on February 23, 1867.

Next door to Sir George Smart's old house, at No. 13, resided about fifty years since Dr. Black; he was followed in his occupancy by Mr. Beeston, the architect, who subsequently let it to Mr. Clarence Harcourt, a solicitor; its present tenant, Halsey Ricardo, Esq., tells me that the back windows of the house, in common with those of his two adjoining neighbours, look on to the studio once used by Millais when he was living with his family in Gower Street. Here it will be remembered he produced some of his earlier and, if we agree with Ruskin, his more memorable work; while Mr. Holman Hunt was often his companion and fellow-worker.

The next house, No. 14, now in the occupation of A. R. Guest, Esq., is believed to have been built by James Baillie, Esq., a brother of Baillie of Dochefour, in 1776, and was apparently sold to his son in 1797. In the early part of the nineteenth century, Sir William Munro,[2] Sir Alexander Fraser, and Mrs. Larking occupied this house successively, and after the latter's tenancy it passed into the hands of Mr. William Oliver, who lived here from about 1830 to 1860; the present tenant took it, he informs me, from the executors of W. A. Jones, Esq., in 1905.

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[1] Dobie's *History of St. Giles and St. George's, Bloomsbury*. At this house, No. 10, was living in 1795, Charles Shaw Lefevre, Esq.

[2] Boyle, in 1795, gives the owner as Sir A. Munro.

On the other side, at No. 11, lived and died the Hon. Henry Cavendish, third son of the second Duke of Devonshire, the natural philosopher who discovered nitric acid, and was the first who, by inductive experiments, combined oxygen and hydrogen into water. Born at Nice in 1731, he died in Bedford Square in 1810. A tablet on the house commemorates his residence here.

It was at the house of Mrs. Basil Montagu in the Square that Fanny Kemble first met Mrs. Jameson, in 1828. This was at No. 25, where the well-known actress Miss Florence St. John now resides; and here it was that B. W. Procter and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Montagu's, came to reside in 1825, during the course of which year a daughter was born to them, to be known later as Adelaide Anne Procter. It would probably be difficult to point to any house which has, from time to time, echoed the voices of more illustrious or interesting people than No. 25 Bedford Square; as Carlyle said, "it might be defined as a most singular social and spiritual menagerie; which, indeed, was well-known and much noted and criticised in certain literary and other circles."[1] There was Mr. Basil Montagu, an interesting figure in that he was a son of Lord Sandwich and that Miss Reay, whom Hackman afterwards murdered and for which he was executed at Tyburn in 1776, and the story of whose infatuation was given in the work entitled *Love and Madness, or Story too True, &c.*, published in 1780.[2] Mr. Montagu, besides this extraneous reputation, made a name for himself as a legal and miscellaneous writer of great power. Educated at Charterhouse and Christ's College, Cambridge, at the expense of Lord Sandwich, who acknowledged him as his son, he eventually entered Gray's Inn, and was afterwards made a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. The friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge, his name appears in practically all the literary memoirs and diaries of the time in which he lived (1770-1851). Then there was his eminent son-in-law, known, under his pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, as a man of the finest literary attainments, whose friendships were as various and whose fame more extended than that of his father-in-law; and added to these came the daughter whose *Legends and Lyrics*, the recognition of which was due to Dickens, has placed her in a high position among the female poets of this country, and gave promise, had she but lived beyond her thirty-nine years, of something greater still. Of such a household, with such a circle of friends, a book of daring conjecture might well be filled. What talk the chimes at midnight must have heard from the poets dead and gone who gathered round that board!

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[1] *Reminiscences*, p. 3.

[2] See an account of the circumstance, in Timbs's *Romance of London*.

Literature and the Drama[1] are still represented in Bedford Square. As we have seen, Miss Florence St. John resides at No. 25, Lady Monckton at No. 33, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks at No. 53; while Mr. Anthony Hope lives at No. 41. Art, too, is represented by Mr. Norman Forbes Robertson, and until recently by the veteran James Orrock; while many of the houses have now become the offices of architects and solicitors.

Some of the houses in the Square are examples of Adams work, notably No. 47, the residence of H. Sefton Jones, Esq.; but at the same time, there is no doubt that some of them, as one of the residents pathetically notes, were built rather for display than comfort, as is evidenced by the great superiority of the reception-rooms over those on the upper floors. One of the chief characteristics of the Adams work is well indicated in the Square by the centre houses on the four sides, which are similar in design. Thus on the south side Nos. 46 and 47 are in outward appearance one house; so are 6 and 6A on the east; and 18 and 19 on the north side; while on the west side No. 32 is, although somewhat smaller, analogous in its characteristics. All these houses are painted in the same (cream) colour, and thus form four keynotes to the general scheme of the Square.

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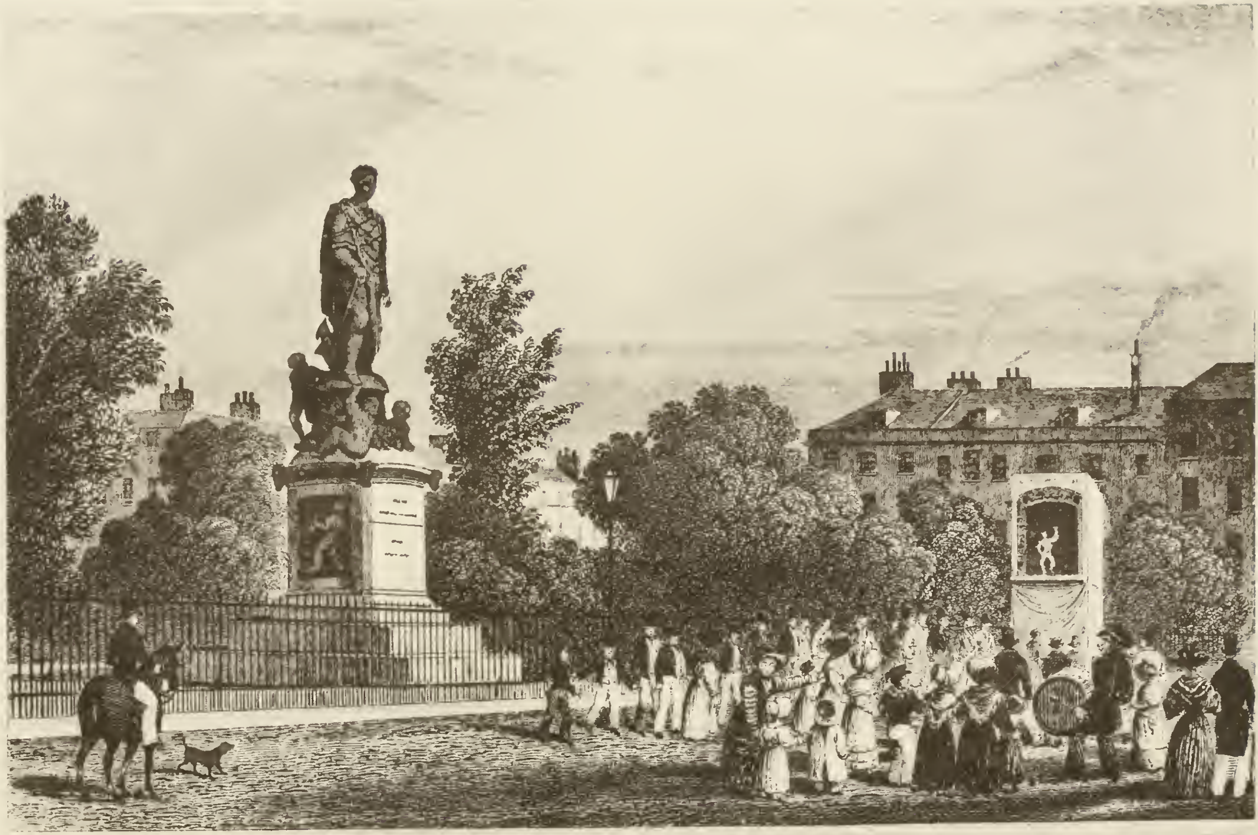
[1] H. J. Byron, the playwright, formerly resided in a house on the east side of the Square; and other former residents include J. Raine, Esq., M.D., and Richard Richards, Esq., Directors of the Law Life Assurance Co., in 1831, and Miss Kearsley, noted for her collection of Blake's drawings, mentioned by Mrs. Gilchrist, in 1862.



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RUSSELL SQUARE, AND STATUE OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

CHAPTER VII

RUSSELL SQUARE

"Russell Square . . . has, from its first formation, been a favourite residence of the highest legal characters . . . the air and situation uniting to render it a pleasant retreat from the cares of business."—Dobie, *History of St. Giles in the Fields.*

THE Right Honourable John Wilson Croker once solemnly propounded the question in the House of Commons: "Where is Russell Square?" It was the fashion then, when coachmen raised their eyebrows on being told by noble masters to drive into the City, and asked where they should change horses, or when Brummell was horrified at being found by Sheridan so far east as Charing Cross, to affect a superior ignorance of localities not actually within the purlieus of Mayfair. Such an attitude, if affected now, would hardly have the merit of paradox, for Russell Square is just one of those large open spaces which do not lie in the way of the general public; and for every one who knows it, it is probable that three Londoners would not be able to find their way to it without the aid of direction.

Within recent years one side, the east, of the Square has become altered in a very striking way, for quite half that side has been absorbed in one of those vast hotels which appear to be springing up with the same frequency as new theatres, all over London. In this case, it is the sumptuous Hotel Russell; while next to No. 65, on the same side, several houses[1] have been demolished to make way for the Imperial Hotel, now (1906) in course of erection. The Hotel Russell is constructed in terra-cotta, or brick which resembles it, and nearly all the houses on the north side and some in other parts of the Square have been refaced with the same material, which, perhaps artistically, carries out the scheme of the dominant building, but has not greatly conduced to the preservation of the otherwise Georgian appearance of the houses, and inevitably suggests the idea that the surplus material, after the erection of the hotel, has been thus carefully utilised.

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[1] In one of these, No. 62, William Cowper lived when he was at Westminster School. Mr. Swan Sonnenschein, who informs me of this, bought it in 1887. It was demolished in 1905.

Russell Square, if not as modern as some I shall have to notice, is not one of the old ones; its genesis dating from 1801, in which year it was laid out under the provisions of an Act of 39 & 40 George III. cap. 50. By this the owner of the fee-simple in the Square, together with certain other specified persons, was appointed for five years to carry out the Act; and afterwards the owner of the land and the occupiers of the houses in the Square were appointed Commissioners for regulating the central gardens, &c., the exclusive use of which is vested in the owner and the aforesaid occupiers. Towards the formation of the garden the Commissioners were empowered to levy a rate upon the houses not exceeding 1s. in the £ per annum on the yearly rentals or values of the houses, and for its maintenance a further rate not exceeding 6d. in the £ per annum.[1]

In old maps we find that this part of the town was, practically till the middle of the eighteenth century, open fields; indeed another square, Queen Square, which was formed in the reign of Queen Anne, was left open on its north side in order that the inhabitants might have an uninterrupted view of the high ground about Highgate and Hampstead. The particular ground covered by Russell Square was formerly known as Southampton Fields, and later as Long Fields. These fields were an open dreary waste till the beginning of the nineteenth. century, but in the vicinity were two important mansions of the greatest interest; one being Bedford House, surrounded by fine grounds, which lay to the south; the other Baltimore House, which bounded it on the east; while to the north were some nursery grounds; and to the westward land occupied by the Toxophilite Society.

As in the case of Queen Square, when first formed Russell Square had a magnificent view towards Hampstead. It was practically completed in 1804, and with the possible exception of Lincoln's Inn Fields, which by-the-bye is said to be of the same dimensions as the base of the great Pyramid, it is the largest square in London, its measurements being, on the north and south sides, just over 665 feet; 672 on the west, and 667 on the east, which is in the aggregate 140 feet square less than Lincoln's Inn Fields. Dobie, writing in 1829, speaks of the north and west sides having a higher elevation than the others; which, besides giving a bad architectural effect, "renders the carriage pavement so unequal," he says,

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[1] From information kindly afforded me by A. R. O. Stutfield, Esq., Steward to the Duke of Bedford.

"that no one can prevent it overflowing with wet in various parts, at certain seasons of the year"!

Southampton or Bedford House mentioned above belongs properly to Bloomsbury Square, and has been already noticed, but Baltimore House, at the corner of Guildford Street, was once an integral part of Russell Square. It was erected in 1763, by Frederick, seventh Lord Baltimore, who succeeded his father in 1751, having married a daughter of the Duke of Bridgewater. The mansion would seem to have been erected on an eccentric plan, for Noorthouck, writing in 1776, says of it that "it was either built without a plan, or else has had very whimsical owners; for the door has been shifted to different parts of the house, until at last it is lost to all outward appearance, being now carried into the stable-yard."[1]

Baltimore House is connected with an incident apparently but too characteristic of its profligate owner's tastes and habits. Timbs has given us a somewhat detailed account of the circumstance, and from his story the following facts have been extracted. It appears that Lord Baltimore had agents who pandered to his pleasures by seeking out objects likely to gratify their employer. One of these scoundrels, a woman named Mrs. Harvey, in 1767, heard of a young Quaker milliner named Sarah Woodcock, who kept a shop in Tower Hill, as being remarkably beautiful, and Lord Baltimore having visited the place and approved of her appearance, she was decoyed into his carriage by another accomplice named Isaacs. Pretending that he was taking his dupe to a lady who wished to purchase some millinery, he drove away with her to Baltimore House. There she was taken through numerous reception-rooms, until in one of them the owner of the mansion made his appearance. Remembering him immediately as having visited her shop, the girl became alarmed, but on his pretending that he was the steward of the lady who wished to give Miss Woodcock some orders, she became calmer. Lord Baltimore then withdrew and a Mrs. Griffinburgh (surely an ominous name) made her appearance in the character of mistress of the house, and succeeded, under one pretence and another, in detaining the girl till a late hour, although she had made various efforts to depart. Lord Baltimore now again made his appearance, and after showing her several other rooms in the house, induced her to have some supper, after which his conduct became too unequivocal for his victim to longer doubt his real intentions. She resisted all his advances, however, notwithstanding that both Mrs. Griffinburgh and her husband, as well as Mrs. Harvey, endeavoured to assist him in overcoming her scruples. Finally she was locked in a bedroom, where she is said to have continued walking about till morning in a state of the greatest distress. Next day Lord Baltimore attempted every art, cajolery and menace, to overcome her obduracy, but ineffectually, and she was finally placed in a coach and conveyed to Woodcote Park, near Epsom,[1] his Lordship's family seat, and there she is stated to have yielded to his importunities. In the meantime Miss Woodcock's friends had obtained a clue to her whereabouts, and immediately secured a warrant against Lord Baltimore and his accomplices, who were tried at the Kingston Assizes, on March 25, 1768. After a long trial, Lord Baltimore, in consequence of some informality in the evidence, was acquitted; but the trial had one excellent result, for his Lordship, in consequence of the notoriety which it had attached to his name, disposed of his property in this country, and went to Italy, where he died in Naples, three years after. He was altogether an unsatisfactory person, but he had some claim to literary attainments, and one of his works, *A Tour to the East in* 1763–64, *with Remarks on the City of Constantinople*—a subject in which he should have been perfectly at home—was published in 1767, and may still be occasionally met with. After his death his body was brought to this country, and was buried at Epsom.[2]

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[1] Noorthouck's *History of London.*

When Noorthouck opined, as we have seen, that Baltimore House has had "very whimsical owners" he was perfectly right, for after Lord Baltimore had given it up, it became the residence of a hardly less eccentric nobleman, in the person of the sixth Duke of Bolton, who is supposed to be indicated as Captain Whiffle in *Roderick Random;* he certainly had been a midshipman, but although Wraxall says that in the navy "he gained no laurels," he became in due course Admiral of the White; besides which he represented Winchester in Parliament from 1762 to 1765, and was Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and Governor of the Isle of Wight in 1782. Mr. Walford states that his mother was the well-known actress Lavinia Felton, celebrated as the original "Polly Peacham," but this is quite erroneous, as that lady was married *en second noces* to Charles Paulet, the third Duke, uncle of the sixth Duke whose mother was Catherine, daughter of Charles Parry, Esq., of Oakfield, in Berkshire, his father being the fourth Duke, brother of the third Duke, while he himself succeeded *his* brother the fifth Duke in 1765.

Russell Square has always been noted as a favourite dwelling-place for those learned in the law, and it is therefore fitting to find that the successor to the Duke of Bolton, in what was originally Baltimore but later Bolton House, should have been the very distinguished lawyer and politician, Wedderburn, first Earl of Rosslyn, but better known as Lord Loughborough, who was Solicitor-General in 1771, Attorney-General in 1778, Lord Chief Justice from 1780–93, and Lord Chancellor from the latter year till 1801. A man, according to Lord Campbell, "of a handsome as well as a dignified presence"; it was on his abilities, says Wraxall, that "the systematic opposition to government principally reposed," and referring to his influence over the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., he adds that "the elevation of his mind, aided by the attainments of his comprehensive intelligence, personal, no less than professional, entitled him indeed to be consulted at such a juncture," *i.e.* the Regency question. The judgments of contemporaries are notoriously various; and we find Sir Egerton Brydges,[1] stating that although "Lord Rosslyn was a subtle reasoner, he had no strength, closeness, or rectitude about him, and convinced no one." As to his personal charm there is a greater unanimity of opinion, and Beloe may be quoted to prove that he was "a most polished gentleman, conciliating all who approached him by his affability and graciousness of manner";[2] while Brougham is a witness that "his manners were courteous and even noble, polite in his demeanour, elegant, and dignified in his habits."[3]

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[1] It had been built by the sixth Lord Baltimore. It was a fine building in the classic style, and a good representation of it is to be found in Brayley's *History of Surrey*, vol. iv. p. 362.

[2] For an account of the foregoing incident see Dobie, and Timbs's *Romance of London.*

During the tenancy of Lord Rosslyn, Bolton House was honoured by a royal visit; for here, on June 21, 1799, came George III., where he was joined by Queen Charlotte and some other members of the royal family, and after being entertained by the owner at a grand collation, proceeded to inspect the Foundling Hospital in the neighbouring Guildford Street; with this visit was also incorporated a great review of all the corps of volunteers in and about London. In the Foundling Chapel, at the singing of the National Anthem, the spectators, we are told, "were affected, even to tears of loyal joy"; while the King was so pleased with the latter part of the day's proceedings, that he gave especial orders to the Duke of York "to express the heartfelt satisfaction which every part of the conduct of those patriotic troops had excited in his mind."[4]

Lord Rosslyn lived only a few years longer in Bolton House, removing to 12 St. James's Square in 1803, and expiring at Windsor on January 2, 1805; upon which event his royal master was pleased to exclaim, "Then he has not left a greater rogue behind him." George III. had a tenacious memory, and he evidently did not forget the part played by Rosslyn with regard to the Regency Bill. Subsequently Bolton House was occupied in turn by Sir John Nicholl, Sir Vicary Gibbs, and Sir Charles Flower, Bart.

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[1] *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 292.

[2] *The Sexagenarian*, vol. i. p. 305.

[3] *Statesmen of Time of George III.*, first series.

[4] *George III.: His Court and Family*, vol. ii. p. 258.

Smith, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, makes a curious mistake with regard to this mansion, in stating that it was subsequently demolished and several houses built upon its site. As a matter of fact, as Mr. Whiffen, in his illuminating notes to the last edition of Smith's book points out, the house is still standing, but has been divided into several smaller residences. Timbs, when writing his *Romance of London*, mentions its being cut up into two houses,[1] one of which preserved the name of Bolton House; while the unity of the original mansion was preserved in the pitch of the slate roof. So open was the house in 1777, that Smith remembered going with his father on a sketching expedition to Pancras Old Church, which was then so rural that its only enclosure was a low and very old railing, in some parts entirely covered by docks and nettles, and from thence having an uninterrupted view of Bolton House.

We have seen that Noorthouck waxed satirical over the formation of Bolton House, and as it survives to-day, cut up into two houses, it somewhat preserves this characteristic, except that the entrances to Nos. 66 and 67, which are its present-day equivalents, face boldly on to the Square; but No. 71,[2] which is occupied jointly with No. 67 by the National Union of Teachers, of which J. H. Yoxall, Esq., M.P., is the Secretary, joins the house, probably originally as a wing, behind and gives to the premises something of the shape of the letter T.

The interior of No. 67 is still imposing by reason of its extent, and interesting on account of the decorations and carvings which have happily been preserved. Thus the great size of the rooms and of the well-staircase, as well as of the back stairs which alone occupy the space which would be considered sufficient for an ordinary London house, help to carry us back to the days when superficial area had not the importance which it enjoys to-day in the City of London; while the beautifully decorated ceilings, in the manner of Angelica Kauffmann; the richly carved and gilded over-doors; and the classic elegance (the word must be forgiven me, for I am speaking of Georgian style) of the cornices and ceilings, somewhat in the Adams manner, though perhaps rather to be traced to a copyist of the famous brothers than to the *Adelphi* themselves, help to carry out the illusion that on passing the threshold we have stepped back at least a century. Some of the mantelpieces are extraordinarily fine, one particularly noticeable representing on the entablature the Death of Socrates, flanked on each side by almost life-sized figures of the great Philosopher himself and his most famous pupil Plato. In another marble mantelpiece the carving of a lion set in the centre would seem to indicate the work of a master and to have been added to the original framework of the fireplace. In some of the mantelpieces and cornices we find the crest and supporters of the Duke of Bolton introduced, thus proving that these were placed here during his possession of the house. These are described technically thus: *Crest*—On a wreath a mount vert, from whence a falcon rising or, gorged with a ducal coronet gules. *Supporters*—Two hinds purpure, semée of estoiles argent, gorged with a ducal coronet or.

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[1] Now Nos. 66 and 67, still distinguished by handsome carved mantelpieces, and a ceiling said to have been painted by Angelica Kauffmann. No. 67 is now occupied by the National Union of Teachers, and No. 66 by the Royal Photographic Society, the Secretary of which has kindly given me this information.

[2] Mr. D'Oyly Carte is stated to have once occupied this house when it was a separate tenement.

At No. 21 in the Square lived, and tragically died, Sir Samuel Romilly. He was a great lawyer, but it would be as true to say a great philanthropist, for so much of his life's work was given up to the attempted reform of the scandalous criminal law of that period, that he certainly merits the double title, although he unfortunately did not live to see the realisation of his humane efforts, which resulted in the abrogation of the death penalty for such trivial offences as petty thefts. Romilly made a large fortune at the Bar, but it was at the expense of his happiness, and we are told in his *Memoirs* that "though by nature gifted for the delights and comforts of a domestic circle, and for the intercourse of social life, he saw little of his family or of his friends."[1] The death of his wife, whom he only survived three days, seems to have entirely unhinged his mind, which had been already unduly strained by his legal studies and his enforced abstinence from congenial pleasures, with the result that he committed suicide at his house in Russell Square on November 2, 1818, in his sixty-second year. Creevey, writing in the following month to the Hon. A. G. Bennett, thus refers to the sad event: "I must advert to the great calamity we have all sustained in the death of poor Romilly. His loss is perfectly irreparable. By his courageous and consistent public conduct, united with his known private worth, he was rapidly acquiring an authority over men's minds that, had his life been spared a few years, would, I think, have equalled, if not surpassed, even that of Mr. Fox."[2] Sydney Smith, in a sermon on the "Meditation of Death," voiced the grief of all thinking people at the loss of so much genius and integrity. The pleasant, but somewhat sad and wistful face of Romilly looks out from the canvas which another famous inhabitant of the Square painted, and it is probable that there is more thought in Lawrence's portrait of that great man than in any other picture from his hand.

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[1] *Life of Sir Samuel Romilly.*

[2] *The Creevey Papers*, vol. i. p. 290.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is more closely connected with Russell Square than any of the notable people who have dwelt in it: for he lived here, at No. 65,[1] during the last twenty-five years of his busy life, from 1805 to 1830. If we call to mind the numbers of famous people whose portraits were transferred to canvas by Sir Thomas, we shall have a good idea of the company that from time to time entered the doors of this house and helped to make famous the name of an unequal but at one time fashionable painter. One such visit created quite a stir in the Square, and Mitford, referring to it, notes that he would never forget, in 1818, "the Cossacks mounted on their small white horses, with their long spears grounded, standing sentinels at the door of this great painter, whilst he was taking the portrait of their general Platoff."

Here in Russell Square Lawrence collected that fine assemblage of works of art, the nucleus of which had been formed by purchases at the sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds's effects. The collection, to which Sir Thomas never ceased adding—which led on one occasion to his being in such straitened circumstances that Rogers[2] found him at his door in St. James's Place, in a state of great agitation, begging for the loan of a few thousands and offering pictures as security, which the poet induced Lord Dudley to advance the next day—was particularly rich in drawings by the great masters. It included indeed no less than 180 by Raphael, 100 by Michael Angelo, 75 by Leonardo, 150 by Rubens, 60 by Titian, 90 by Rembrandt, &c., while nearly all the famous artists were represented in a similarly abundant manner. It was truly, as Smith said, "a princely collection," and well might Sir Thomas, as he did in his will, declare it to be in value and completeness unequalled in Europe.[3] This collection, after having been offered to and refused by George IV. and the Trustees of the British Museum, at the comparatively trivial sum of £18,000, named in Lawrence's will, was subsequently purchased, in 1834, by Messrs. Woodburne for £20,000, at which amount the executors were empowered to sell, although it represented less than half what the pictures and drawings had originally cost the painter.

But Sir Thomas's house contained specimens of earlier art than these pictures, for we find Smith noting "the splendid and inestimable collection of early Greek and Roman foliated ornaments liberally and tastefully displayed on the walls of the staircase and painting-rooms of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his house in Russell Square."[1] Smith acted as agent for Lawrence in the acquisition of some of the treasures of sculpture, &c., with which No. 65 was filled.[2]

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[1] Now the residence of David Sinclair, Esq., but modernised as to its exterior, and showing a memorial tablet on its front.

[2] Clayden's *Rogers*, vol. i. p. 423, and Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 132.

[3] Taylor's *Fine Arts in England*, vol. ii. p. 375.

Lawrence died somewhat suddenly of an ossification of the heart, in Russell Square, on January 7, 1830; and Etty, writing to Bodley, describes calling to inquire, on the very night his "friend and honoured master" died. "I knocked three times; but as I had not knocked loud, got no answer. I then rang: a little boy came. I asked if it was true Sir Thomas had been unwell. 'He had been some days.' I asked if he kept his bed. 'Not exactly: he kept his bedroom, and sat by the fire.' I told him to take my compliments, and I wished much to know how he was. 'I can't go into the room, sir: his doctor is with him; but he is a great deal better to-day.' Gracious and merciful God!" adds Etty, "he was dying about that very moment: about nine o'clock, in a small bedroom, in the upper part of his house."[3] On the previous 31st December, Lawrence's friend Miss Croft had called in Russell Square, and found the painter apparently as well as usual.[4]

No. 65 appears to have remained unoccupied for a considerable time after the painter's death, for I find Haydon, on May 25, 1832, entering these words in his *Journal:* "I passed Lawrence's house. Nothing could be more melancholy or desolate. I knocked and was shown in. The passages were dusty, the paper torn, the parlours dark, the painting-room forlorn, the very paint on the door green with mildew. I went into the parlour which used to be instinct with life! 'Poor Sir Thomas, always in trouble,' said the woman who had the care of the house. 'Always something to worrit him.' I saw his bedroom, small; only a little bed; the mark of it was against the wall.[5] Close to his bedroom was an immense room (divided), yet open over the partitions. It must have been five or six rooms turned into one large workshop. . . . His painting-room was a large back drawing-room: his showroom a large front one. He occupied a parlour and a bedroom; all the rest of the house was turned to business. And this was the home of one of those whose patrons were 'kings and princes, and peers and peeresses his companions,' one whose accquaintance not a genius in England but reckoned a pleasure if not an honour!"[6]

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[1] *Nollekens and his Times*, p. 350.

[2] Besides what Woodburne purchased, the collection of casts from the antique and some models, &c., were sold at 65 Russell Square, by Christie's, on July 6, 1830, and realised the small sum of £732, 10s.

[3] Gilchrist's *Life of Etty*, vol. i. p. 283.

[4] Timbs's *Anecdote Biography*, second series, p. 269.

[5] If only Haydon had put some of the realism of his writing into his pictures!
Cunningham's *Life of Lawrence*.

Two doors from Sir Thomas Lawrence's old house, at No. 67,[1] lived Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, who became Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, but is better known as the author of *Ion* and *Glencoe*, the friend of Dickens and nearly all the literary and artistic people of the day, and according to the general idea, as the original of the immortal *Traddles;* and above all, perhaps more likely than anything else to carry his name to posterity, as the friend to whom *Pickwick* was dedicated.

It was while dining with Talfourd here, in company with Forster, that Macready found, to his delight, that an anonymous play called *Glencoe*, which had been submitted to him, was the work of his host. The incident is graphically described in the great actor's *Diary* for December 12, 1839: "After dinner the conversation turned on plays. I mentioned one I had of a striking character upon a popular subject. Talfourd asked me the title. I told him *Glencoe.* He questioned me about its possible melodramatic tendency. I told him that the treatment avoided the melodrama of the stage; that the style was an imitation of his writing, but without the point that terminated his speeches; that the story was well managed and dramatic; and that I intended to act it. At last, to my utter astonishment, he pulled out two books from his pocket and said, 'Well, I will no longer conceal it—it is my play;' and he gave each of us a copy.[2] Talfourd died with tragic suddenness while charging the Grand Jury at Stafford, on March 13, 1854.

Serjeant Ballantine recalls the social gatherings that took place at Talfourd's, which "included not only those who had obtained eminence in their profession, but the young who were striving to do so," which perhaps, as much as anything, points to the amiable and friendly qualities of the host.

Another lawyer, Chief Justice Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden, once resided at No. 28[3] Russell Square. The son of a barber at Canterbury, he rose to the highest position in the law, and became an authority, still followed, on mercantile law; his book on the *Law Relating to Merchant Ships and Seamen*, published in 1802, being a text-book on the subject. Even the critical Charles Greville allows that he "was a remarkable man," and that "his elevation did great credit to the judgment which selected him" . . . and he adds, "He was a profound lawyer, and appears to have had a mind fraught with the spirit and genius of the law, and not narrow and trammelled by its subtleties and technicalities."[1] Lord Tenterden died on November 4,[2] 1832; and Denman, another resident in the Square, at No. 50, was immediately selected to fill the office of Lord Chief Justice, thus rendered vacant. Besides being a great lawyer, Denman is remembered as having helped to defend Queen Caroline, at whose deathbed he was present in 1820. It will be recalled that at the trial, when the Treasury suggested that even if the Queen's name were not added to the Liturgy, it might be inferred that she was included in the prayer for the royal family, it was Denman who retorted with, "If her Majesty is included in any general prayer, it is in the prayer for all who are desolate and oppressed;"[3] while his celebrated parallel between George IV. and his Queen and Nero and Octavia was, as Creevey[4] says, "perfect in all its parts;" and was almost as daring as Sir John Eliot's comparison of Buckingham with Sejanus, when the offended Charles exclaimed, "He must mean me for Tiberius."

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[1] Mentioned before as being part of old Bolton House.

[2] Macready's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 155.

[3] Two doors off at No. 26, now the Rev. Bramley Moore's, lived Beverley the scene-painter, and the ceilings of the first-floor rooms were painted by him, so I am informed by the present occupier.

Four doors from Lord Denman's house resided another lawyer, Mr. Justice Holroyd, who was living for a time at No. 46; and an amusing story is told by Horace Smith, *à propos* of his brother James Smith, which may be given here. It appears that James Smith was desired on one occasion by his father to get an affidavit sworn at a judge's chambers; but being engaged to dine at Russell Square at the house next to Sir George Holroyd, he thought he might combine business with pleasure, and save himself a journey, by calling at the judge's residence and getting it done there—especially as in emergencies this was then customary; accordingly on his way to dinner he called at No. 46, boldly knocked at the door, and desired to see Sir George on particular business. It happened that the latter had just sat down to dinner, but on receiving the message, he promptly left the table, and swore the affidavit. This being done, he asked Smith what was the pressing emergency in the matter. Smith tried to think of a good excuse, but ignobly failing, he came out with, "The fact is, my Lord, I am engaged to dine at the next house—and—and—" "And, sir, you thought you might as well save your own dinner by spoiling mine?" "Exactly so, my Lord, but—" "Sir," replied the irate lawyer, "I wish you a good evening."[5]

As we have seen, Russell Square has been, as it is largely now, the home of lawyers, but there remain to be noticed one or two people famous in other walks of life who have at one time or another resided here.

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[1] *Diaries*, first series, vol. iii. p. 331.

[2] He was, at his own request, buried in the Foundling Hospital close by.

[3] *The Creevey Papers*, vol. i. p. 304.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] The story is given in Mr. Beavan's *James and Horace Smith*.

One of these was indeed a lawyer, but his name is associated with literary men so largely, and his interests were so averse from legal matters—indeed he once said that the two best things he ever did were, "going to the bar and leaving it," with an obvious sense of relief at the latter step—that one hardly thinks of him as a gentleman of the long robe. Henry Crabb Robinson, who is here referred to, came to reside at No. 30, Russell Square, on September 25, 1839. In his well-known *Diary*, he thus notes the circumstance: "I left my chambers in Plowden's Buildings, and went to my apartments in Russell Square, No. 30. I am to pay for this, my new domicile, £100 per annum. It gives me no vote, subjects me to no service. I have no reason to complain of my surroundings. Fellows has the second floor." Here we find him, in 1843, entertaining that "flaming zealot for the new doctrines," Faber, author of a strange book then lately published—*Lights, &c., in Foreign Lands.* "I got up a small dinner party," says Crabb Robinson, "being a little put to it whom to invite, as my connections do not lie among the apostles of religious persecutions or the Anglo-papistical Church." He did manage to make up a little party however, and he tabulates their various leanings thus humorously: "1. a Clergyman with Oxford propensities—this was Harness; 2. a Unitarian Puseyite, who was Hunter; 3. a Layman whose life is spent in making people happy—Kenyon, the friend of the Brownings; and the fourth was Fellows, 'a traveller in the East,' who professes that among the best practical Christians he has met with are the followers of Mahomet."[1]

Later in life, when his friends thought that he should not be so much alone as he necessarily would have been in rooms, it was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Talfourd Ely, close friends in whom he took great interest, should live with him, and he therefore, after looking at various other houses in the neighbourhood, which for one reason and another were found unsuitable, arranged to rent the whole of No. 30, in the year 1864. Three years later, on February 5, 1867, he died in this house, where he had lived off and on a little over twenty-seven years.[2]

The Fellows mentioned above as occupying the second floor, when Crabb Robinson first installed himself in rooms in No. 30, was Sir Charles Fellows, the well-known traveller and archæologist in Asia Minor, who discovered, among other remains, the ruins of Tlos and Xanthus in Lycia. His collections are now in the British Museum, to which he left them on his death in 1860.

By Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, we incidentally learn of another interesting resident in the Square in the person of John Walter, the third John

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[1] *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 238.

[2] *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 385.

Walter of the *Times*, who so largely increased the size and business of that great paper by the inauguration of the Walter Press. He appears to have come to live in Russell Square about the year 1846, for the Diarist, in an entry for that year, writes, "I called this morning on *young* John Walter's, who has taken a house on the opposite side of Russell Square, and I was induced to accept an invitation to join a family party there in the afternoon." It will be remembered that at one time Crabb Robinson was on the staff of the *Times*, and was a close personal friend of John Walter the second, as well as of his son.

Another acquaintance of Crabb Robinson once lived at No. 12. This was William Took, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a writer on currency and political economy, who also represented Truro in Parliament from 1835 to 1837. We find Robinson desiring him to buy on his behalf a share in the London University, afterwards University College; and he was a colleague with him on the Committee of management of the College in later years.

At No. 56 in the Square, now the residence of R. W. Dibden, Esq., F.R.G.S., Miss Mitford was staying in 1836, and it is probable that when here she made one at the supper party, "largely attended by actors, lawyers, and dramatists," which was given by Macready after the first performance of *Ion*. Crabb Robinson, who was there, records that he sat by Miss Tree and near Miss Mitford; and when Kenyon took the author of *Our Village*, in May 1836, to see the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens and called for Miss Barrett, "a hermitess in Gloucester Place,"[1] Miss Mitford was possibly staying at Russell Square. We know she received Wordsworth here among the many visitors who came to see her, for she refers to the circumstance in a letter, thus: "Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Landor, and Mr. White dined here. I like Mr. Wordsworth, of all things. . . . Mr. Landor is a very striking-looking person, and exceedingly clever. Also we had Mr. Browning, a young poet, and Mr. Procter, and Mr. Morley, and quantities more of poets; Stanfield and Lucas were also there." What a constellation!

We now come to the last notable resident in Russell Square in past days—to Frederick Denison Maurice, the Christian Socialist, who from 1856 to 1862, occupied No. 5, which has now disappeared to make way for the magnificent Hotel Russell. Here, rising nearly always at six o'clock, he would take his habitual cold bath; and from breakfast-time till his frugal dinner at 6.30, he was almost invariably engaged in dictation to Mrs. Maurice, pouring out floods of words which found their ultimate expression in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana;* in his *Ancient*, *Mediæval*,

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[1] *Friendships of Miss R. Mitford*, vol. ii. p. 15.

and Modern Philosophy, or in one of the numerous books or articles which he produced in such quick succession. Crabb Robinson was a friend of his, and they must have seen a great deal of each other when living so near one another in Russell Square. It was during that year of general upheaval, 1848, that Maurice became the leader of the so-called Christian Socialists; while his *Theological Essays*, published five years later, raised such a storm of criticism that he was forced to resign the professorship which he held at King's College. A year later, however, he became Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Queen Square; and in 1866 he was selected as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. This last appointment he held for about six years, dying on April 1, 1872, in his sixty-seventh year. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion about Maurice's charming personality. From many such references, I may quote Mrs. Brookfield as saying that she not only liked him greatly, but "felt a reverence for him, and yet not the same stammering awe I have of Trench; not that I thoroughly liked Maurice's writings, but he seems broad-minded and earnest."

As identifying certain bygone residents with particular houses, I note that among the Vestrymen of St. George's, Bloomsbury, who lived here, and are given by Dobie in 1829, are the following: Lord Tenterden, at No. 28 Russell Square; William Pratt, Esq., at No. 59; John Rawlinson, Esq., at No. 38; William Groom, Esq., at No. 24; and Barry Hutchinson, Esq., at No. 52;[1] while a director of the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Co., Samuel Miles, Esq., was residing here in 1831, as were two of its trustees, the Rev. G. Shepherd and Andrew Mia'Ville, Esq.; as well as a director of the Albion Fire and Life Insurance Co., in the person of Thomas Sterling Benson, Esq., in 1825. One more house deserves notice, No. 13, for here lived for over a quarter of a century, till his death in November 1905, Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association in 1844; an organisation which to-day numbers no less than 7000 branches, in forty countries, with a roll of members exceeding 700,000. The house in Russell Square was naturally a rallying-point for all those interested in this great work, and deputations as well as individuals from all parts of the globe were wont to wait on Sir George at No. 13. It is therefore appropriate that this house will in future be occupied by the National Council, as the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., Sir George's family having assigned the lease for that purpose.

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[1] Thomas Yates, a wholesale tobacco manufacturer, father of the actor Frederick Henry Yates, and grandfather of the late Edmund Yates, lived in Russell Square; as Mr. Yates in his *Recollections* informs us.

The central garden contains,[1] on its south side, a colossal statue of Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford, whom a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*,[2] once describod as "tall, well formed, elegant in his person, and polished in his manners." The statue was erected seven years after his Grace's death, and is the work of Westmacott. It is of bronze and stands on a granite pedestal, on which is cut simply the Duke's name and the date of the year in which it was put up. The whole is no less than twenty-seven feet in height, and represents the Duke resting one hand on a plough, while with the other he holds some ears of corn, in allusion to his well-known agricultural tastes. The four seasons are personified by children at the base of the figure, while on the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs in bronze representing agricultural subjects; and the whole recalls, as Walford phrases it, "one of those illustrious statesmen of ancient Rome, whose time was divided between the labours of the Senate and those of their Sabine farms."[3]

There is to-day, beyond what I have before noticed, not much alteration in the Square from what it was at the time of its formation; this arises, of course, from the fact that that event dates from relatively recent times. It was, too, a period when spaciousness was one of the chief merits of domestic architecture,[4] and there has therefore been little necessity, as there has frequently been found to be with houses of an earlier period, to entirely demolish them in order to conform to more modern requirements.

Many notable people still reside in Russell Square, which seems to be again resuming its position as a fashionable locality. The legal profession is still largely represented, and to the legal has been added the theatrical, a combination which has become traditional; and we find among the present owners or occupiers of houses here, such well-known names as those of George Grossmith, Esq., at No. 55; Edwin Freshfield, Esq., at No. 35; and Lionel Monckton, Esq., at No. 69.

Russell Square has the honour of figuring in the finest story in the world, for the readers of *Vanity Fair* will remember that here dwelt in the days of their prosperity the Sedleys, and here it was that Rebecca Sharp was first introduced into that family and commenced the conquest of the egregious Joseph—the collector of Boggley Wollah; here, too, dwelt the Osbornes;[1] and hither, about three weeks after June 18, 1815, came Sir William Dobbin and brought the letter from George Osborne to his bereaved and wretched father, a letter which Mr. Osborne dropped "with the bitterest, deadliest pang of balked affection and revenge," for "his son was still beloved and unforgiven."

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[1] Fanny Kemble, in her *Records of a Girlhood*, states that when staying in Great Russell Street she had a key of this garden given her, and records how with a book in her hand, generally Shakespeare, she used to mechanically pace the gravel walks, and ever after associated certain readings of *Othello* and *Macbeth* with that place; while Lady Burne-Jones, in her *Memorials of Burne-Jones*, states that "the garden of Russell Square furnished the marigolds that fill the space in the foreground beneath the wayside shrine," in Burne-Jones's *Merciful Knight*.

[2] Vol. lxxii. p. 285.

[3] *Old and New London*, vol. iv. p. 565.

[4] The principle introduced by the Adam Brothers of making rows of houses appear as a single erection, by uniting several residences under one uniform façade, will be found exemplified here on the west side, where Nos. 31–37 have this characteristic; the middle house, No. 34, now the home of the Auctioneers' Institute, being the keynote to the scheme.

QUEEN SQUARE

> "A walk round Queen's Square is as pleasant as any of the public gardens."
> NOORTHOUCK (1773).

LIKE the majority of London squares, Queen Square when formed was not properly a square at all, for three sides of it only were built upon, the north side being left open in order that an uninterrupted view towards Hampstead might be enjoyed by the residents. A view of the Square taken in 1787, shows its formation in this respect, and enables us to realise, better than pages of description would do, what an extraordinary change has taken place in this part of London during the hundred odd years that have elapsed since the view of it was taken. We find, by a plan of London published by Luffman, that even so comparatively soon after that event as 1819, houses and streets had taken the place of the open fields of 1787, but even this increase in building represents but an insignificant fraction of the miles of bricks and mortar which have arisen since.

The Square was originally made at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was first called Devonshire Square, a name altered about 1706, to Queen Square in compliment to Queen Anne; and in the view of it just referred to is shown a church at the south-west corner. This was St. George the Martyr's, which had been erected in 1706, by private subscription about the time of the formation of the Square, and was destined to serve as a chapel of ease for St. Andrew's, Holborn, but was declared a

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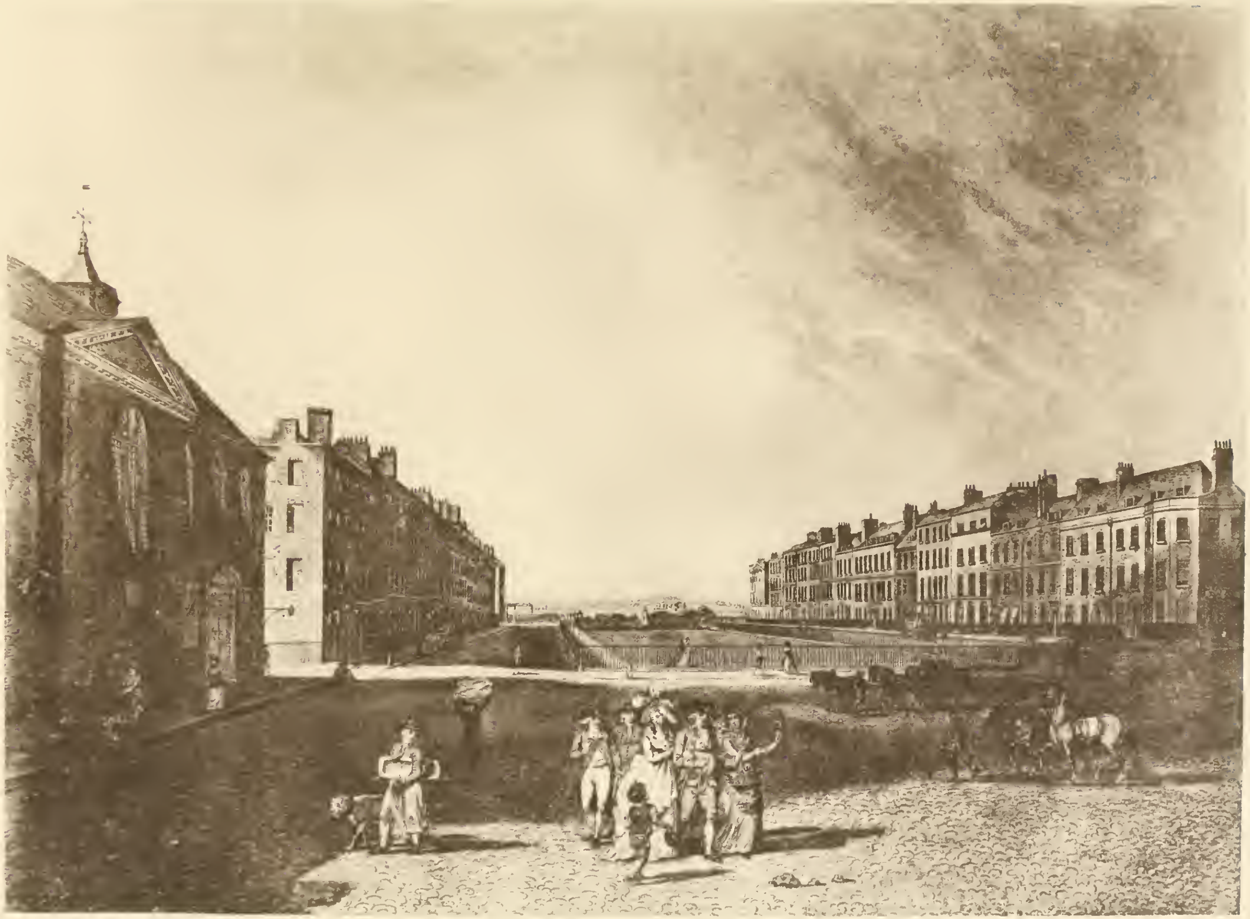
[1] Probably one of the houses on the site of which the Hotel Russell stands was in Thackeray's mind.



QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

parish church just seventeen years later.[1] The burial-ground attached to the church was behind the Foundling Hospital, and it is said, such was the prejudice against being laid in virgin ground, that no one was buried here till a grave was dug for Nelson, the well-known author of *Fasts and Festivals*, when the superstition was effectually combated and the ground used for the purpose for which it had been formed.

We are told by Noorthouck,[2] that the church was dedicated to St. George, in compliment to Sir Streynsham Master, one of its founders, who had been Governor of Fort St. George; and the same authority says that, "the persons who built it intended to reimburse themselves by the sale of pews, but the commissioners for erecting fifty new churches, resolving to make this one of them, purchased it and caused a certain district to be appointed for its parish." He adds, what we can see for ourselves, with the aid of the 1787 view, that it is a common brick building without style or elegance, but that it was conveniently arranged and, as he quaintly terms it, "well enlightened"; while Maitland, writing in 1756, says, "The church is . . . a perfectly plain and most inelegant brick building, but the inside is of the composite order, and the enrichments are beautiful."

Anne's reign was hardly the heyday of ecclesiastical architecture, and thus the churches which are now frequently to be met with, built to be uniform with modern Queen Anne houses, are seldom quite satisfactory.

The genesis of the church was in this wise. In 1693, an unsuccessful attempt had been made to divide the parish of St. George's from that of St. Andrew's, Holborn; and although a petition had been presented to Parliament, nothing was done until some years later, when the increase in houses and inhabitants caused the Sir Streynsham Master mentioned before, with several other gentlemen, to be appointed trustees for a chapel of ease to be erected "for the convenient performance of their religious duties." Among the names recorded in connection with this matter are those of Sir William Milman; Daniel Child, Esq.; Robert Nelson, Esq.; the Hon. Captain Gore; the Hon. Colonel Lowe; and Paul Jodrell, Esq. The result of their efforts was that an agreement was entered into between them and one Arthur Tooley, who had on February 26, 1705, taken on lease from Nathaniel Curzon a certain plot of land for a term of sixty-one years, to build them a chapel and two houses. The sum allocated for this purpose was £3500, which money was to be raised by the sale of pews in the new chapel which appears to have been finished by July 1706, for on the first day of that month the trustees settled certain stipends "for the maintenance of a chaplain, an afternoon preacher (who was likewise a reader), and a clerk; to the first and second one hundred pounds each, and to the clerk fifty pounds"; Dr. J. Marshall having been already nominated first chaplain on April 9, 1706. From the Trustees' Minute Book, the sale of pews on April 21, 1707, amounted to £2780—while on March 3, 1708, is an entry which reads, "To be paid to Mr. Tooley for chapel and two houses and vestry house, £4200." It would appear that the trustees soon after disposed of one of these houses, for on July 9, 1708, is the entry, "House sold for £400."[1]

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[1] In 1723, says Noorthouck. A view of the Square, looking north, was engraved by Pollard in 1787, from a drawing by E. Dayes, a copy of which is in the Crace collection, where there is also a coloured print of the Square, dated 1812.

[2] *History of London*, p. 745.

In 1721, the church passed into the jurisdiction of Queen Anne's commissioners, who had at once to expend £2000 on necessary repairs. It must have been badly built originally, for in 1720 it appears to have been in such a state that many people were actually afraid of attending it, fearing, presumably, that it might fall about their heads. Again, in 1772, nearly £1000 was spent in putting it in order; while in 1813, it underwent a thorough renovation; and in 1867, it was completely constructed at a cost of between £3000 and £4000.

A list of the rectors may be interesting and useful; it is as follows:—

1. Dr. Marshall, 1706–1730.
2. Dr. Samuel Green, 1730–1747.
3. Dr. Stukeley, 1747–1765.
4. Rev. S. Eaton, 1765–1782.
5. Rev. J. Luxmore, 1782–1806.
6. Rev. J. Lea Martyn, 1806–1836.
7. Rev. W. Short, 1836–1858.
8. Rev. J. Back, 1858–1877.
9. Rev. Dacre Craven, 1878.
10. Rev. Edwin Bedford.[2]

Dr. Stukeley, the antiquary, and third rector of St. George's, to which he was appointed in 1747, in his MS. diary makes many references to the rural character of Queen Square in his time, and the open "exposure" of one side of the Square, an "exposure" which Noorthouck properly says, renders it "remarkably airy and agreeable to the inhabitants of the other three sides." Dr. Stukeley, whose particular province in antiquarianism was that of early British archæology, from which circumstance he gained the name of "The Arch-Druid,"[3] and in which investigations, as Mr. Clinch says, "he sometimes allowed his speculations to be unduly influenced by his imagination,"[4] lived at one of the houses in Queen Square, and died here on March 3, 1765. He received the living of St. George's from the Duke of Montagu, on November 12, 1747, and there is extant a curious letter from his Grace offering him the gift, in the course of which he says that he desires the doctor to keep to himself the fact that the living "is not in what they call the King's books, and consequently may, he believes, be held with any other living;" and he adds, "The reason why I would have you keep this to yourself is, that you know I have a good many people who hold livings of me, and some pretty good ones, who would not, maybe, care to exchange what they have for this; but, if they were aware that they could hold what they have and this into the bargain, I should have them all upon my back for it." Such is the penalty of patronage!

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[1] J. Lewis Miller.

[2] See Lewis Miller's account of church and parish.

[3] Walford.

[4] *Marylebone and St. Pancras; àpropos* of Stukeley's supposing certain earthworks at Somers Town to be the remains of a Roman encampment (p. 116).

Jesse, in his *London*, tells a story of the death of Stukeley, to the effect that, returning home on the 27th of the previous month, he went to his sitting-room to lie down and await the coming of his housekeeper, whose custom it was to read to him. Having left him for a few minutes, she was greeted on her return with, "Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent." "Pray what is that, sir?" "No less than a stroke of the palsy!" "I hope not, sir," replied the woman, beginning to cry; "Nay, do not trouble yourself," said the doctor, "but get some help to carry me upstairs, for I shall never come down again but on men's shoulders." His prediction was soon verified, for he died just four days later, in his seventy-eighth year, which, says his biographer Collinson, "he attained by his remarkable temperance and regularity."[1]

There have been in past times several not only interesting but notable residents in this Square, which is now so comparatively little known. Besides Lord Windsor and the Bishops of Chester, Chichester, and Carlisle, who are all given as residing here in the Review of London for 1728, there also lived here Alderman Barber, the printer, and friend of Swift, who refers to him as "Johannes Tonsor," and as his "very good and old friend." Barber was Lord Mayor of London in 1732; and that he was a personage of importance in his day is proved by Swift, who, as we all know, on occasion addressed Cabinet Ministers as if they were lacqueys, thus referring to him in his *Journal to Stella:* "I dined with no less a man than the City printer. There is an intimacy between us, built upon reasons which you shall know when I see you."[2] There are very frequent references to Barber in the pages of the *Journal*, but though Swift often speaks of dining with him, these festivities appear to have taken place invariably in the City, and when Swift on one occasion mentions having dinner with "an authoress and a printer," it does not appear to have been in Queen Square; for the lady indicated was Mrs. Manley, who was Barber's mistress, and who died at his "printing office," where he probably kept a second establishment. Barber himself died at his residence in Queen Square in 1741, and some thirty years later we find Dr. Burney occupying his old house.

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[1] Jesse's *London and its Remarkable Characters*. Mr. J. Lewis Miller, in his monograph on the church of St. George the Martyr, says, on the authority of the *Universal Magazine*, that the doctor caught a chill in the vestry-room when giving a casting vote for Mr. Hollingbury's candidature as a Lecturer of St. George's.

[2] December 26, 1710.

It was during the doctor's absence abroad in 1770, that his wife found their old home in Poland Street too small, and accordingly moved to Queen Square, to Barber's house, which was situated in the upper or northern end of the Square. The Burney household, Mr. Dobson tells us, had a fond tradition that Swift must have frequently dined here during the time of their predecessor, but this, as we have seen, appears hardly likely. The house was "well fitted up, convenient, and handsome," and in a small room up two pairs of stairs, Miss Burney was wont to write up her *Diary*—that earlier *Diary* which is not so well known as her later *Journal*, but in some respects as interesting.

Dr. Burney returned to England in 1772, and having had a very bad passage across the Channel, he no sooner arrived in Queen Square than he was taken seriously ill, and required the constant attendance of his wife and daughters, who acted in turn as nurses; but his natural energy was not abated, and during the intervals of his illness he dictated to his nurses, turned secretaries, his new *Tour* which, continued at Chessington Hall,[1] when he was able to be removed thither, appeared in print in the May of the following year. Not many months later, through some difficulties which arose as to the title of the house in Queen Square, it was given up and the family moved to Leicester Fields.

The learned Dr. Anthony Askew, one of the principal medical practitioners of the Georgian era, was another one-time resident in Queen Square. He practised originally at Cambridge, but eventually came to London, and through the introduction of the celebrated Dr. Mead, soon became known and sought after. He seems to have been no less notable in the world of physic than in that of books, and his library was particularly rich in the classics; indeed Nichols says that at its dispersal it was "one of the best, rarest, and most valuable ever sold in Great Britain." His house in Queen Square was filled with books from basement to attic, and the sale, in 1775,[2] occupied no less than twenty days, and was regarded as a literary event; it realised £5000, which seems a comparatively small sum in these days of monstrous biddings, but was then considered a large amount. A subsequent sale of his manuscripts, in 1789, also brought a substantial sum of money.

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[1] Then the residence of "Daddy" Crisp, and now of Horatio Chancellor, Esq., whose father purchased it many years since.

[2] Jesse says 1784, but this is inaccurate.

But books were not the only things collected in Queen Square by Askew, for he loved to gather around him the many notable people with whom he was acquainted, such as Dr. Mead, Hogarth, Archbishop Markham, Sir William Jones, Dr. Parr, Dr. Farmer, 'Demosthenes' Taylor, and Roubillac. The latter he employed to produce a head of Dr. Mead, which he presented to the College of Physicians. The price for this piece of sculpture was agreed at £50, but on receiving it, Askew was so pleased with it that he sent Roubillac a further £50; on this, if it will be believed, the sculptor, grumbling that he was underpaid, sent in a bill for £108, 2s. 0d., which Askew indignantly paid, forwarding the receipt to Hogarth. Askew removed subsequently to Church Row, Hampstead, where he died in 1771.

Two other well-known men in their day lived in Queen Square, in the persons of the two Richardsons, father and son. Jonathan Richardson the elder is usually termed "the painter," although he was as much a literary man as an artist: he died in his house here in 1745, aged eighty. It appears that some time before his death he had had a paralytic stroke, which, however, did not prevent him indulging in his customary exercise. One day, having walked to St. James's Park and back, he probably over-exerted his strength, for he expired suddenly on his return to his house, on May the 28th. He is said by Walpole to have been a fine draughtsman so far as the heads of his subjects were concerned, but to have signally failed in his attitudes, draperies, and backgrounds, which the same authority terms "totally insipid." He published, in collaboration with his son, several works, one of which Hogarth ridiculed in a drawing, but he seems to have had no mean critical acumen, as is particularly shown in some of his remarks on the work and genius of Milton. After his death his collection of pictures and drawings was disposed of (in February 1747), the sale lasting no less than eighteen days and producing as much as £2790.[1]

The son, generally called "the younger Richardson," also practised the two arts, although as regards literature not professionally; he died in the same house on June 6, 1771, aged seventy-six.[2] It was to him that Pope applied to find out who was the author of a new poem then (1738) just published, and entitled *London*. Richardson, after some search, reported that the name of the writer was Samuel Johnson, and that he was some obscure man, adding that that was all he was able to discover about him; on which Pope's reply, given on the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had heard it from Richardson himself, was, "He will soon be *deterré*."[1]

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[1] Walpole's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. pp. 30–38.

[2] This is recorded on his grave, according to Smith, who also states that Nollekens was one of those invited to his funeral. (*Nollekens and his Times*, p. 40.)

On the death of the younger Richardson, the remainder of his father's collection, together with his own accumulations, was sold; and among the pictures Walpole enumerates hundreds of portraits of both of them, bearing the dates when they were executed; for it seems that the old man occupied much of his leisure by writing a short poem and drawing his own or his son's portrait every day. "The son, equally tender, had marked several of them with expressions of affection on his *dear father*."[2]

Sir Godfrey Kneller was a friend of both father and son, and frequently visited them in Queen Square, when he himself was living in the neighbouring Great Queen Street. It is also probable that Gray, the poet, visited them here, when about thirteen years of age, for at that time Richardson painted his portrait, which is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Dr. John Campbell, the author of *The Lives of the Admirals*, *Hermippus Redivivus* and other books, and the sometime editor of the *Biographica Britannica*, once lived in Queen Square, and here he wrote many of those voluminous works by which he realised a considerable fortune. Johnson once said to Dr Joseph Warton that Campbell was "the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature." His house was the large and then newly-built residence at the north-west corner of the Square, and here, on Sunday evenings, he was in the habit of receiving his literary and scientific friends; among the former was Dr. Johnson, but the doctor did not take kindly to the numbers of Scotchmen whom he there met: "I used to go pretty often to Campbell's on a Sunday evening," he once remarked, "till I began to consider that the shoals of Scotchmen who flocked about him might probably say, when anything of mine was well done, 'Ay, ay, he has learnt this of Cammell.'"

It was to Campbell that Johnson once uttered his *obiter dictum* on the colonists of America, whom he did not love: "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging," a coarse and foolish phrase, which, while doubting its authenticity, Croker properly reprobates. Johnson thought highly of Campbell's attainments, styling him "a man of much knowledge." The worthy doctor was also a sincerely religious man, according to Boswell, who says that Lord Macartney, who knew Campbell well, once told him that when he called on him on a morning he found him reading a chapter in the Greek New Testament, "which he informed his Lordship was his constant practice"; and Johnson once said, "He was a solid orthodox man: he had a reverence for religion." It was, however, he who once told Boswell that he drank thirteen bottles of port at a sitting, at which the worthy laird of Auchinleck, who confesses himself "a lover of wine," showed some natural incredulity. Campbell died in his house in Queen Square in December 1775, and is buried in the churchyard of St. George the Martyr, where he lies in company with Jonathan Richardson, Robert Nelson, Nancy Dawson, the famous hornpipe dancer—the date of whose burial is given in the Parish Register as June 12, 1767—and the learned Zachary Macaulay.

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[1] Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. i. p. 141.

[2] Walpole's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 38.

At or about the time when these various persons I have mentioned were residing in the Square, the whole of the houses were not occupied by private people, for besides the fact that there was here, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a much-frequented bookseller's shop, bearing the sign of the "Golden Head," where in 1762, a portrait[1] of Cunneshote, one of the Cherokee chiefs then visiting this country, was exhibited for sale, a "seminary for young ladies" was carried on in two of the houses—Nos. 24 and 25—which seminary, famous in its day, and indeed termed "The Ladies' Eton," where, it is said, a carriage was kept in one of the rooms for the "young ladies" to practise getting in and out gracefully, is interesting for two reasons, one being that it was in all probability here that Fanny Burney came to school when her father was living in Queen Square, and the other because here for a time Charles Churchill, that most unseemly of clergymen, added to the meagre stipend he received as curate of St. John the Evangelist in Smith Square, by acting as tutor. Those who know the history of Churchill's career will hardly be surprised to learn that his habits were so irregular that he was obliged to give up his tutorship and his curacy in a very short time. It is, however, a not uninteresting speculation to suppose that the satirist of Dr. Johnson may have imparted instruction to one whose fame as a writer was first perceived and advertised by the "great Lexicographer" himself.

A latter-day resident in Queen Square was the Rev. George Croly, who lived at No. 9. Although he is one of the great band of forgotten writers, he made some noise in his day in the quadruple character of clergyman, poet, novelist, and biographer. His chief work of fiction, *Salathiel*, appeared in 1827; ten years before he had published a poem entitled *Paris in* 1815; while among his miscellaneous works his *Life and Times of George IV.* is still to be met with. Although he is described as a man of "massive form and grave, inflexible countenance," he appears to have been popular in society. He died quite suddenly at the age of eighty, while walking near his home, in Holborn, in 1860.

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[1] It was probably the portrait painted by Francis Parsons, which was also exhihited in the Spring Gardens Rooms in the following year. See *Pilkington*, vol. ii. p. 564.

Among other residents in the Square was, according to Mr. Lewis Miller, Robert Nelson, the well-known author of the *Fasts and Festivals*, of which 10,000 copies were sold in a little over four years. He died in 1714, and we are told, in his funeral sermon, preached by Dr. Marshall, that "he had lived like a lamb, without commotion or struggle, submissive to the will of God, and entirely resigned to His holy Providence." Mr. Miller also informs us that Edmund Hoyle, the great authority on whist,[1] was also living in the Square about 1761; and Sir John Kerslake, once Attorney-General, was born here, where his father was an old and respected resident; while another one-time inhabitant's identity is evidently hidden in the alliterative name of the lady whose share in an amusing satire published in 1792, and called *A Sketch of the Rights of Boys and Girls*, by Launcelot Light of Westminster School and Letitia Lookabout of Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, is indicated.

In 1865, William Morris came to live in the Square, at No. 26, one of the houses on the east side which were subsequently pulled down to make place for the large establishment now known as the National Hospital. Morris took the house partly for his own use but chiefly as the headquarters of the artistic firm of Morris & Co. which he had founded, and it was occupied by this firm during the following seventeen years. The ground floor was converted to the joint uses of an office and a show-room; and a large ball-room at the back, which was connected with the main building by a wooden gallery, became the chief workshop. In the small back-yard subsidiary workshops were set up, and as the business increased, further room was found in the neighbouring Ormond Yard.[2] The same sort of work as had been carried on in Red Lion Square was continued here, and in course of time were added the "weaving, dyeing, and printing of cloth—which afterwards became the staple production of the firm."[3] Mr. Mackail, in his excellent *Life of Morris*, records how some of the earlier patrons paid visits to the Square, and how one in particular, in 1865, found Morris himself "in a dark blue linen blouse," who "showed the patterns and made out the bill"; while another, in the following year, came upon the painter-poet at work on his famous Pomegranate wall-paper.

In Queen Square, Morris not only attended to these artistic matters;

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[1] Hoyle was practically the creator of whist, in which game he gave lessons. For his *Short Treatise on Whist*, published in 1742, he is said to have received £1000. He also, as is well known, wrote on other games.

[2] Mackail's *Life of Morris*.

[3] *Ibid.*

he was, too, at work on *The Life and Death of Jason*, published in 1867; while he also wrote some poems, one of which is still unpublished; *Orpheus and Eurydice;* and one never finished, *Aristomenes;* but, greatest of all, *The Earthly Paradise*, written during 1865–1870, occupied him during the first five years of his life in Queen Square. One of the great industries instituted by Morris in the Queen Square establishment was tapestry-weaving, and as he found from personal experience that such work was best done by "small flexible fingers," "he had another loom built at Queen Square," Mr. Mackail was informed by Mr. Wardle, "where he taught what he knew to William Deasle, who was then a boy willing to adapt himself to anything which gave him a chance of employment. The first piece Deasle accomplished was the Goose Girl, designed by Walter Crane." At the end of 1881, Morris moved the headquarters of his firm to Merton, in Surrey, and we learn, on the authority again of Mr. Wardle, that "before Christmas everything had been cleared out of Queen Square and its annexes, and the new works were fairly set agoing."[1]

One of Morris's early associates in his ventures, both in Montpelier Square and Red Lion Square, Faulkener, who had returned to Oxford the year before his friend moved to Queen Square, was however much here during the vacations, as his mother and sisters, with whom he stayed, occupied a house a few doors from No. 26, and, says Mr. Mackail, "at these times his intercourse with Morris was constant, and his share in the conduct of the business not inconsiderable."

It is interesting to find that the Square, as is the case with several others, has its material connection with literature, in that one of its houses has served as model for the delineation of a quasi-imaginary dwelling. The house in question, No. 11, was occupied by the late Mrs. Buckle, daughter of James Payn, and wife of the editor of the *Times*, who recognised certain features of her home in the description of that occupied by the fair Cuban in Stevenson's *Dynamiter*. She, through her father, laughingly remonstrated with Stevenson on this, whereupon the latter wrote a long serio-comic reply to his brother novelist, in the course of which he begs to explain "how it came about that I took her house," and thus proceeds: "The hospital was a point in my tale; but there is a house on each side. Now the true house is the one before the hospital: is that No. 11? If not, what do you complain of? If it is, how can I help what is true? . . . Everything in the *Dynamiter* is not true; but the story of the Brown Box is, in almost every particular. . . . Perhaps your daughter's house has not a balcony at the back? I cannot answer for that; I only know that side of Queen Square from the basement and the back windows of Brunswick Row," and so on in his pleasant quizzical way.[1]

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[1] Mackail's *Life of Morris*, and see *Life of Burne-Jones*, by Lady Burne-Jones.

As in so many of the Squares in this district, we find in Queen Square several philanthropic institutions; in fact this particular spot seems to be a favourite one for charitable purposes. Thus at No. 6 is the Alexandra Institution for the Blind, established in 1865; at the corner of Brunswick Row, the Hospital for Hip Diseases of Childhood, founded two years later, has its headquarters; and the London Homœopathic Hospital, which was established in 1849, is also in the Square. No. 22 is occupied by the oldest Ladies' Charity School, inaugurated so long ago as 1702, for the purpose of "educating, clothing, and maintaining the daughters of respectable parents in reduced and necessitous circumstances." Another large and fine building, but sadly out of character with the remainder of the Square, once three separate residences, is now the Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, the inception of which dates from 1859. From an interesting little pamphlet issued by the hospital, I learn that it had its origin in a public meeting at the Mansion House, at the instance of the Chandler family. For the first twenty-five years of its existence its work was carried on in a small way in the old houses which formerly stood on the site of the present fine building. It was not till 1880, that the Duke of Westminster laid the first stone of one portion of this new home, which was opened by H.R.H. the Princess Christian in the following year. In 1882, the Duke of Albany publicly declared the intention of the authorities to proceed with the main building, which was opened in 1885 by H.M. the King—then Prince of Wales. The portion known as the Westminster Wing was inaugurated by the late Duke in 1891.[2] At No. 29, the College for Men and Women, an offshoot of the Working Men's College, associated with the name of Frederick Denison Maurice, is housed; while Nos. 32 and 33 are occupied by some Roman Catholic institutions of a charitable nature.

In *Old and New London* a view of Queen Square, dated 1810, is given; it is taken looking south, and shows one of the larger houses, evidently that which in the 1787 view is depicted as having a more elaborate elevation than those adjacent, and is there the last house on the north-east side, having an entrance with a *porte-cochère* opening immediately into the garden. This is now known as Queen Square House, and the garden on which it abuts is the strip that forms the north side of the Square, and divides it from Guilford Street, and is separate from the central garden.

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[1] *Stevenson's Letters to his Family and Friends*, 2 vols.

[2] From a pamphlet entitled *Then and Now*, kindly sent me by Godfrey H. Hamilton, Esq., the secretary to the Hospital.

The Square is nowadays one of the most retired in London; from Guilford Street it is entirely cut off, only being seen through the garden just referred to; on the west it is approached by the narrow entry known as Cosmo Place; while on the east side alone it has an adequate opening to the outside world, in Great Ormond Street.

Of the houses, several present the characteristics of Queen Anne and earlier Georgian architecture, and a few are distinguished by fine specimens of the over-doors of those periods, notably No. 4; while No. 3 is an excellent example of Adams work. Nos. 11 and 12 have been demolished, and as yet (1906), there is no sign of rebuilding them.[1]

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[1] Readers of *Bleak House* will not forget that Richard Carstone was living in furnished lodgings in Queen Square, when he was studying law in the offices of Messrs. Kenge and Carboy.

CHAPTER VIII

TAVISTOCK, GORDON, BRUNSWICK, MECKLENBURGH, WOBURN, TORRINGTON, REGENT, AND ARGYLE SQUARES

"Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its *great* streets and squares."—Dr. Johnson.

SOMEWHAT to the north-west of Russell Square are what may be described as two sets of twin squares. Those nearest Russell Square and running parallel with each other are Woburn and Torrington Squares; while divided from them by Gordon Place are two larger ones also parallel with each other, and known as Gordon and Tavistock Squares.

If from Russell Square we proceed eastward along Bernard Street, we shall come to Brunswick Square, which lies immediately to the west of the Foundling Hospital, and just beyond that institution Mecklenburgh Square, which forms a companion to Brunswick Square. Behind the grounds of the Foundling Hospital, to the north, is the smaller Regent Square, and beyond that again Argyle Square.

Although only the first four of these Squares are situated in the Bedford Estate, it will be convenient to thus group together the eight mentioned, as by their propinquity they lend themselves to this more comprehensive form of treatment.

None of them can be said to be associated with much of historical or traditional interest; they are all comparatively modern, and only here and there am I able to trace the residence of interesting people in them.

TAVISTOCK SQUARE

Tavistock Square is the notable exception, for here once lived Charles Dickens, and for this reason I will say a word about it first.

This square (as well as Gordon Square) was originally formed in 1800, the central garden being laid out under an Act 39 & 40 George III. cap. 49, and known as "The Bedford Paving Act, St. Pancras." The owner of the fee-simple (the Duke of Bedford) and certain other specified persons were appointed by it to act as Commissioners for five years for the purpose of carrying out its provisions; and on the expiration of this period, the owner or owners of the land were appointed Commissioner or Commissioners for ever; and it was further provided that on and after June 24, 1805, the householders were to elect annually twenty-one other Commissioners according to certain specified qualifications. It was ordered that the area of the Square was to be enclosed and to be wholly under the power and direction of the Duke of Bedford. By section 48 of this Act, the Commissioners are authorised to indemnify the Duke for any monies he may expend in the formation of the Square, while they were empowered to levy a rate not to exceed 1s. in the £1 for "forming, making, enclosing, ornamenting, and embellishing the centres, areas, or middle spaces of the said squares" mentioned by the Act.

Although Tavistock and Gordon Squares were formed in 1800, the gardens in their centres were not made till 1825; indeed in Luffman's plan for 1816, both these Squares are outlined, and the former mentioned by name, but they are not shown as being in any way completed; and considering that, by the plan for 1732, all the land surrounding is marked as pasture land, it says something for the enterprise of our forefathers that as much should have been done as it was towards building, in this relatively short space of time.

The Square is named after the second title of the Duke of Bedford, that of Marquis of Tavistock, and, as I have said, practically its sole interest clusters round Tavistock House, which stands somewhat back on the north-east side, from the fact that this house was the home, for nearly ten years—1851–1860—of Charles Dickens. It had formerly been occupied by James Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who had succeeded William Woodfall, and introduced the system, in vogue ever since, of reporting verbatim the Parliamentary debates. It is an interesting fact that it was in the pages of the *Morning Chronicle* that the *Sketches by Boz* first appeared, Dickens, it will be remembered, reporting for the paper from 1829 until 1835 when he joined the staff. I may mention here that Eliza Cook, a once well-known poetess, also resided at Tavistock House; and more recently Mrs. Georgina Welldon and her husband occupied it, during which time the great French com-

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[1] From information kindly given me by A. R. O. Stutfield, Esq., Steward to the Duke of Bedford.

poser Gounod stayed here for a period, and held singing-classes in the drawing-room ; the house being eventually used as a Jews' College.[1]

Dickens, as I have said, came to live here in 1851. No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, which he had been occupying, was found to be too small for his growing requirements, and he cast about for some more convenient residence. That the move was at first a wrench, is proved by a remark he made to Forster. "I seem," he said, "as if I had plucked myself out of my proper soil when I left Devonshire Terrace, and could take root no more until I returned to it." The house in Tavistock Square was at this time, and had been for many years, the residence of Frank Stone, A.R.A., one of the artists who illustrated the Christmas books, and in the autumn of 1851, an exchange of houses took place, Mr. Stone going to Devonshire Terrace (which, by-the-bye, became subsequently the home of the late George Du Maurier) and Dickens coming to Tavistock House. Here various alterations were carried out, and an amusing letter from Dickens to his brother-in-law, Henry Austin, is extant wherein the author bemoans the shortcomings, or rather *no*-comings, of the British workman, in his proverbially amusing way. In another humorous epistle he says, "I dream that I am a carpenter and can't partition off the hall. I frequently dance in the drawing-room and fall in the kitchen for want of a pillar. . . . I dream, also, of the workmen every night," and so on in the inimitable strain.

It was here that *Bleak House* was begun in the following November, and here soon after came Hans Christian Andersen on a visit. Andersen's account of Dickens's house here is interesting, not only as being descriptive of the place as it then was, but also as being the impression of a foreigner: "In Tavistock Square stands Tavistock House. This and the strip of garden in front of it are shut out from the thoroughfare by an iron railing. A large garden with a grass-plot and high trees stretches behind the house, and gives it a countrified look. In the passage from street to garden hung pictures and engravings. Here stood a marble bust of Dickens; and over a bedroom door and a dining-room door were inserted the bas-reliefs of Night and Day, after Thorwaldsen. On the first floor was a rich library with a fireplace and a writing-table, looking out on the garden; the kitchen was underground, and at the top of the house were the bedrooms."[2] *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*—which its author had so much difficulty in beginning, that he writes to Wilkie Collins describing himself as "wandering up and down my room with the first pages of my new book before me in a restless condition that defies description"—and *Hunted Down*, were all, or at least a portion of them, written here, and here too took place those amateur theatricals, with Stanfield and Telbin as scene-painters; Mark Lemon, Egg, Jerrold, and Planché as fellow-actors or assistants; and Lytton, Thackeray, Carlyle, and Macready[1] among the audience, which have become almost as closely identified with Dickens as his works.

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[1] Kitton's *Life of Dickens*.

[2] *Ibid.*

In 1860, the lease of Tavistock House expired, and Dickens, in the midst of writing *Great Expectations*, transferred his *penates* to Gads Hill, which had for some time past been his country residence. Among other things removed were the famous imitation book-backs with their inventive and humorous titles, which rivalled those concocted by Tom Hood for the library at Chatsworth, and which appropriately included a *History of a Short Chancery Suit*, in twenty-one volumes! Dickens's own letters and the various lives of him, from those of Forster and Kitton downwards, are full of descriptions of "The Tavistock House Theatre," "The Smallest Theatre in the World," and the fun that went on there, and an interesting paper on "Amateur Theatricals at Tavistock House" once appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, from the pen of one who had taken part in them. It was, as readers of *The Tale of Two Cities* are aware, when acting here in Wilkie Collins's *Frozen Deep*, that the first idea of that powerful story first presented itself to its author. Dickens was full of initiative himself and, a rarer attribute, always ready to take advice on matters connected with these amateur play-actings, and on one occasion, being anxious to make more room in his tiny theatre, he applied to Mr. Cook of Astley's, who, he had been told, was the man to help him, with, as Mr. Forster[2] records, quoting Dickens's own words, the following result: "One of the finest things I have ever seen in my life of that kind was the arrival of my friend Mr. Cook one morning this week, in an open phaeton drawn by two white ponies with black spots all over them (evidently stencilled), who came in at the gate with a little jolt and a rattle, exactly as they come into the ring when they draw anything, and went round and round the centre bed of the front court apparently looking for the clown," and so on; while the sounds in the house reminded Dickens of Chatham Dockyard as to the present, and the building of Noah's ark as to the past.[3]

Three other well-known men once lived in Tavistock Square; one of them, Prince Hoare, the art critic and dramatic writer, resided at No 3, in 1807; during which time he was editing his *Academic Annals*, which appeared periodically during the years 1805 to 1809. In the same house some years later (1816–1821) lived John Braham, the singer, "that compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel," as Lamb calls him; while at No. 51, Charles Knight, who in his day did so much towards the diffusion of knowledge, writing, or causing to be written works in all classes of literature, lived in 1828.

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[1] Macready mentions in his *Diary* looking at a house in the Square with a view to taking it, but the matter fell through.

[2] *Life of Dickens*.

[3] Forster's *Life of Dickens*. Mr. Hughes, in his *Tramps in Dickens's Land*, gives a facsimile of the play-bill for June 19, 1855, of the performance at Tavistock House.

GORDON SQUARE

Gordon Square dates from the same period as Tavistock Square, and the conditions under which it was laid out, &c. (by the Act 39 & 40 George III.), are identical. It took its name from the fourth Duke of Gordon, whose daughter married, as his second wife, John, sixth Duke of Bedford, who succeeded to the title in 1802, during the time the Square was in process of formation; although the east side was not built till so late as 1858.

There is little of interest in Gordon Square, with the exception of the gothic building known as the "Catholic and Apostolic Church," which owed its inception to Edward Irving. The edifice is situated in the south-west corner, and was commenced in the year 1853, after designs by Messrs. Brandon & Ritchie. The description of it given by Mr. Walford still holds good, in that its exterior is Early English and its interior Decorated. It has a triforium in the roof of the aisle appropriate to this scheme of architecture, and Timbs considers that, as an adaptation of the Early English style of architecture, the church is one of the most successful of modern works. But an anomaly exists in the fact that a side chapel is called the "Lady Chapel," or rather the author of *Old and New London* considers it so, but we may remember the innumerable churches in this country where "Lady Chapels" exist, and where, no more than in the Irvingite creed, is the Virgin Mary worshipped.

Although named after him and intimately associated with his personality, the Catholic and Apostolic Church was not actually founded by Edward Irving, but he accepted its particular creed and did more than any one to further its aims and influence. Its organisation is elaborate, and is based on the first set of twelve apostles founded in 1835. Broadly, its tenets may be summed up as the recognition of the order of apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors or angels, elders, deacons &c.; it relies largely on the early creeds, the eucharist, prophecies, and gifts of tongues; its services are highly ritualistic and its liturgy elaborate.

Irving himself was a remarkable man, with a commanding personality and a figure, we are told, that attracted old and young alike. His appearance was gaunt, tall, and ascetic, and as he had a habit of walking with his hat in his hand, and had a head of very black hair, while his dress was eccentric, he was one of those who are inevitably liable *monstrari digito*. In 1835, Irving died, and readers of Carlyle will remember the words the sage wrote on the occasion; how he called Irving's "one of the noblest natures," and how he describes him as being "so loving, full of hope, so simple-hearted . . . making all that approached him his."[1]

Timbs, in his *Curiosities of London*, mentions an interesting fact which he quotes as having been communicated to the *Builder*, and which would seem to link Gordon Square with the greatest invention of the age, for near the spot now occupied by it, "a circular enclosure was constructed, about the year 1803, for the exhibition of the first locomotive, the production of Trevithick." "Its performance," he adds, "was then so satisfactory that a bet was offered by the proprietors to match the engine to run a greater number of miles in twenty-four hours than any horse that could be produced, but there were no takers!"

Macready was nearly taking a house in the Square, as we have seen he was in Tavistock Square, for on June 15, 1837, he notes in his *Diary* the fact that he inspected houses in both squares. That in Gordon Square seems to have appealed to him, and two days later we find him calling "on Pearsall and Jordan about the house," but what he calls an "impertinent letter" from the landlord, so annoyed him that he refused to negotiate further, subsequently agreeing to rent 8 Kent Terrace.

BRUNSWICK SQUARE

If there is little to be said about Gordon Square, there is not much more to be related about Brunswick and Mecklenburgh Squares, although they are grouped together in Macaulay's reference to "the quiet folk" who lived in them, in his day, and formed such a contrast to the alerter society that was focussed in Holland and Lansdowne Houses. Brunswick Square was built during the early years of the nineteenth century and named after the reigning family. Part of it only—about twelve houses—is in the Bloomsbury parish, the remaining portion being in that of St. Pancras, and Dobie observes that it is "elegant and pleasant, and that it has always been most respectably inhabited by merchants and others."

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[1] There is another church in the Square, built about 1842, from the designs of Professor T.L. Donaldson, who I believe brought the Marble Arch to England. The church is a plain one in the Greek style, and is dedicated to All Saints.

It can boast of two illustrious residents, one of whom, John Leech, spent ten years at No. 32, apparently from about 1850 to 1860, or coterminous with Dickens's occupancy of Tavistock House. As, however, Miss Leech, writing to Mr. Harrison,[1] says, "I think my brother was a longer time at Brunswick Square than at the other houses. He had two children born there, and I think when they left they were about eleven years of age," it would seem that Leech's occupancy of the house was a somewhat longer one.

The other interesting figure connected with the Square is that of Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall), who was living at a house in it in 1816, eight years before his marriage with the daughter of Basil Montague, the year after which event we find him residing in his father-in-law's house, No. 25 Bedford Square.

One of the houses in the Square formerly contained an interesting assemblage of pictures, books, and manuscripts, the property of a Mr. Rooper who lived here;[2] and Crabb Robinson records a visit he paid on December 13, 1831, in company with the Masqueriers, to see the treasures. Among these was a picture of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua which greatly delighted Mr. Masquerier; it appears to have been the identical work painted for Mr. Thrale which Johnson rejected because he considered that Reynolds had given too much prominence to his defective eye;[3] which shows that Johnson was not another Cromwell. There was another striking picture there, a portrait of Sir Joshua by himself which he bequeathed to Mr. Malone; and a fine collection of MS. letters written by various eminent people and all addressed to Mr. Malone, which came from that gentleman's family into the possession of Mr. Rooper. These greatly interested Crabb Robinson, who quotes the following epigram against Dr. Parr, which he found amongst them:—

A RECIPE

"To half of Busby's skill in mood and tense,
Add Bentley's pedantry without his sense;
Of Warburton take all the spleen you find,
And leave his genius and his wit behind;
Squeeze Churchill's rancour from the vein it flows in,
And knead it stiff with Johnson's heavy prosing;
Add all the piety of saint Voltaire,
Mix the gross compound—*Fiat* Dr. Parr."

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[1] *Memorable London Houses*, p. 115.

[2] W. Lewis, Esq., Auditor to the Clerical and Medical Assurance Co., is given as residing in the Square in 1831; and Miss Anne Manning, the authoress of *Mary Powell*, &c., was living here with her family until their removal to Chelsea in 1813.

[3] Note to Crabb Robinson's *Diary*.

MECKLENBURGH SQUARE

Walford, in his *Old and New London*, states that the fronts of the houses in Brunswick Square are so uniformly monotonous that they have been described as "brick walls with holes in them," a description which might certainly stand for many other squares and streets in London, for example, portions of Mecklenburgh Square, which is only relieved from this uniformity by the grounds of the Foundling Hospital which bounds its west side.

This square has so little of interest to recommend it that Cunningham does not mention it in his *Handbook for London*, nor is it even referred to in Mr. Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, while Walford's notice is contained in a short sentence. I may, however, note that Nos. 42 and 43 are now used as the King's College Theological Hostel, of which the Rev. G. E. Newson, M.A., is Warden, and the Rev. Stanley Charles E. Legg, M.A., Sub-Warden; while at No. 25 is the West Central Collegiate School for Girls.

WOBURN AND TORRINGTON SQUARES

Of the former of these Squares there is little to be said, for, like a happy country, it has no history; and when I have stated, on the authority of Dobie,[1] that it was originally intended to be called Rothesay Square, and that its present name is derived from the Duke of Bedford's well-known seat, Woburn Abbey, and have reminded the reader that the church, known as Christ Church, on its east side, is the work of Vulliamy, I have practically exhausted anything of interest that there may be attaching to it. It has, however, had one once well-known inhabitant, in Mrs. Bentley, the actress, who died here on January 14, 1850. The central garden was laid out about 1830, by the ground landlord, the Duke of Bedford, the occupants of the houses having the use of it and paying a proportionate rate for its maintenance.

Torrington Square, which was formed by Mr. Sims, the "industrious and worthy builder" as Dobie calls him, and is to-day practically composed of boarding-houses or apartments, is, if not particularly notable in itself, at least interesting as to the ground it stands on, for its site was formerly, till about the year 1800, known as "Long Fields'" and afterwards as "Southampton Fields." It was in these "Long Fields" that Aubrey, the antiquary, records seeing on St. John the Baptist's Day, in 1694, at midnight, twenty-three young girls looking for a coal beneath the root of a plantain tree, in order that whoever might find it, should place it beneath her pillow and thus be led, as their superstition supposed, to dream of her future husband. The particular ground is also associated with the story of a mortal fight between two brothers for the possession of a girl, who, from a short distance, calmly watched the fray. Both men were mortally wounded, and the marks of their footprints, as they struggled to and fro, were said to have remained in the ground and to have prevented the growing of grass in those spots, from which circumstance this part of "Long Fields" was subsequently known as "The Field of Forty Footsteps." The incident was used by Miss Porter as the *motif* of a novel, and Southey refers to it in his *Commonplace Book;* while another compiler of a similar work, Joseph Moser, records visiting the place in June in 1800, and counting more than the traditional forty footprints, which he accounts for by the presence of workmen and building materials, thus confirming the date of the formation of Torrington Square and the adjacent streets and houses. The "footsteps" were well known to Smith, who, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, mentions that he frequently passed over them.

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[1] *History of the Parish of St. Giles*, p. 199.

The central garden in Torrington Square was not laid out till between the years 1821 and 1825, when it was formed by the ground landlord, the Duke or Bedford. The occupants of the houses have to pay a proportion of the cost of its maintenance and have the right of using it, as is usual with the gardens in the London Squares; should these tenants cease to maintain it, the ground landlord can do so, and obtain indemnification from the inhabitants of the Square.

The land on which the houses on the west side of the Square now stand, once formed part of the grounds of the Royal Toxophilite Society, which rented them from the Duke of Bedford in 1791. The Society remained here till about 1805, when the building operations which had for some time been in progress encroached on its premises and caused its removal to Bayswater.

A few past residents of this square demand some notice. Of these by far the most illustrious was Charles Kean, who occupied No. 3, from 1853 to 1856, during which time he was managing the Princess' Theatre, and producing Shakespeare's plays, with an elaborate completeness that had hitherto been unknown. Like so many sons of illustrious fathers, Kean was weighted by a greater personality than his own, but without the glamour of that great name it is probable that he would never have been given the opportunity of attracting public attention at all. As an actor he seems to have laboured under all the disadvantages which could possibly be attached to such a profession—a bad figure, voice, and enunciation—but he had a fine taste and an indomitable will, and if he failed in portraying great characters, he knew how such characters should appear on the stage; in a word, he had talent where his father possessed genius, or as Dickens once pithily put it, "If you can imagine port wine, and port wine without its flavour, you have a fair comparison between the elder Kean and his son."

Another past "worthy" of the Square was Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, who resided at No. 55. Besides editing Nelson's *Despatches* and writing a *Chronology of History*, Nicolas is known as an eminent antiquary who produced much work of lasting value, and rescued from oblivion, at a time when such things had a remarkable knack of getting lost or destroyed, many documents of importance as illustrating the history of the country; and as he was but forty-nine when he died in 1848, it is highly probable that what he did in this direction is but a tithe of what he would have done had he lived to the usual span.

Another antiquary, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, also resided in Torrington Square, at No. 30; he it was who, in 1830, edited the valuable and interesting *Diary* of Ralph Thoresby, the Yorkshire topographer. Ten doors from Nicolas's House, at No. 65, lived Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the nephew of the poet, and father of the late Lord Coleridge. An English jurist of renown, Sir John was Justice of the King's Bench from 1835 to 1858. He had made a name by his edition of Blackstone's *Commentaries* published in 1825, when he was but thirty-five years of age, and like many lawyers he combined with his legal studies the cultivation of literature, and in 1824, Murray offered him the post of editor of the *Quarterly Review;* he did not hold this appointment long, for we find him wishing to resign it in the following year on account of the increase of his practice on the western circuit. This he did soon after, and as he succeeded Gifford in the editorship, so in turn was he succeeded by Lockhart. Next door, at No. 66, John Baker, one of the Vestrymen of the parish of Bloomsbury, was living, according to the list given by Dobie, in 1825.

REGENT AND ARGYLE SQUARES

As I have said, these two squares lie, one behind the other, to the north of the Foundling Hospital, and what interest is connected with both of them is centred in the churches they contain. In the case of Regent Square, it is the Scotch Presbyterian Church which stands at the corner of the Square where Compton Street joins it. It was built during the years 1824–1827,[1] in the Gothic style, from designs by Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Tite, who took for his model the west front of York Minster. It is capable of holding 3000 persons, and is stated to have cost £25,000, but this sum included the purchase of the freehold ground on which it is erected. The foundation-stone was laid in 1824, by the Earl of Breadalbane, acting as proxy for the Duke of Clarence. There are two towers to the church, which are 120 feet high, and from Hampstead are sometimes mistaken for those of Westminister Abbey.[2] The church was built for the Rev. Edward Irving, in consequence of the Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden being too small for the large numbers that flocked to hear him; and here the Unknown Tongues, and Irving's well-nigh interminable sermons, were listened to by large and fashionable congregations, before Irving moved to the Catholic and Apostolic Church in Gordon Square. In Clinch's *Marylebone and St. Pancras*, an elevation and ground plan of this, as well as the following church, is given.[3]

The other church in this square is situated on the east side, and is dedicated to St. Peter, but is better known as "Regent Square Church." It was designed by Messrs. Inwood, the architects of St. Pancras Church, and erected during the years 1824–6, at a cost of about £16,000.[4] It has a front of Ionic columns, and a steeple surmounted by a cross rises directly from the centre, giving it somewhat the appearance of the Audley Street Chapel.[5]

It seems almost superfluous to state that Regent Square was named after the Prince Regent.

Proceeding northward we come to Argyle Square, the formation of which took place about the same period as that of Regent Square. Nowadays it is chiefly composed of "apartments" and small private hotels, while at No. 30, the Salvation Army has one of its headquarters. The central garden is planted with trees and laid out in grass lawns, and forms a pleasant oasis amidst the surrounding mass of bricks and mortar.

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[1] Walford says 1824-5, and Mr. Wheatley 1827-8.

[2] *London Past and Present.*

[3] An account of the church is given in *Regent Square: Eighty Years of a London Congregation*, by John Hair, published in 1899.

[4] *London Past and Present.*

[5] St. Peter's has, quite recently, been transformed from, as the public prints say, "one of the ugliest and dirtiest buildings in London to a bright and well-arranged place of worship."

The place of worship in this square is known as the New Jerusalem Church, which was formed for the use of the Swedenborgians in 1844, and opened on August 11th of that year. It was designed by Mr. Hopkins in the Anglo-Norman style, and with its two towers and catherine-wheel windows has a somewhat unusual appearance. It will be remembered that Swedenborg died in London in 1772, and that six years later his followers were first regularly organised, under the title of the "Society of the New Church signified by the New Jerusalem."

HARRINGTON, AMPTHILL, AND OAKLEY SQUARES

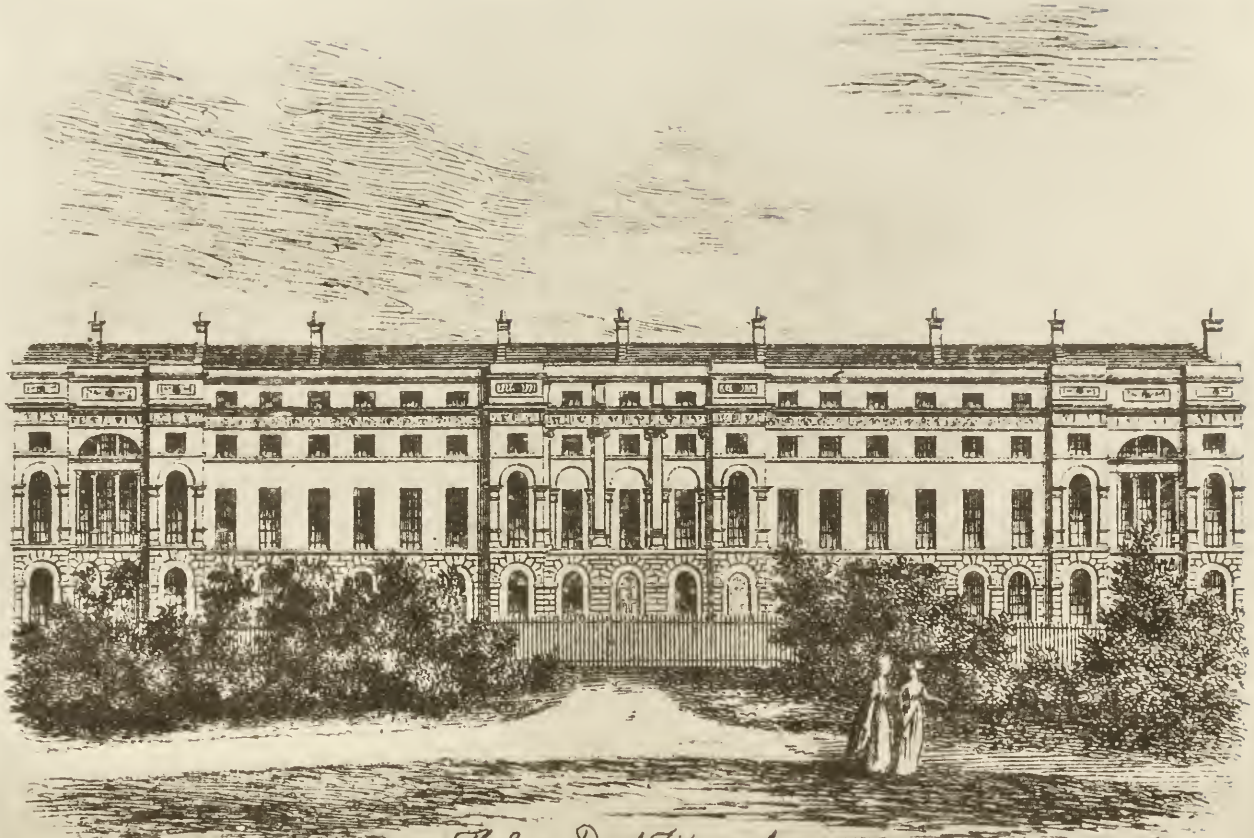
Together with the squares just mentioned it will be convenient to notice three others which are somewhat outside this particular district, but stand on ground of which the Duke of Bedford is the ground landlord, as he is of those previously referred to. These three are Ampthill, Harrington, and Oakley Squares, which are situated in Camden Town, lying to the north of the North-Western Railway's terminus at Euston. In dealing with them, however, I am faced by a more than usual anomaly, in that they are not only not proper squares in their formation (a characteristic common to nearly every square in London), but two of them are little more than fragments of squares, triangular wedges, as it were, which have survived a process of improvement in this neighbourhood.

They were originally formed about the same time as Tavistock and Gordon Squares, and are subject to the same regulations as to the central (if the word can with propriety be here used) gardens as these two better-known Squares. Their gardens were not formed, however, till about (Harrington Square) 1843, and (Ampthill and Oakley Squares) 1845.

Harrington Square occupies two sides of a triangular piece of ground facing Mornington Crescent, and adjoins Ampthill Square, which is on its north side. It takes its name from an Earl of Harrington, one of whose daughters married the second Duke of Bedford. It is now chiefly composed of houses where apartments are let; and it is most conveniently situated for those who use the North-Western line.

Ampthill Square is not only merely a triangle, but even this is intersected by a deep cutting of the London and North-Western Railway at its south-west corner. It takes its name from Ampthill Park, once a seat of the ducal family of Bedford. Although at the present time it is, like Harrington Square, composed of apartment-letting houses, it had once one notable resident, for here lived, in his own house for a time, and died so comparatively recently as 1874, Henry West Betty, known to fame as "The Infant Roscius." Betty's theatrical triumphs began so early in life (he was born in 1791) that we look upon him as a Georgian figure only. His first appearance was on August 19, 1803, in the part of Osmyn in *Zara*, and during the two following years he enacted such various *rôles* as Hamlet, Romeo, Tancred, Douglas, and Rolla, with stupendous success. He left the stage—he was only fifteen—in 1806, but returned to it, as is not unusual with actors who have bidden a final farewell to the public, about six years after. His initial success was extraordinary, not only in London but in the chief towns in Ireland; in Glasgow and Edinburgh, where, says Doran, "Lords of the Court of Session presented him with books and gave him old men's blessings, and the critics said that he excelled Kemble;" in Birmingham and at Sheffield, where a "theatrical coach to carry 'six insides,' to see the young Roscius," plied between that town and Doncaster racecourse. When he arrived in London, a regular Betty craze overcame the town; royal dukes petted him; crowds which had to be regulated by detachments of Guards and cordons of police, besieged the theatre where he was performing; Kemble called him the tenth wonder, and paid him first £50 and then, after three performances, £100 a night; and he is said to have made £17,000 in his first season. On his return to the stage in 1812, after the death of his father, his precocious success was not upheld, and he finally left the boards in 1824, having realised the almost universal fate of remarkable precocity in the reversal of the public's original judgment. He afterwards went to Cambridge University, and became subsequently a captain in a Shropshire regiment, in which county his father had considerable property.

Oakley Square, on the east side of Harrington Square, is so called after Oakley House, near Bedford, one of the seats of the Duke of Bedford. It is composed of private residences and one church, dedicated to



Publish'd Novr 1 1807 by J P Malcolm

The East Side of Fitzroy Square

Malcolm del et f

St. Matthew, a large Gothic building designed by J. Johnson, F.R.S., in 1854, and capable of seating 1200 persons.

I have been unable to trace the residence of any notable person in this square, nor indeed is there anything distinguishing about it to require a longer notice than these few lines.

FITZROY, TOLMERS, EUSTON, MUNSTER, PARK, AND CLARENDON SQUARES

Somewhat to the north-west of the more important squares on the Bedford estate are Fitzroy, Tolmers, Munster, and Park Squares, while to the north of Tavistock Square lies Euston Square, and farther beyond, to the west of Euston Station, is Clarendon Square. Some of these squares divide, as it were, Oakley, Harrington, and Ampthill Squares from the others on the Bedford estate, and I have grouped them together here because they lend themselves to this comprehensive treatment both by their situation and, in a lesser degree, by their characteristics.

Fitzroy Square, which I will first deal with, was commenced about the year 1790, and owes its name to Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, grandson of Charles II. and the Duchess of Cleveland. The ground, in the manor of Tottenham Court, on which the Square stands, came into the Grafton family through the wife of the first Duke, Lady Isabella Bennet, the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Arlington, famous or infamous as one of the "A's" of the Cabal Ministry.

Although the Square was begun at the close of the eighteenth century, various circumstances concurred in hindering its complete development, and in a work published in 1815, it is still spoken of as unfinished. However, the south and east sides appear to have been completed about this time, for we are told that "the houses are faced with stone, and have a greater portion of architectural embellishment than most others in the metropolis," which distinction is readily understandable when we know that it was derived from the brothers Adam, who built the stone-faced houses in the Square during the years 1790 to 1794; although, in this instance, their work has a heavier appearance than it generally presents, and the tops of the houses a somewhat unfinished effect. The north side of the Square does not appear to have been completed before 1825. An illustration of the east side, published early in the nineteenth century by Malcolm and reproduced by Mr. Clinch in his *Marylebone and St. Pancras*, shows the Adams work, and that distinctive characteristic feature which they habitually aimed at, of giving to a whole row of houses the appearance of a single large building.

By "A correct Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster," dated 1765, on which Walford based an article called "Modern Babylon" in his *Londoniana*, we see that where Fitzroy Square now stands a pathway called "The Green Lane," ran through fields more or less open, as they appear in Morden and Lea's earlier plan of 1732.

The central garden of Fitzroy Square is circular and is not adorned by a statue or any ornament of that kind, but forms, in summer, "a sunny spot of greenery" in the midst of the surrounding houses.

As this part of London has always been, to some extent, an artistic quarter, it is not surprising to find that of the few persons deserving remembrance who have lived in the Square in the past, the majority have been painters—not pre-eminent painters, but still such as did good work in the unfortunate period (artistically speaking) in which they lived.

Chief of these was Sir Charles Eastlake, once President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery, who resided for a number of years, from his marriage in 1849 till his death in 1865, at No. 7. In the *Memoirs of Lady Eastlake*, we get glimpses of the friends whom the brilliant Miss Rigby, as she was before her marriage, gathered round her in Fitzroy Square; and although on May 5th, after her marriage, she writes, "At present callers are not overpowering and we have quiet evenings at home," she was right in her subsequent remark, "but these must soon cease," and I find, among many such records, one of Rogers calling on May 9th, and assuring his hostess that "no event, no great earthquake, no French Revolution, nothing could have astonished all Europe more than Eastlake's marriage;" and on July 14, of a dinner party followed by an "At Home," given by the Eastlakes, which went off "excellently well," we are told, "thanks to our sweet singer" Mrs. Gartshore, who charmed the guests and astonished the connoisseurs, among whom were the Macaulays, Clives, Reeves, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Chantry, Landseer, and a host of fashionable people.

On Sir Charles Eastlake's death at Pisa on December 24, 1865, his widow continued to reside in Fitzroy Square, until her own death in 1893. Writing of her, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle (E. V. B.) thus speaks of "that dear room of hers—the drawing-room of No. 7 Fitzroy Square," to which, as she tells us, she made many a pilgrimage. "The room itself was a gallery of art. There were two long Holbein Processions, in *grisaille*, along the side wall. The end wall, opposite the fire, was entirely covered with art treasures. There was a large Giovanni Bellini of the Virgin and Child with Saints; another Virgin and Child, with exquisitely painted flowers of columbine; some views of the Roman Campagna by Sir Charles Eastlake, where the cypress spires and far blue distance carried one back to Italy itself. Low down on an easel, where it best caught the light, was a Luca della Robbia—one of his most beautiful, full of sweet and tender feeling. A fine portrait by Opie of Dr. Rigby (Lady Eastlake's father) rested on a chair. The pianoforte, on which in the old days she played so well, stood near the windows; and between the windows was a bust of the Queen (by Gibson) given by H.M. to Sir Charles; and on the left a very large easel supporting a life-sized oil-painting by him, full of refined and lovely colour. On the high, old-fashioned chimneypiece was a Louis XVI. clock, which always went so much too fast on those gracious evenings, bringing them to an end long before we had half done all our say."[1]

During part of the time of the Eastlakes' sojourn here, Sir William Ross, the miniature-painter, was living at No. 38 Fitzroy Square, and here he died in 1860. We find him dining at No. 7, in July 1855, to meet Rosa Bonheur, when only he and another guest, Munro, could muster a little French. It was on this occasion that Landseer asked Lady Eastlake to tell the distinguished Frenchwoman that he would be only too happy to become "Sir Edwin Bonheur."

Another artistic inhabitant of the Square was Ford Madox Brown, who came here about 1866. Here such friends as Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Morris, &c., were welcomed, and form, *mutatis mutandis*, a companion circle, if, "with a difference," to that which gathered round the Eastlakes. Christina Rossetti, writing to Mrs. Gilchrist, speaks of the Madox Browns' house as a large and handsome one, and adds that she went there one day to see Mr. Brown's fine picture of "The Coat of Many Colours," which she apostrophises as "a very noble work."[2]

For about ten years from 1868, Ford Madox Brown lived in Fitzroy Square, and so numerous were his callers, that he is continually complaining, in his letters, of having no time for anything. In July he writes, full of an "At Home" that is about to take place here, and speaks of those who can and cannot come. Among the former, he hopes will be Christina Rossetti, but the picture we have seen she subsequently admired, was then on exhibition at Leeds. One guest must have startled the Square not a little, for Joaquin Miller, the American poet, was wont to arrive at the gatherings there, in a bright red, cowboy's shirt with wideawake hat and mud-bespattered riding-boots. In March 1879, the Madox Browns moved to Manchester, hardly sorry to leave a house in which their son Oliver had died, and which had become still more desolate through the marriage of their daughters. Their furniture was not actually removed to Manchester, owing to the difficulty of finding a fresh tenant, till the following year.[1]

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[1] *Memoirs of Lady Eastlake*, vol. ii. p. 315.

[2] *Memoirs of Mrs. Gilchrist*, p. 161.

Another one-time resident deserves to be recorded, as, although not an artist, he was the friend and patron of that remarkable painter-poet William Blake, I mean Thomas Butts, who "for nearly thirty years continued (with few interruptions) a steady buyer at moderate prices of Blake's drawings, temperas, and frescoes," and whose house in Fitzroy Square became, as time rolled on, "a perfect Blake gallery."[2] It was Mr. Butts who, calling one day on his eccentric friend, found him and Mrs. Blake sitting in their summer-house "freed from those troublesome disguises which have prevailed since the Fall," says Gilchrist. "'Come in!' cried Blake, 'it's only Adam and Eve, you know!' Husband and wife," adds Gilchrist, "had been reciting passages from *Paradise Lost*, in character." It is pleasant to know that "Mr. Butts was no believer in Blake's madness."

Other bygone inhabitants of Fitzroy Square who may be remembered for a moment, were the Stracheys, friends of Carlyle, who in his *Reminiscences* speaks of Mrs. Strachey as "a singular pearl of a woman, pure as dew, yet full of love," and who lived in what the philosopher terms "a fine enough house," whence Strachey, "a genially abrupt man, a utilitarian and democrat by creed. . . walked daily to the India House."

To-day Fitzroy Square has become largely the home of hospitals and institutions of various kinds. Thus on the east side, at No. 1, is the Working Boys' Home; at No. 2, the Oxygen Hospital; at No. 7, the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption; at No. 8, the Home for Working Girls in London; next door, the Honor Club for Working Girls; while at No. 10, the West London Mission has its headquarters. On the north side, at No. 11, is housed the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, of which Lord Avebury is Treasurer; at 16, 17, and 18, the Home Hospitals Association, and at No. 19 the Gonville Institute and Club. On the west side, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, of which the Rev. C. Parkhurst Baxter is Secretary, is at No. 21, and the Francis Joseph Institute at No. 30. While on the south side, at No. 38, the West Central Jewish Working Lads' Club has its home; at No. 39, St. Christopher's Working Boy's Club; at No. 40, the London Skin Hospital; and at No. 41, the French Benevolent Society. In fact as a residential centre Fitzroy Square has, in common with so many others in this quarter, become almost a thing of the past.

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[1] *Life of Ford Madox Brown*, passim.

[2] *Gilchrist's Life of Blake*, vol. i. p. 115.

Divided from Fitzroy Square by the Euston Road and rather to the north-east are two squares—one known as TOLMERS SQUARE and the other as EUSTON SQUARE. The former is a small enclosure formed by two semicircles of exceedingly dreary-looking houses, and presents no particular point of interest. The two low iron pillars protecting the lamp-post at its entrance bear the crown and name of George IV., which probably indicates the approximate date of the Square's formation, although the houses look rather Victorian than later Georgian.

In the centre of the Square stands the St. Pancras Congregational Church, a comparatively modern erection calling for no detailed description.

The other square is rather an excrescence from the Euston Road than a proper square, and has an analogy in shape, though in nothing else, to such curious apologies for squares as Hereford and Alexander Squares. Its quaint and dreary houses, many with the old wooden lattice-work verandahs to the first-floor front windows, are now chiefly occupied by small hotels and "apartments," presumably on account of their proximity to Euston Station; but in past days, thirty or forty years since, they were tenanted by people of some standing if not of any particular importance, and its gardens, connected by a passage beneath the roadway joining the Euston Road and terminus, was the favourite promenade of the younger generation and their attendants.

In earlier days still the site of the Square and these gardens was occupied by nurseries belonging to one Montgomery; in a cottage attached to which Dr. Wolcot, known better by his pseudonym of "Peter Pindar," died on January 14, 1819. He first came here in 1807, attracted by the rural conditions obtaining in this spot, and here he put in practice his receipt for a long life, *i.e.* having a fire continually in his room, wearing flannel throughout the year, and drinking nothing but brandy; which, however his particular constitution could stand it, is hardly the regimen that would be popularly thought conducive to length of days.

Euston Square was formed about 1825, and takes its name, of course, from the second title of the Duke of Grafton, the ground landlord, whose eldest son is known as the Earl of Euston. The Euston Road, which bounds it on the south side (it can hardly be said to pass through it, as Walford affirms),[1] was formed about the middle of the eighteenth century (1754–6), and was then called the New Road, which title it retained, curiously enough, for about a century afterwards. When projected, it was strenuously opposed by the then Duke of Bedford, although its merits were freely canvassed in the *Public Advertiser* for February 20, 1756.[1] Horace Walpole refers to the Duke's action in the matter, in one of his letters. "A new road through Paddington has been projected to save the stones," he writes; "the Duke of Bedford, who is never in town in the summer, objects to the dust it will make behind Bedford House, and to some buildings proposed, though if he were in town he is too short-sighted to see the prospect." The Duke's opposition to the bill for the new road, although powerless to prevent its actual construction, was sufficiently strong to cause the insertion of a clause whereby no houses were to be erected within fifty feet of the thoroughfare, and thus the unusual depth of the gardens in front of the houses is accounted for; giving them, to use Smith the historian of Marylebone's words, "a most pleasing and picturesque appearance."

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[1] This is not substantially wrong, however, for it was only in 1880, that the south side was re-named Endsleigh Gardens.

There does not appear to be any record of any really notable person living in Euston Square, but one who came in contact with celebrities, and who if not the rose lived near it, in the person of Charles Aders, resided once at No. 11. His house, we are told, was filled with pictures, "chosen with excellent judgment, of a class not commonly selected in those days, viz. examples of the early Italian, and above all, early Flemish and German schools. It was as much a picture-gallery as a house," and Gilchrist (in his *Life of Blake*), who is my authority, details at some length a few of the more notable artistic treasures that Aders had gathered around him. Passavant, the biographer of Raphael, came to see the collection, when in this country in 1831; and here, too, Blake, of whose work Aders was an admirer and collector, met the German painter Gotzenberger—who afterwards once said that on his visit to England he saw "many men of talent, but only three men of genius—Coleridge, Flaxman, and Blake; and of these Blake was the greatest." Here, too, Crabb Robinson first met Blake, on December 10, 1825, when he dined with Aders; and notes in his *Diary*, that it was "a very remarkable and interesting evening. The party at dinner included Blake the painter and Linnell, also a painter." Blake, as we know, subsequently exercised a remarkable fascination over Crabb Robinson, who devotes much space in his *Journal*, as well as in a paper of recollections written for Gilchrist's Life of the painter, to a criticism and eulogy of the man and his work and temperament.

Crabb Robinson has, too, many references in his *Diary* to Aders, whom he knew at Altona, and whom he calls "a very clever agreeable man"; for instance we find him on December 21, 1822, spending the afternoon in Euston Square: "A large party," he writes, "a splendid dinner, prepared by a French cook, and music in the evening. Coleridge was the star of the evening. He talked in his usual way, though with more liberality than when I saw him last some years ago. But he was somewhat less animated and brilliant and paradoxical. The music was enjoyed by Coleridge, but I could have dispensed with it, for the sake of his conversation;" and again, on April 15, 1823, we get this glimpse of another symposium here: "Went to a large musical party at Aders's in Euston Square. This party I had made for them. Wordsworth, Monkhouse, and the ladies, the Flaxmans, Coleridge, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, and Rogers, were my friends. I noticed a great diversity in the enjoyment of the music, which was first-rate. Wordsworth declared himself perfectly delighted and satisfied, but he sat alone, silent, and with his face covered, and was generally supposed to be asleep. Flaxman, too, confessed that he could not enjoy fine music for long. It exhausted him. But Coleridge's enjoyment was very lively and openly expressed."

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[1] See Clinch's *Marylebone and St. Pancras.*

On April 26, 1839, the Diarist records the dispersal of the Aders collection of pictures; and among those purchased by himself, was a "Holy Family" attributed to Perugino, which, however, Landor told him was by Credi; but, says its purchaser, "Raphael did not paint better;" also a "St. Catherine" by Francia, which obtained Landor's unqualified praise and with which Crabb Robinson confesses himself delighted. Other purchases included a Memling and a Ruysdael and a "Virgin and Child" on gold by Van der Weyde, which Wordsworth so much admired that his friend presented them to him.

Lamb apostrophises Aders as "friendliest of men," in a poem in which he thus refers to the house in Euston Square:—

"Whoever enters here, no more presume
To name a parlour or a drawing-room;
But bending lowly to each holy story,
Make this thy chapel and thine oratory"—

than which, it is probable, worse lines were never penned by a man of genius. Mrs. Aders also had a poem addressed to her, but it was "The Two Founts," by Coleridge!

Munster Square, which is intersected by Osnaburgh Street, consists of tiny two-storied houses, built probably at that terrible period of domestic and all other architecture in this country, the decade from 1830 to 1840. The two central gardens are of a bare and desolate appearance, but form a refuge for the inhabitants from their dwellings, and for the casual wanderer (for they are open to any one)[1] to contemplate the exiguous habitations by which they are surrounded.

On the south side of the Square stands the church dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and erected from designs by R. C. Carpenter, in the geometric style of the fourteenth century. It consists of a nave with south aisle, large and lofty chancel and tower, and the interior has a solid gabled roof of Baltic fir. The east window, of seven lights, cost £400, and is the work of Hardman of Birmingham, from the designs, some of the last he was engaged on, of Pugin. For those interested in church architecture, the following additional facts, given by Timbs in his *Curiosities of London*, will be of some value:—

"The lower part of the chancel is adorned by richly carved arcades, with shafts of St. Anne's marble, and panels in the spandrels. The arcades and the chancel roof are highly enriched with colour and gilding, executed by Crace. The arcade on the south side of the chancel is varied, to form sedilia for the officiating clergymen, and the floor is raised three steps above that of the nave, and is separated from it by a stone *septum*. The west window of the nave, a fine one of five lights, has been filled with stained glass in memory of the architect."

Munster Square takes its name from one of the lesser titles belonging to the Crown, which William IV. conferred on his eldest son by Mrs. Jordan; and Osnaburgh Street, which, as I have said, passes through it, is named after the Bishop of Osnaburgh, another Royal Hanovarian distinction which the Duke of York, George III.'s second son, was the last to hold.

PARK SQUARE, facing Park Crescent, Portland Place, was formed on the site of what was intended to be a gigantic circus of houses, the design of which is shown in Luffman's Plan of London for 1816, of which the half, now Park Crescent, was alone completed. It was finished in 1826, and consists of two rows of houses extending from the Marylebone Road to the Regent's Park, and divided by a large square garden enclosed by very massive iron railings. The houses are of that solid character, with pillar ornamentations between the windows, so characteristic of the period at which they were built; but the beauty of the garden and the proximity of the park (from which of course the Square takes its name), gives them quite a green and suburban effect, which even the busy Marylebone Road is unable to greatly affect.

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[1] They were taken over by the London County Council, and opened to the public in June 1906.

At No. 7 Park Square lived, for some years, Sir Peter Laurie, once an alderman of the city and Lord Mayor, of amiable character, but of somewhat eccentric habits, who became head of the firm of Laurie & Marner, the well-known coachbuilders, and died in 1861. Beyond this, there is no record of any other person of note residing here; but mention may be made of the Diorama built by Messrs. Morgan & Pugin and opened in 1823, which stood on the east side of the Square, and which, after a successful career, was sold in 1852, to Sir Morton Peto, who turned it into a Baptist Chapel!

Between Park Crescent and the garden of Park Square there is a tunnel beneath the Marylebone Road, known as "Nursery-maid's Walk," on account of its being used by these guardians of the children resident in Park Crescent when passing thence to the more ample garden of Park Square. It is said that so tenacious were the residents of their rights in this subway, that when the railway which runs beneath was contemplated, gradients of 1 in 100 had to be resorted to in order that the line might pass below this tunnel, and thus not affect the amenities of the younger generation and their attendants.

Clarendon Square lies to the east of the North-Western Railway Station, and is both of large extent and unique character, for within it stands a circle of houses called "The Polygon," which takes up the room that would otherwise have probably been formed into a central garden. The Square to-day is not a very exhilarating locality, but at the end of the last century, when one of its most illustrious past residents came to live here, the Polygon was but newly built, and surrounded by fields and nursery gardens.

William Godwin, who is here indicated, took a house in the Square just before his marriage with Mary Wollstonecraft, which took place on March 29, 1797, at Old St. Pancras Church.[1] Here Mrs. Godwin died on the following 10th September, after having given birth to the daugher who was afterwards to become the wife of Shelley, and authoress of *Frankenstein*. From here, too, the grief-stricken husband, a few hours after her death, wrote those letters to his various friends, announcing the sad event; which he probably hoped would be evidence of his stoicism. Godwin continued to live in the Polygon, whither he removed his books from 25 Evesham Buildings, and where he made his late wife's sitting-room his study, for about ten years. Here, in 1801, he was rather wooed by than wooed, his second wife, a widow named Mrs. Clairmont, whose grotesque flatteries, such as her "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin!" uttered from the balcony of the adjoining house in the Polygon which she had taken, Godwin was only too ready to swallow—as he ever was flattery of any sort. Here the Godwins continued to reside, not always in a state of ideal happiness, till August 1807, when they removed to a house in Skinner Street.[1]

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[1] Kegan Paul's *Life and Letters of Godwin*.

But the Polygon had had a still more illustrious inhabitant than Godwin, for John Dickens and his family are stated on the authority of Mr. John Lear—a fellow-clerk with Charles Dickens in Messrs. Ellis and Blackmore the attorneys' office—to have resided here between the years 1827 and 1828. Kitton, who mentions this, states that the name of Dickens does not appear in the Rate Books for those years, but that No. 17 is given as "Let to lodgers"; and as such an entry is very unusual and, Kitton was informed, hitherto unknown to the authorities, and as the comparatively high rents in the Polygon would doubtless have been beyond the means of John Dickens at that time, the assumption of Kitton that the Dickens family merely lodged at No. 17 is most probable.[2]

The Polygon was a good deal affected by artists in its earlier days, probably on account of the open ground then stretching away to the north; and here I find, at No. 23, J. T. Willmore, the line engraver, living for many years;[3] while another well-known engraver, Scriven, and De Wilde, the artist of the pictures appearing in Bell's *English Theatre*, praised by Dibdin, both resided here, as did various painters whose names have been forgotten and are only to be rescued from the oblivion of old Academy catalogues and similar compilations.

In Clarendon Square is a Roman Catholic chapel dedicated to St. Aloysius, founded in 1808, by the Abbé Carron, for the use of such of the French refugees who had settled themselves in this district. Closely associated with Carron in this good work was the Rev. J. Nerinckx, who carried on his ministrations here for over fifty years; commencing his duties alone, in 1815, on the return of the Abbé to France. Carron, while in this country, occupied a house in the Square formerly inhabited by the builder Leroux, and here he established schools[4] for boys and girls, of which the present St. Aloysius'

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[1] *London Past and Present.*

[2] Kitton's *Life of Dickens.* It will be remembered by readers of *Bleak House,* that Harold Skimpole once lived in Clarendon Square, in a house so dilapidated that "two or three of the area railings were gone; the water-butt was broken; the knocker was loose; the bell-handle had been pulled off a long time, to judge from the rusty state of the wire, and dirty footprints on the steps were the only signs of its being inhabited."

[3] *London Past and Present.*

[4] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1813, quoted in *Old and New London.*

Convent in the Square and the Convent School for ladies at No. 50, are survivals. In the chapel itself are busts of the Abbé Carron and the Bishop of St. Pol, and a memorial tablet, erected in 1857, to the Rev. J. Nerinckx, who had died in 1855. According to Walford the chapel was altered and repaired in 1850, "the altar and sanctuary being decorated in an elaborate arabesque style."

Reference to the Abbé Carron will be found in the *Jerningham Letters*, and I find the Chevalier Jerningham, in a letter to Lady Bedingfield, dated 1803, speaking of him as "un homme de meritte (*sic*), qui n'a d'effrayant que le nom!"[1]

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[1] Vol. i. p. 225.

CHAPTER IX

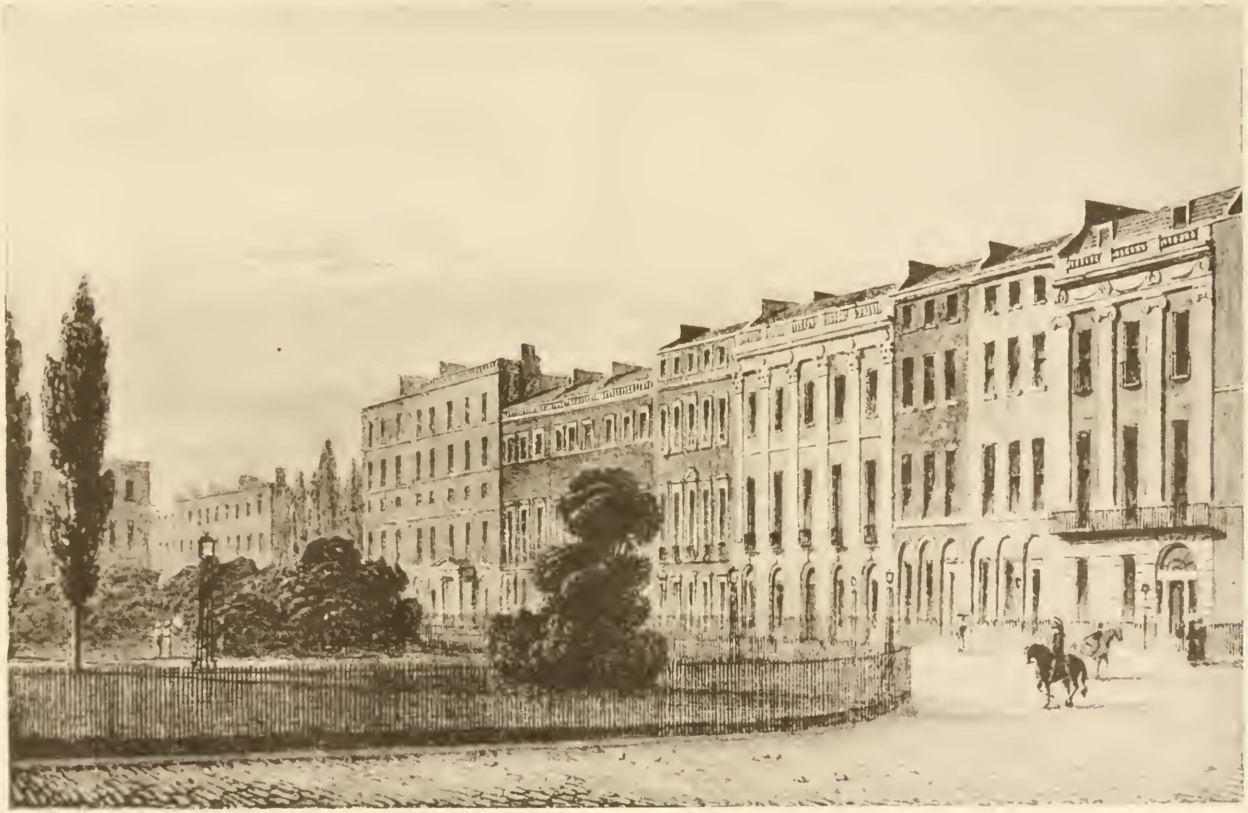
PORTMAN, MONTAGU, BRYANSTON, DORSET, MANCHESTER, HAREWOOD, AND BLANDFORD SQUARES

> "Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,
> Even in the midst of gilded palaces;
> And in our towns the prospect gives delight,
> Which opens round the country to our sight."
>
> SPRAT, *quoted in Wren's "Parentalia."*

THE Portman property, viz. that belonging to the family of which Lord Portman is the head, forms one of the large estates of London, for besides consisting of various streets of houses, it embraces in its area no less than five squares, one of which is of great interest; while another, as containing the mansion wherein is housed a collection second to none in the kingdom, which now forms one of the chief gems of our national collections, takes its place, for this reason alone, among those squares which are best worth attention.

PORTMAN SQUARE

BUT the one to be first considered because for a variety of reasons it is the most interesting, besides being the largest and most important, is Portman Square. It takes its name from William Henry Portman of Orchard Portman in Somersetshire, who owned the large estate of Marylebone extending to no less than 270 acres, which had at an earlier date appertained to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. From an extract from an old lease quoted by Cunningham, this property appears to have comprised "Great Gibbet Field, Little Gibbet Field, Hawkfield, Brock Stand, Tassel Croft, Boy's Croft, and twenty acres called Fursecroft, and two closes known as Shepcott Haws"—the Gibbet alluded to being that which gave such a sinister significance to the name of Tyburn. The whole estate covers ground to the west of the land purchased by the Duke of Newcastle in 1708, which will be found



PORTMAN SQUARE.

noticed in the chapter on Cavendish Square. Lysons states that the Square was commenced about 1764; the north side being then only built, and that the whole was not completed till twenty years later. But the central garden must have been formed in 1780, for in that year an Act was passed by which trustees were appointed for its regulation and maintenance and for other contingent purposes.[1] The comparatively lengthy period which elapsed between the commencement and completion of the Square is accountable, perhaps, for the want of uniformity in the houses which Lambert complains of[2] when describing the Square as "one of the largest and handsomest in the Metropolis," in 1806. The position was excellently selected, for the Square stands on high and salubrious ground, and merits the appellation of the "Montpelier of England," which Mrs. Montagu once bestowed upon it; indeed that illustrious lady affirmed that she "never enjoyed such health as since she came to live in it."

The majority of the houses in Portman Square appear to have been erected by builders who had obtained building leases from the ground landlord, among these speculators being Mr. J. T. Parkinson and one or other of the Adam Brothers; but a few leases were obtained by private individuals, among whom were the Hon. C. Greville, Countess Howe, and Countess Harcourt; while it is uncertain whether Edward Hulse, Esq., a Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, who is given in a Directory for 1798, as living in the Square then, was an original lessee, or rented a house from one or other of the builders mentioned. We shall probably be right in assuming that these leases were granted on behalf of the north side of the Square, which, as we have seen, was the first to be built.

Among those who secured subsequent leases of other sites or houses, about the year 1820, were Lord Teignmouth, Harvey Coombe, Esq., Lord Kenyon, the first Earl Manvers, the fourth Duke of Newcastle,[3] J. M. Elwes, Esq., and the sixth Earl of Cardigan (at No. 3, then No. 2), while two years later I find, besides these, that the residents included Lord Clifford, the first Earl of Beverley; Lord Loraine (son of the preceding); Lord Petre; the sixth Earl of Scarborough; the Countess of Pomfret (*née* Miss Draycot, and widow of the second Earl); Earl Nelson, the elder brother of Lord Nelson; the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburgh, the Dowager-Countess of Clonmell; and Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.;

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[1] Information kindly given by F. W. Hunt, Esq., of the Portman Estate Office.

History of London.

[3] In Hayward's *Correspondence* are letters from the fifth Duke to Hayward, dated from Portman Square in 1854 and 1855.

and at a later date still Spencer Perceval, Esq.; Sir William Sterling, Bart.; Lord Leigh; and the first Earl of Ducie. Apart from the historic interest of the noble families here represented, several of the foregoing are personally to be ranked as people of importance in one way or another. The Hon. Francis Greville, second son of the Earl of Brooke (afterwards Earl of Warwick) by Elizabeth Hamilton, a sister of Sir William Hamilton, was born in 1749, and became in time noted for his refinement and cultivation, as a collector of objects of art and a connoisseur. His portrait by Romney shows us a finely formed head and face with a good brow, expressive eyes, and well-shaped nose and mouth; he was wont to assist his celebrated uncle in the acquirement of objects of beauty and interest, and it was through him, indirectly, that Sir William became the possessor of that human epitome of these characteristics in the person of Emma Lyons—the celebrated Lady Hamilton. Greville had been attracted by the perfect face and form of this siren when she was at Dr. Graham's, and she lived under his protection until 1789, when Greville's affairs fell into disorder and he was obliged to part with his collection, in which Emma Lyons may be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre;* an arrangement seems to have been arrived at between the uncle and nephew, by which the former took the lady, and, if report can be believed, the latter received a cheque.

Mr. Sichel, in his elaborate *Life of Lady Hamilton*, pictures Greville—the punctilious and elegant—in Portman Square "in the dainty chamber of his mansion," where "swung the pet monkey and hung the loaned 'Venus' by Correggio, slightly retouched with applied water-colours by Henry Morland." This was in January 1782, when Greville had but newly arrived here from his earlier abode, in Charles Street or at his father's house in St. James's Square.

Spencer Perceval is notable as being a descendant of the Prime Minister of the same name, whose tragic fate at the hands of Bellingham in 1811, is part of the history of the country; while in J. M. Elwes, we recognise one who almost made miserliness classic, although he would appear to have come of a family noted in this respect, for the estate and £150,000 which he inherited from his uncle Sir Hervey Elwes, M.P., were the accumulation of that gentleman's penurious existence, he living, it is said, at the rate of £110 per annum; while John Elwes's mother, although possessing property to the value of £100,000, is reported—I do not vouch for the accuracy of this—to have starved herself to death. All sorts of wonderful, some indeed well-nigh incredible, stories are told of John Elwes's extraordinary mania for saving money; and these tales are the more remarkable in that Elwes was a gambler of the first water, who, after playing for, and sometimes losing, thousands, would walk from the Club in the early morning to Smithfield to meet the cattle coming from his farm, Theydon Hall, in Essex, and would there stand haggling with butchers for shillings. Beyond his gambling propensities his only known sacrifice of money to pleasure was the keeping of a kennel of foxhounds and a stable of hunters; but in this he even sought to accomplish small savings, making his huntsmen rise at abnormal hours to act as farm hands and to do domestic work in the house. Acts of generosity can be placed to his credit, however; and his acquirement of leases in Portman Square was due to his desire to speculate in London property. His unbusiness-like methods—for, like many who save in small ways, he was often careless over large sums—resulted in his losing, it is estimated, no less than £150,000; but as, on his death in 1789, at the age of seventy-five, he left upwards of £800,000, it could, considering his habits of life, have made little difference to him.[1]

Thomas Assheton Smith, who lived at No. 5, is a household word in sporting circles, for he was a sportsman of the old type—the very "glass of fashion and mould of form" of the modern Nimrod.

Among the names of residents mentioned, I do not find that of the Earl of Kenmare, but from an extract in one of Lady Jerningham's letters to Lady Bedingfield, dated March 24, 1807, it was his house that was subsequently occupied by Lady Clonmell. "Lord Kenmare paid annually £800 for his house in Portman Square," says Lady Jerningham, "and Lady Clonmell was very glad to take it off his hands at the same rate," adding that "some houses are a £1000 a year."[2] Lord Petre is also referred to in this interesting collection of letters; for Lady Jerningham, writing this time to her daughter, on April 20, 1822, mentions the fact that he "wishes to sell his house in Portman Square." "He is now," she adds, "in it, but told Edward he could no more enjoy himself there."

Lord Leigh's house is now numbered 37, and is occupied to-day by Arthur H. Renshaw, Esq., who informs me that it is believed to have been one of the Adams' original erections, and that there is a tradition that one of the Georgian Princes once resided here. This I am unable to verify, but at what was then No. 32, resided Lady Anne Hamilton, who wrote that scandalous *Secret History of the Court of England;* and here came to stay with her, in June 1820, the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, who had, during the few days after her return to England, been living at 77 South Audley Street, the residence of Alderman Wood. This may conceivably have given rise to the Georgian tradition, although the last people, one would have thought, to wish to come in contact with the Queen would have been any member of George IV.'s family. It was at this time that the delegates from the House of Commons waited on the Queen with those proposals of a large annuity and an "official announcement of her position," on the condition that she should forthwith leave the country and reside abroad, with the further ultimatum that her name should not appear in the Liturgy, which Caroline rejected "sternly and haughtily." When her decision was known, it is said that the crowd which had assembled in the Square set up such a shout of joy that it might have been heard at Charing Cross; and even the Army became infected with the general feeling of compassion for the ill-treated woman, so that Luttrell made his witty and memorable remark to the effect that "the extinguisher was taking fire."[1]

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[1] An interesting account of Elwes is given in Timbs's *Century of Anecdote*, and lives of him have also been written.

[2] *Jerningham Letters*, vol. i. p. 304.

No. 37 contains some fine ceilings, and the front door is curiously studded with massive iron nails.

No. 44 was once in the possession of Lord Hardwicke, from whom it was taken by Sir John Amory, who was the immediate predecessor of its present owner, Francis Ricardo, Esq.; and No. 13, where Miss Agnes Zimmerman resides, was previously, since 1887, the residence of Louisa, Lady Goldsmid, and before her, of Mr. and Lady Katherine Gaskell. Tradition has been rife with regard to another house in the Square, namely, No. 9, now occupied by Herbert C. Gibbs, Esq., for that gentleman, in an interesting letter on the subject, tells me that he has been informed by several people that Lord Nelson once lived here; one of his informants being Mrs. Byron, the daughter-in-law of the Hon. and Rev. W. Byron, who lived in the house many years since. As Mr. Gibbs remembers that Lord Nelson dated a letter from Portman Square, and as no record seems to exist of his actually having possessed a house here, it is probable that he was staying with friends at the time. Mr. Bowen of Merton, a friend of Lady Hamilton, also had a house in Portman Square, and it is therefore not improbable that, if No. 9 was this house, the report may have had its source in fact, and Lord Nelson may have stayed here and have written the letter at that time. In this connection it is interesting, at any rate, to know that there hangs in one of the rooms[2] one of Romney's representations of Lady Hamilton in the most appropriate of all the characters in which he painted her, that of Circe.

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[1] Wilkin's *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*

[2] It would appear from the Survey of 1799 that No. 9 once formed part of a larger house.

A few doors from this house is what was No. 12, but has since been renumbered 15, once the town residence of the Duke of Hamilton, who died here on August 18, 1852. He had married the only daughter of William Beckford, and here were once to be seen some of the remarkable pictures and curiosities which that insatiable collector[1] gathered around him at Fonthill, Bath, and elsewhere, and which came into the possession of the Hamilton family through this marriage. This was not, however, the only fine collection of pictures in the Square at that period, for at No. 26, lived Lord Garvagh, the gem of whose gallery was the great Aldobrandini Madonna, or Garvagh Madonna, as it is sometimes called, by Raphael, which now hangs in the National Gallery.[2]

No. 15, the Duke of Hamilton's old house, was subsequently occupied by the Duke of Leeds, and Timbs, in his *Curiosities of London*, mentions, as particularly worthy of notice, the architectural embellishments of the staircase and principal rooms, the rich mahogany doors, and the sculptured chimneypieces, as well as the cornices and ceilings, all in the characteristically classic style of the Adam Brothers. The house is now the town residence of the Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife; which circumstance gives Portman Square the distinction of being the only square in London containing the abode of a member of the royal family.[3]

Among other residents may be mentioned General Sir John Byng, afterwards (1855) a Field-Marshal, in whose favour the extinct Earldom of Strafford (of the Wentworth line) had been revived in 1847; Sir John having been the great-grandson of Thomas, the third Earl; and at No. 40, the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot. An earlier resident was Sir William Pepperell of Rhode Island, North America, whose loyalty to the Crown procured for him a baronetcy. He is said to have been at one time the richest subject in that country, but losses through the cause he espoused diminished his property so greatly that a pension was granted him. He died in Portman Square in December 1816. To these may be added the Dowager Lady Westmorland; Sir F. Graham Moon, Bart., once Lord Mayor of London; and Earl Grey, to whom we find Sydney

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[1] Apropos of art collections, I may remind the reader that the celebrated picture of Lady Cockburn and her children, by Reynolds, one of the two pictures he is known to have signed, and recently bequeathed to the nation by Alfred Beit, Esq., was formerly in the possession of Sir James Hamilton, a son-in-law of General Sir James Cockburn, one of the boys in the picture, at No. 6. Portman Square.

[2] Reynolds's portrait of Lady Ann Fitzpatrick, as a little peasant in a mountain landscape, and engraved as "Collina," was, in 1865, in the possession of Mr. Fitzpatrick of Portman Square.

[3] According to Hughson, in his *Walks through London*, the Duke of York, brother of George IV., removed to a house in the Square after leaving Melbourne House.

Smith writing, in 1818, "I am truly sorry to receive such accounts of Lady Grey. It strikes me she has a very good constitution, and I have no doubt we shall have a very merry christening in Portman Square, to which, I strongly suspect, you will invite me," adding, in his whimsical way, "If Lady Grey wishes to see a child gracefully held, and to receive proper compliments upon its beauty and to witness the consummation of all ecclesiastical observances, she will invite me to perform the ceremony."[1] Byron in his *Journal* mentions going with Moore to dine with Lord Grey here in 1814, and humorously discussing with him a criticism that had appeared in the *Java Gazette* on their respective merits as poets: "It was amusing enough," writes Byron, "that we should be proceeding peaceably to the same table, while they were squabbling about us in the Indian seas. . . . But this is fame, I presume."[2]

Another friend of Moore's, and one mentioned in his *Diary*, Miss Johns, also had a house in the Square, as did Miss Thackeray, a cousin of *the* Thackeray, whose house was on the Oxford Street side of the Square. In his *Letters to an American Family*, Thackeray, in 1853, thus refers to this lady: "I went to a concert at the house of a cousiness of mine who has a fine mansion in Portman Square, and £6000 a year to bestow upon any one who marries her; there were as many sneaks about her as in the very politest circles, and people were as eager to get to her party as to a Duchess's."

A lady, notable for her parties, who once lived in Portman Square was the Mrs. Beaumont of whom Gronow tells in his *Celebrities of London and Paris*. She appears to have been a person of low origin but great wealth, and to have aimed at fame through the medium of costly and ostentatious entertainments. Gronow became a frequent visitor at her house, until, on one occasion introducing a distinguished officer of the Guards at one of her *réunions*, she asked who he was, and being told he was a captain in Gronow's own regiment, she exclaimed, "I want no more captains at my balls: you should consider yourself lucky in getting an invitation!" It is needless to say that Gronow bowed, took his leave, and as he himself put it, "reflecting on the injustice I had done Mrs. Beaumont in presuming to appear at her assemblies," never again entered her house.

It was in Portman Square that Lord Lyttelton was living, when he removed to Grosvenor Place, and all his servants gave him notice, because they could not think of going to such an outlandish locality! Macaulay mentions dining with Lyttelton in Portman Square in July 1831.

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[1] *Letters of Sydney Smith*. It is curious that Sir Algernon West in his *Recollections* mentions that his wife, *née* Miss Barrington, who was a grand-daughter of Lord Grey's, remembered being christened when four years old by Sydney Smith.

[2] Moore's *Byron*, vol. ii. p. 74.

Two[1] Ambassadors at least have resided in the Square—one, the Turkish, we shall meet when we come to Montagu House; the other was M. Otto, who was over here for the Treaty of Amiens, the preliminaries of which he signed with Lord Hawkesbury in Downing Street on October 1, 1801.[2] When General Lauriston arrived from Paris with the ratification of the treaty, so great was the joy of the people, that he was met by vast crowds, the horses taken from his carriage, and the envoy himself drawn in the vehicle to M. Otto's house in a sort of improvised triumph. A print is in existence showing the illuminations in Portman Square in honour of the auspicious event; with which illuminations a curious incident is connected. They took the form of oil-lamps representing the word "Concord," and on each side were the initials of George III., "G. R.,"[3] and of the French Republic, "R. F.," a unique juxtaposition of these symbols. The crowd gathered in the Square, unfortunately, mistook the word "Concord" for "Conquered," and with that directness of action characteristic of mobs from time immemorial, proceeded to smash the whole of the Ambassador's windows in consequence. Hastily was the offending word removed, and "Amitié" set up in its stead; but this was but adding fuel to the fire of popular resentment, for it was construed into "Enmity," and this had also to be taken down. "Ultimately," wrote Mr. Planché, an eye-witness of the scene, "what ought to have been done at first was done: the word 'Peace' was displayed, and so peace was restored to Portman Square for the evening." Allen in his *History of London* adds that the excessive brilliancy of this illumination was probably never exceeded; the sight could hardly sustain the radiance, even at a distance of many yards. "The crowd," he adds, "was so immense that for a long time those who had reached the Square could find no avenue for retreat, and many carriages were jammed in for hours." From another view of the illuminations, they would appear to have eventually, at any rate, taken a different form, for here we see the whole front of M. Otto's house outlined with lamps, surmounted by a large star, beneath which in a central compartment are two emblematical figures shaking hands apparently, and beneath them again the not very appropriate word "Victory." On each side are the initials "G. R." and "C. R.," obviously those of King George and his Queen.[1]

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[1] Three—for on November 27, 1782, and two following days, the effects of H.E. Count Belgioiox, Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of his Imperial Majesty, were sold at his house in Portman Square. (*Memorials of Christie's*, vol. i. p. 38.)

[2] The actual treaty was signed in Paris on March 25, 1802, and the rejoicings in London took place on the following 29th April.

[3] Allen says that some sailors in the crowd discovered that the initials "G. R." had no crown over them, and this had to be added to appease their demonstrative loyalty.

Another incident connected with the Square forms a companion picture to the above, for it arose from the news of that battle which brought in its train a far more effective peace than the Treaty of Amiens had been able to procure. Haydon tells the story, and when Haydon relates a circumstance there is no bettering his graphic delineation, so it is given in his own words: "I had spent the evening with John Scott, who lived in the Edgware Road. I had stayed rather late, and was coming home to Great Marlborough Street, when in crossing Portman Square a messenger from the Foreign Office came right up to me and said, 'Which is Lord Harrowby's? The Duke has beat Napoleon, taken one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and is marching to Paris!' 'Is it true?' said I, quite bewildered. 'True!' said he, "which is Lord Harrowby's?' Forgetting in my joy that this was not Grosvenor Square, I said, 'There,' pointing to the same point in Portman Square as Lord Harrowby's house occupies in Grosvenor Square, which happened to be Mrs. Boehm's, where there was actually a rout. In rushed the messenger through servants and all, and I ran back again to Scott's."[2] There is a slight error here, for Mrs. Boehm's house was not in Portman Square but in St. James's Square, where the incident of the arrival of the news of Waterloo will be found mentioned.

It is said, however, that it was at a house in Portman Square that occurred the incident of Brummell and his snuff-box, which has been often and variously told. At a dinner party there, after the removal of the cloth and the introduction of the snuff-boxes, as the fashion then was, Brummell's box was particularly admired, and was handed about for general inspection, when a gentleman, finding it difficult to open—for the Beau, unlike the great Napoleon, did not confine himself to rounded boxes that could be opened easily with one hand—took up a dessert knife and attempted in his rough and ready way to prise the box open; when Brummell, who had been watching the proceeding with ill-concealed impatience, suddenly cried out to his host, "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster?"

It was, too, at a ball in Portman Square that Theodore Hook once

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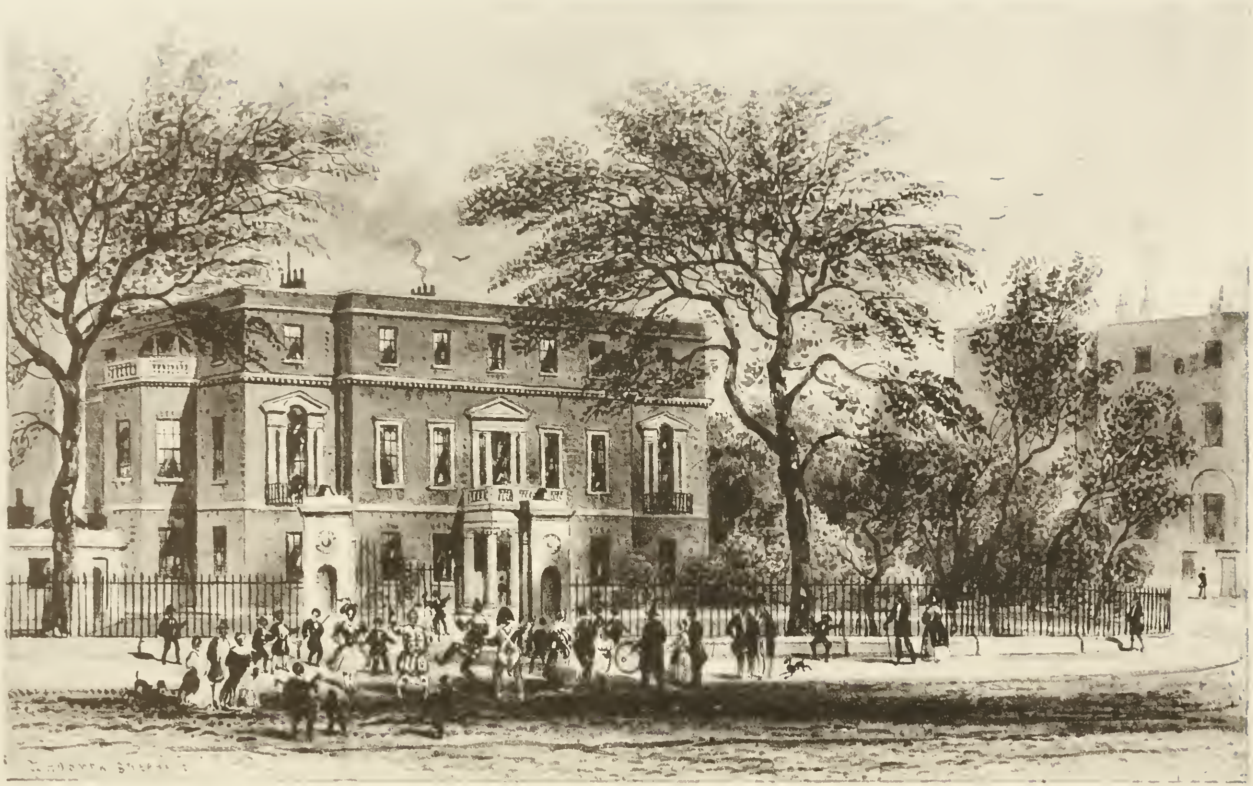
[1] This illustration is given in an interesting article on "Fireworks of the Past," by Mr. Alfred Whitman, in the *Strand Magazine* for November 1897. I cannot, however, but think that this print indicates illuminations in honour of some victory—probably Waterloo—in which case the mansion thus decorated would hardly be that of the French Ambassador; although, inasmuch as that victory placed the Bourbons again on the throne, it might be.

[2] Haydon's *Diary* for June 23, 1815.



Mrs. MONTAGU'S HOUSE, PORTMAN SQUARE.

came into collision with General Thornton—known, from his excessive mania for dancing, as the "Dancing General," and supposed to be the original of Charles Matthews' Major Longbow. Hook had a great aversion from dancing, and he said or did something which demanded instant satisfaction on the field of honour. Barham, in his *Life of Hook*, says that the parties met and exchanged shots but that no damage was done to either, but Captain Gronow's version is that the General did not demand the satisfaction which as a man of honour he should have done, and that the affair getting wind, a committee of the Guards was formed to inquire into the circumstances of the case, with the result that General Thornton was asked to retire; a proceeding that paved the way to certain drastic changes in the personnel of the army, and the removal of a number of old and useless officers in favour of those who had seen service under Wellington. Hook's witty comment on the circumstance is well known. "I rejoice to hear," said he, "that they have adopted the Wellington overalls, and discarded their inexpressibles." It is almost needless to add that the new colonels were afterwards known as "Wellington overalls."[1]

The most important house in the Square is, of course, No. 22, or Montagu House, now the town residence of Viscount Portman, the ground landlord. Built by the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, it has a halo of associations around it which make it second in interest to few mansions of a similar age in London. It was designed by James Stuart—better known as "Athenian" Stuart, from his share in Revett's *Antiquities of Athens*—for Mrs. Montagu in 1760. But it was obviously not commenced till some years later, for, as we have seen, the Square itself was not begun till 1764, and so much later as November 21, 1781, I find Mrs. Boscawen writing that "Mrs. Montagu is very busy furnishing her new house," adding that "part of her family is removed into it."[2] Mrs. Montagu had been living in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, previously to the death of her husband, but a few years after that event, being left very well off, she removed to what came to be known as Montagu House, but is now numbered 22 Portman Square. The year after she moved in, Horace Walpole writes that on February 22nd, he "dined at Mrs. Montagu's new palace, and was much surprised." "Instead of vagaries, it is a noble, simple edifice," he says, adding, "When I came home I recollected that although I thought it so magnificent a house, there was not a morsel of gilding. It is grand, not tawdry, nor larded and embroidered and pomponned with shreds and remnants, and *clinquant* like all the harlequinades of Adam, which never let the eye repose for a moment."

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[1] See Barham's *Life of Hook* and Gronow's *Reminiscences*.

[2] Mrs. Delany's *Autobiography*, vol. vi. p. 65.

Apart from the side-hit at the brothers Adam, Walpole seems to have been justified in his praise; not only had great care been taken with the design by Stuart, but Mrs. Montagu herself superintended the building and decoration of the mansion; she watched its gradual development with loving and critical eyes; it was, as she once said, "an excellent house, finely situated, and just such as I have always wished, but never hoped to have;" indeed it became an obsession with her, and we find her on another occasion, in one of her letters, protesting that: "I will get the better of my passion for my new house, which is almost equal to that of a lover to a mistress whom he thinks very handsome and very good, and such as will make him enjoy the dignity of life with ease."

There must have been an almost child-like delight in the anticipation of inhabiting the new possession, and we are hardly surprised to find the "Blue-stocking" *par excellence*, the learned authoress of the *Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare*, buying a large glass "at the French Ambassador's sale," and other things "pretty cheap," for the adornment of her new abode. One of her "fads," if so brilliant a mind can be said to have had "fads," was the decoration of one of the rooms with feather hangings, and she begged birds' feathers from all her friends; to one she hints that "the brown tails of partridges are very useful," at the same time remembering that they are "not so brilliant as some others"; dare we think that she had, in one of her country visits, cast eyes of envy on the tyrian hues of her correspondent's peacocks; to another—from whom we may suppose she could hope for nothing better—she remarks that "the feathers of a goose may be better adapted to some occasions than the plumes of the phœnix," a figure that we can only hope procured her another, if humbler, feathered victim. Cowper, one of her friends, who may, for aught we know, have contributed something from his rural Olney, wrote some lines on this unique form of mural decoration; they are well enough known, and begin with the assertion that

> "The birds put off their every hue
> To dress a room for Montagu,"

although the wretched creatures could have had very little say in the matter. Then there was her room of "Cupidons," which was painted with roses and jessamine entwined with chubby cupids of decorative audacity, which Mrs. Delany had in her eye when she wrote, "How such a genius at her age, and so circumstanced, could think of painting the walls of her dressing-room with bowers of roses and jessamine, entirely inhabited by little cupids in all their wanton ways, is astonishing."

But Mrs. Montagu's interest in her house was not confined to the decoration of its rooms or the adornment of its walls. Here she delighted to assemble her friends; and what friends she had around her! All, or nearly all, the witty, the clever, the noble, the fashionable, thronged to her assemblies—from Horace Walpole, who praised her "palace," to Dr. Johnson, who, although he would not allow that he had been gratified by his visits there, confessed that he did not remember "to have passed many evenings with fewer objections." Here, too, she received George III. and his Queen; and on another occasion gave a breakfast to no less than seven hundred people. Here the Blue-stocking Club, which Walpole called "a charming poetic familiarity," met. The name had been given it, we are told, through Mr. Stillingfleet,[1] one of its members, wearing blue stockings—and as his conversation was particularly witty and amusing, when he happened to be absent from the meeting, it used to be generally remarked, "We can do nothing without Blue-stocking," and hence the name came to be gradually adopted. If any single individual was the author of the phrase it would seem to have been Admiral Boscawen, who applied it in a pleasantry on Stillingfleet's nether adornments. Among the members of this society were, besides Mrs. Montagu herself, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Boscawen, and Mrs. Carter—the learned translator of Epictetus—Mr. Pulteney, Horace Walpole, and Stillingfleet; while others who were to be met with at Montagu House were Mrs. Chapone, who we remember corresponded with Miss Pinkerton; Lord Chatham, David Garrick, Fanny Burney, who has left a description of a great breakfast here; Seward, famed for anecdotes; and Lord Lyttelton, famed for nothing but his "ghost story."

Mrs. Montagu was indeed practically the originator of a "literary salon" in this country—she has been called the Madame du Deffand of England, and as a hostess she deserves the distinction; as Fanny Burney describes her, "brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk," she seems to have focussed within herself, if not every advantage obtainable by mere mortals, at least those solid material pleasures which come from wealth, wit, and wisdom. Dr. Beattie, who was an intimate acquaintance, once said of her, although he had known several ladies in literature, "she excelled them all," and that "in conversation she had more wit than any other person, male or female," and he adds that she had far higher gifts:

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[1] Forbes's *Life of Beattie.*

"She was a sincere Christian, both in faith and practice, so that by her influence and example she did good."

Mrs. Montagu had, if not exactly enemies, at least those who were antipathetic to her; even the great Johnson was sometimes this, as some of the anecdotes told of his conduct to her prove; so was Cumberland, who calls her Vanessa, in a skit he wrote on her assemblies, which he termed *Feasts of Reason;* but Cumberland was bitter against most people. Considering, however, how many people partook of her hospitality, it is curious how few have found fault with her conduct or have tried to belittle her character.

Although she liked to gather around her the witty and fashionable people of her day, Mrs. Montagu was one whose amiable character was almost better pleased in making happy those who were not invariably happy; and the feast to the chimney sweeps which she annually, on the 1st May, gave in the grounds of Montagu House, is an exemplification of this pleasant characteristic. That the sweeps—at that time, if not a dirtier, chimney-sweeping was a very much more terrifying, and often dangerous calling to its younger members—might enjoy one day of pure happiness in the year, she regaled them with beef and plum-pudding and gave them the run of her fine garden at Montagu House. There is a tradition that the origin of the idea was the kidnapping of a young Montagu—some say the son of Lady Mary Wortley—by chimney sweeps and his accidental return to his family, by a sweep employed to clean the chimneys of the house from which the child had many years before been stolen. If this be correct, the fraternity, had it been composed of logical minds, might well have deduced from such a return for such an act, almost an incentive to fresh depredations on the youthful offspring of their patrons.

Mrs. Montagu continued to receive her many friends up to within two years of her death, but she had ceased to leave her house, and indeed, as Dr. Burney told his daughter, she had at last become "almost wholly blind and very feeble." In 1799, a report that she was actually dead gained some credence, but that event did not take place till the following year, when she expired at the age of eighty, in the house which she had loved and of which she was the distinguished ornament.

Montagu House passed, on her death, to Mr. Matthew Montagu, her nephew and heir, who had taken her name in place of his original patronymic of Robinson. It does not appear that he resided here, however, for we learn that after Mrs. Montagu's death her house was occupied by the Turkish Ambassador, and he it was who erected in the grounds a "kiosk" where, surrounded by his suite, he was wont to smoke his pipe with Oriental complacency.

In 1835 Lord Rokeby—a member of the Montagu family—lived here, and in that year the house is given as the address of the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Sir Robert Peel's Administration, who had married one of Lord Rokeby's daughters. The Montagus continued to possess the property till the year 1874, when the lease expired, and the ground landlord, Lord Portman, came to reside here. The house was rebuilt and recased with red bricks some years since, but many of its interior characteristic features remain as they were in the time of Mrs. Montagu, whose memory is perpetuated in the Square of that name.

It is difficult, if we think of Portman Square as it is to-day and call to mind the great houses surrounding it, with their royal and noble occupants, with the myriad of streets on all sides of it, to imagine it "on the outskirts of the town," as Southey in his *Espriella's Letters* describes it, "approached on one side by a road, unlit, unpaved, and inaccessible by carriage." Its well-kept road and pavements and its carefully tended central garden help to make such a mental retrospect still more difficult.

The houses were renumbered in October 1858, the present No. 1 being formerly No. 8 Lower Seymour Street, and what is now No. 2 being then No. 1, and so on. Nos. 9 and 10 were, in the old days, Nos. 11 and 10 Lower Berkeley Street, and No. 23, was then variously No. 18A Portman Square or No. 79 Upper Berkeley Street; No. 33 was 1 Upper Seymour Street, and No. 34, 16 Portman Street; while No. 47 was No. 40, or No. 8A Lower Seymour Street. The net result being forty-seven houses with addresses in Portman Square as against forty before the renumbering took place.[1] It is obviously important to bear this in mind when trying to identify particular houses and residents.

MONTAGU AND BRYANSTON SQUARES

In the somewhat flippant way he has when dealing with the squares of London, of which, by-the-bye, he tells us little or nothing, Knight calls these two squares "twin deformities," adding that "they are long, narrow strips of ground, fenced in by two monstrous rows of flat houses," but the description is curiously misleading unless the fact of their being anything but square may be considered a sufficient cause for terming them deformities; indeed by Luffman's Plan of London for 1816, they are shown not even to be alike in shape, for whereas the former is given approximately as it is to-day, the latter is depicted as almost square, which was probably the form in which it was first designed. Both the squares are on the Portman estate, and the former was named after Mrs. Montagu; it was commenced about the year 1800, and completed between then and 1813, the first lessees of the ground being two builders; one David Porter, who is said to have once been a sort of official chimney-sweep to the village of Marylebone, and the other J. T. Parkinson, whom we have met with as one of the first builders of houses in Portman Square.

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[1] From information kindly supplied by F. W. Hunt, Esq., of the Portman Estate Office. In the Crace collection, is a water-colour drawing by Gingal, which was engraved by Ackermann in 1794, representing the north side of the Square.

The ground on which the Square was built was formerly known as Ward's Field, and was the site of what was termed Apple Village—a collection of cottages where, according to Mr. Clinch, one of the murderers of Mr. Steele resided.

In 1813 an Act was passed for appointing trustees to regulate the maintenance of the central garden and for other contingent purposes. In the centre of this garden was what Knight irreverently calls "a pump with a flower-pot shaped like an urn on the top of it," and it must be confessed that it partakes to-day of that desolate look peculiar to so many of the smaller central gardens of squares, given over, it would seem, to perambulating nursemaids and exiguous cats; it is therefore the more interesting that we can connect it indirectly with the Jubilee of George III., for on that auspicious occasion, the Square being as yet uncompleted (1810), Mr. Porter entertained his workmen in this area to a substantial feast, "much conviviality and harmony" prevailing, we are told, "around the festive board."[1] There would seem to be little of interest connected with the Square or its past inhabitants; indeed in Cunningham's *London*, and what is more curious, in *London Past and Present*, so fine an amplification of Cunningham's work, the Square is not even mentioned, nevertheless the connection of one or two notable people with it can be traced; thus Sir Charles Warwick Bampfylde, a baronet of an old and distinguished Devonshire family, was living here in the early part of the last century, and had ust left his house on April 7, 1823, when he was shot and mortally wounded by a man named Morland who had formerly been in his service. The murderer, seeing that his first shot had taken effect, pointed his pistol at his own head, fired, and fell dead. He was buried

[1] Clinch's *Marylebone and St. Pancras.*

at cross roads in St. John's Wood, and it is probable that this was the last instance of a suicide's body being so disposed of.[1]

Another interesting resident was Mrs. Lytton-Bulwer, the mother of the first Lord Lytton; she was living here during part of the boyhood of her illustrious son, whom we can therefore claim as probably the Square's most illustrious bygone inhabitant. At a later day, however, another notable literary man was more closely identified with it, for here, from 1879 to 1882, lived Anthony Trollope, at No. 39, and here, as elsewhere during his busy life, he produced his vast output with a methodical regularity which is still the wonder of so many of the *genus irritabile*, and which, on its being made known by the author himself in his Autobiography, it is safe to say, very considerably lessened the appreciation of his works. Nobody could believe that such clockwork methods could be productive of anything but mere hackwork—and much of the round sixty volumes *was* hackwork. Trollope himself never pretended it was work of a high class, but he did contend that it was honest work, the best he could do, and he enjoyed recounting his "feats of literary productiveness," as Mr. Frederic Harrison points out; and his total of sixty works in thirty-five years, representing a net result of some £70,000, gives him the credit of being if not a literary artist, at least an industrious and honest worker. We must remember, too, that included in that vast total was the remarkable Barchester series, which seems at last to be coming into something like the popularity that is its due. There is a photographic clearness about his characters and their talk which makes what Henley once said of Richard Jefferies much truer of Trollope, that "he was a reporter of genius." His best work was done before he came to live in Montagu Square, and to the period of this residence can only be traced *Cousin Henry*, *The Duke's Children*, and some of his later novels; his undoubtedly interesting but disappointing monograph on Thackeray; and his *Life of Cicero*, which nearly any one else might have done as well. "It would," says Mr. Frith,[2] "be impossible to imagine anything less like his works than the author of them. The books full of gentleness, grace, and refinement; the writer of them bluff, loud, stormy, and contentious; neither a brilliant talker nor a good speaker, but a kinder-hearted man and a truer friend never lived."

Another resident[3] here was Sir Frederick (then Mr.) Pollock. I can trace his occupancy of a house in the Square in 1853, when Macready, writing from Sherborne, sends a present of books to him and his wife; and again in 1860, when the great actor called there and found his friend and future biographer out. In the following year, too, we find him writing to Mr. Pollock from Cheltenham, and expressing the wish that he had "the wings of a dove," to flee away and spend two or three days in Montagu Square."[1]

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[1] Clinch's *Marylebone*. Lord Poltimore is the present head of the Bampfylde family.

[2] *Reminiscences*.

[3] At No. 14 the Marquis d'Hautpoul resides, and next door until recently lived the Marquis of Hamilton, while Rear-Admiral Sir Lambton Loraine, Bart., is at No. 7.

Bryanston Square is named after Bryanston, near Blandford, in Dorset, a seat of Lord Portman, the ground landlord; it was built on ground bearing the same name as its companion Montagu Square, and was commenced about the year 1810—the Act for the regulation of its garden, &c., being the same as that which provided for the maintenance of the other. It was practically nearly all built by builders who had obtained ground leases, they being, besides the ubiquitous J. T. Parkinson, Henry Fauntleroy, J. H. Stracey, Harrison, and Edward Waddilove. Mr. Clinch mentions David Porter as being the sole constructor of the Square, but the records of the Portman Estate Office give the names here mentioned only.

As Knight waxed facetious over the central garden of Montagu Square, so with regard to that of Bryanston Square he has his harmless jest. "In the middle of the green turf which runs up the middle of Bryanston Square," says he, "is a dwarf weeping ash, which resembles strikingly a gigantic umbrella or toadstool." Which, if we think of it, a weeping ash, whether in square garden or not, frequently does.

Some notable people have lived in the Square in the past, as many fashionable people do to-day. Among the earlier inhabitants is to be numbered Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, who died here in 1828. His name will be remembered in connection with the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, and is embodied in a well-known quatrain. Creevey speaks of him as being one in the Service whom he estimated the highest, and indeed, in the subsequent recriminations over the expedition, although Chatham tried to throw the blame on Strachan, universal indignation was excited against the former and the Admiralty, and exonerated the latter from the blame which the Government tried to attach to him.

In Bryanston Square, in 1855, died Henry Colburn, the well-known publisher whose imprint is to be found on some of the best works published in the thirties; and on February 20th of the same year expired a more notable man, Joseph Hume, who was then residing at No. 6. Though Creevey censures his "stupid vanity," there is little doubt that Hume was one of those remarkable men who, without the spring-board of advancement which has launched so many mediocrities farther than their talents would have carried them, made his mark in the history of the country; but as it is the history of the country with which his name is associated, it must be dismissed with this mere allusion.

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[1] Macready's *Reminiscences*, edited by Sir F. Pollock.

From Jerdan's Autobiography I can identify another, and one of the earliest residents in the Square, for F. Freeling (afterwards Sir Francis Freeling), Secretary of the General Post-Office, writing to Jerdan in 1815, says, "Will you come and dine with us at six o'clock on Tuesday next, at 42 Bryanston Square?"; while we know from Ballantine's *Reminiscences*, that James Clay's house in the Square "was the scene of many pleasant gatherings." Clay was, of course, the great authority on whist —on which game he published one of the earliest manuals. He was, besides, wonderfully proficient in all games of skill, being among other things amateur billiard champion. Although his book on whist was the recognised authority for many years, it was superseded by that published by "Cavendish," which latter was, however, rather a supplement to it than a new work. One person, however, would never allow Clay's superiority in the game, and that was Lord Henry Bentinck—himself a fine player. Clay, on the other hand, had if anything a still lower opinion of Bentinck's skill; indeed it came at last to neither of them allowing that the other knew anything whatever about the game.

One other temporary resident in the Square may be mentioned, for here, in the spring of 1860, the Millais' took a house "at the corner of Bryanston Square," during which time the painter was busy on his "Black Brunswicker."[1]

Many notable people reside in Bryanston Square to-day, for, besides the Turkish Embassy being located here, other occupants of houses include the Earls of Lathom, Waldegrave, and Shaftesbury, the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw Lefevre, now Lord Eversley; and the well-known portrait-painter, W. W. Ouless, Esq., R.A.

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[1] Leslie, in a note to his *Life of Reynolds*, opines that the portrait of "Nelly O'Brien," noted by Walpole as "a very pretty picture," may have been the beautiful front-face portrait in a brown dress, leaning forward with clasped hands, now (1865) in the possession of C. Mills, Esq., Bryanston Square.

DORSET SQUARE

This square belongs to the Portman Estate and so demands a word, but it has practically no history, and although a handsome square enough, its interest centres in the fact that it stands on the site of the original Lord's Cricket Club, concerning which Mr. Andrew Lang thus speaks: "The Club may be said to have sprung from the ashes of the White Conduit Club, dissolved in 1787. One Thomas Lord, by the aid of some members of the older association, made a ground in the space which is now Dorset Square. This was the first Lord's."[1] The present ground was substituted in 1814, which is about the date of the commencement of the Square.

Dorset Square, which takes its name from the Duke of Dorset, is now filled with private houses; in one of these, in 1830, Charles Barton, the friend of John Sterling, was living; while to-day at No. 18 resides Lewis Waller, Esq., the well-known actor.

MANCHESTER SQUARE

On the site of the present Manchester Square,[2] once known as "Maribone Gardens," which extended to Wimpole and Harley Streets, and which Pepys mentions as a "pretty place situated in Marrowbone," there was once a project to build, in the latter years of Queen Anne's reign, a square which should bear the name of the reigning sovereign,[3] but the death of the last of the Stuarts put an end to this idea, and the ground remained waste land during nearly the next sixty years; then about the year 1770 a scheme was set on foot to form a square, and among the first who obtained ground leases appears to have been the Duke of Manchester, who took practically the whole of the north side, and certain builders, among

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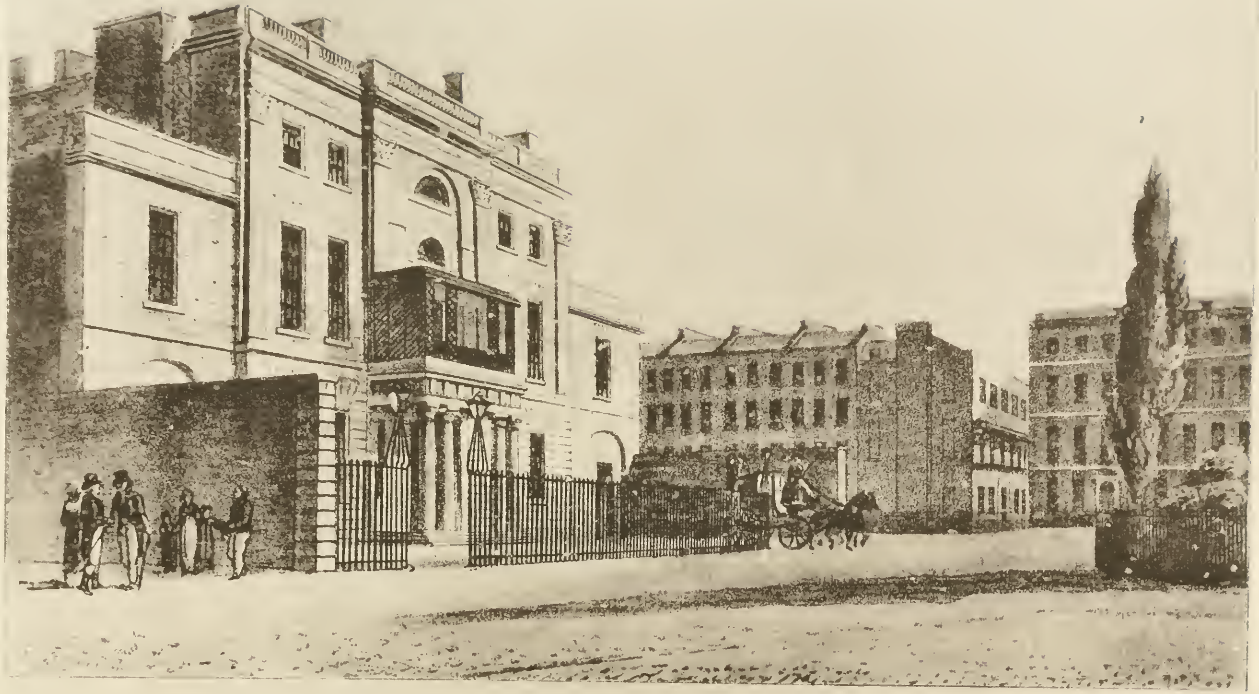
[1] Quoted by Mr. Clinch. A water-colour drawing by Henry Matthews, reproduced in facsimile, is extant showing the 2nd Regiment of the Royal East India Volunteers receiving their colours at the hands of Lady Dundas, on Lord's Cricket Ground, Mary le Bone, on July 27, 1797.

[2] In Harrison's map for 1777, it is called Bentinck Square, but this was a daring anticipation indeed. It is possible that such a title may have been suggested, but it was never used.

[3] It is curious that a square having the same name, viz. Queen Anne Square, had been projected, but never built, at the foot of Great Portland Street. (Whitten, note to Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day.*)



MANCHESTER SQUARE

North Side.

whom were the Adam brothers, John Dalrymple, John Pearson, and Godfrey Wilson.[1]

The Duke of Manchester—he was the fourth Duke, to whose noble bearing and affable manners Wraxall bears witness—commenced the erection of the great house, now known as Hertford House, but formerly as Manchester House, in 1776, and this probably gave those in authority the idea of calling the Square after his Grace's title.

It was not till 1784 that an Act was passed for the regulation and maintenance of the Square and its central garden, and we can thus approximately settle the date of its completion as taking place in that year; but as Knight and others place the date of its actual completion four years later, there may have been a few houses unfinished till then.

The interest of the Square practically centres in the Duke of Manchester's house (then No. 20), which on his death in 1788, was purchased by the Spanish Government as its Embassy in this country, and in Boyle's *Court Guide* for 1795, the Marquis del Campo is given as living here. Besant states that at one time, subsequent to the Spanish Embassy being located here, the French Embassy used Manchester House as its headquarters, and a writer in the *Builder* affirmed that Tallyrand resided here, but Walford was unable to confirm this, and I can find no grounds for the report; it is more probable that it passed, as most authorities state, from the Spanish Ambassador to the second Marquis of Hertford—whence its present name of Hertford House.

The Lord Hertford here referred to was Francis Ingram Seymour, who succeeded to the title in 1794, and of whose manners Wraxall tells us that "they were noble yet ingratiating." He was a close friend of George IV., both when he was Prince of Wales and King, but Lady Hertford was the loadstar that drew "the old yellow chariot," as Moore termed it, daily to Manchester Square.[2] Lady Hertford was the Marquis's second wife, and was a daughter of Viscount Irvine; there is little doubt that together with Lady Conyngham she helped, as much as George IV.'s notorious life, to bring the monarchy into a state of disrepute which it had hardly ever before experienced. Moore refers to her in the lines beginning :—

> "Or who will repair unto Manchester Square,
> And see if the lovely Marchesa be there?"

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent did so often repair on that quest, that a facetious advertisement was inserted in a scurrilous print called the *Scourge* for 1814, as follows: "Lost, between Pall Mall and Manchester Square, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent." The Diaries and Memoirs of the period are full of references to Lady Hertford, but we have yet to learn that her sayings were witty or wise; certainly her actions were anything but edifying, and so they may well be left to the merciful oblivion which covers the useless and inefficient. We may, however, recall the fact that it was here, under Lady Hertford's *régime*, that Theodore Hook made his *début* into fashionable life. His extraordinary talent appears to have been brought to the notice of Lord and Lady Hertford by Sheridan, and the lady was so delighted with his manners and gifts that she introduced him to the Prince Regent at a supper at Hertford House. Although somewhat awestruck at first, the Prince's natural good manners and condescension (for to do him justice he had these in abundance; they were his sole claim to be considered the first gentleman of Europe, which a decadent court called him) soon overcame Hook's shyness, and he subsequently so delighted his Royal Highness that, on leaving, the latter placed his hand familiarly on Hook's shoulder and said, "Mr. Hook, I must see and hear you again." Had Hook foreseen his future, he would probably have considered that evening as the worst he ever spent in his life.

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[1] Portman Estate Office Records.

[2] Sir Samuel Romilly remarks in his *Diary* that "The Prince does not pass a day without visiting Lady Hertford."

On Lord Hertford's death in 1822, Hertford House passed to his son and successor, the third Marquis, who had married Maria Fagniani, the adopted daughter of George Selwyn; he in turn died in 1842, when the fourth Marquis inherited it. He, as we know, lived practically wholly in Paris, where he died in 1870; and Hertford House was during his life as largely used for diplomatic purposes as Dorchester House, to take an instance, is to-day; Knight in 1843, mentions that it was then occupied by the Count St. Aulaire, the French Ambassador. It had been previously (in 1835) taken by General Sebastiani, the French Ambassador, at £1000 per annum, and although immediately after having done so he was recalled to Paris, he returned to England a few weeks later and represented France in this country till 1840. This may have given rise to the statement of Besant mentioned above.

On the death of the fourth Marquis unmarried, the house was left, with the remarkable collections amassed by three successive Lords Hertford, all of whom were wealthy and, at least in their selection of beautiful objects of art, wise, to Sir Richard Wallace, the lifelong friend and, as is generally supposed, the kinsman of the fourth Marquis. Vast quantities of pictures, furniture, and *objets d'art* had been temporarily housed in various places, and the bulk exhibited at the Bethnal Green

Museum from 1872 to 1875, but in the latter year alterations and improvements had been carried out at Hertford House, under the supervision of Sir Richard Wallace, which enabled the mansion to accommodate even these vast accumulations, and thither they were removed. To them was added the beautiful things collected by Sir Richard himself, particularly the superb collection of armour which was practically brought together solely by him.

At his death he left the house and its contents to Lady Wallace, on the understanding that at her decease (their only child, a son, having died previously) she should, at her discretion, bequeath the whole to the British nation. In 1897 Lady Wallace died, and by the provisions of her will such an accumulation of wonderful and beautiful works of art passed as an inheritance to this country as, it is probable, never has nor ever will be again received by any nation in the world. It is impossible to over-estimate the magnificence of this legacy; no hyperbole can do justice to its artistic importance, no words can adequately express its extraordinary significance and value; well may Mr. Spielmann, in his monograph on the house and its contents, describe Hertford House as "a Mecca where every artistic soul shall find refreshment and consolation, marvelling almost as much at the appreciation and energy that gathered these things together, as at the skill and taste of the artists of every craft who have brought mind and hand to such a pitch of cultivation."

The absorbing interest of Hertford House would have cast into the shade anything of the kind that might have been connected with other residences in the Square, but, truth to tell, there are not many such associations to record; true, Lady Blessington when Miss Power was living here in 1816, and again in 1818, on the eve of her marriage with Lord Blessington; and later, at No. 12, William Beckford[1]—so mighty a collector that he can take his place beside the creators of the Hertford House collection—had one of his many residences; while Richard Bateman Robson, once M.P. for Honiton and afterwards for Okehampton, a noisy patriot of his day, who is mentioned in some lines which Robert Adair addressed to Lady Hunloke and which are quoted in Jesse's *Life of Brummell*, died in his house here on March 10, 1827; but that appears to be all. Lord Palmerston was once within an ace of coming to live here, and in a letter written in 1808, he mentions having seen "a nice house in Manchester Square," but adds,

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[1] Boyle for 1795 gives Captain Burnet and Lady Ann Lindsay as occupying this house; while at No. 5 was Admiral Dalrymple; at No. 10, Lady Blackwood; at No. 16, Paul Methuen, Esq.; and at No. 17, Sir George Collier; while Lady Glasgow was living at No. 2, in 1790.

"To be sure it is sadly out of the way," a verdict that seems to have had its effect in depriving the Square of a more notable resident than any it can boast. To-day Manchester Square is largely inhabited by physicians, no fewer than fifteen can be counted in the Directory; but it is also a fashionable square, such well-known people as Lord Suffield, the Dowager-Marchioness of Bath, the Dowager-Countess of Titchfield, the Dowager-Countess of Mayo, Major-General the Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot, Major-General Barrington Campbell, C.B., Viscount Ingestre, and Sir John Pepys Lister-Kaye, Bart., appearing in the *Court Guide;* while the well-known clergyman and literary critic, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, resides at No. 1. A few years since a still greater critic and writer was staying at No. 7A; for on March 2, 1885, Matthew Arnold writes to Mr. John Morley from this house and mentions in his letter the fact that "we are here for a few weeks."

HAREWOOD AND BLANDFORD SQUARES

Two squares, not on the Portman estate but in such close proximity to Dorset Square that it will be convenient to include them in this chapter, remain to be noticed; one of them, HAREWOOD SQUARE, is no longer in existence, but the other still remains intact, and is known as Blandford Square; although the adjoining Great Central Railway's terminus, which has swept away Harewood Square, has altered its character very noticeably. Harewood Square, which was not finished till about 1842, was in a direct line west of Dorset Square, and only divided from it by Boston Place. The ground it occupied was known, in 1804, as Lisson Grove. What was its eastern side is now known as Harewood Avenue, in which the name, if nothing else, is thus preserved. Two artists are known to have once lived there, one being John Graham Lough, the sculptor, who resided here for between thirty and forty years, and died in his house here in 1876; the other was Sir George Hayter, the portrait-painter, who lived here previously to removing to Blandford Square.

Lough, who was a self-taught man, first made an impression by his "Milo," exhibited in 1827, which Haydon calls "the most extraordinary thing, considering all the circumstances, in modern sculpture," and sees in it "another proof of the efficacy of inherent genius."[1]

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[1] *Diary,* vol. ii. p. 168 *et seq.* E. M. Ward, R.A., was living at No 33, in 1849.

Lough's description of his early struggles, how he and his brother were always making little clay figures, and how, finding a Pope's *Homer*, these resolved themselves into Greeks (his) and Trojans (his brother's); how, having read a description of the Colosseum in Gibbon, the two boys built up a miniature amphitheatre with clay in the kitchen, after the family had gone to bed; and how a gentleman returning from hunting and seeing hundreds of clay arms and legs lying in the garden of the Loughs' cottage, invited the young genius to his house to see specimens of the work of Michael Angelo and Canova—all this and an hundred other details make, through Haydon's vivifying medium, fascinating reading. No wonder the Diarist sums up the matter with the words, "Lough will be a great man. He has all the consciousness of genius, with great modesty." Ticknor mentions once meeting Lough, whom he found "quite amusing." He told the Diarist that returning from Italy, where he had married, with his children, he had some difficulty in reconciling them to the appearance of things in London; and when they saw the sun through the fog, they exclaimed, "Che brutta luna" ("What an ugly moon").

Blandford Square, begun in 1827 (the south side was the first portion built) and finished in 1833, is just to the north of the site on which Harewood Square formerly stood. It appears to have been the work, as was Harewood Square, of three builders named Unwin, Hutchins, and Braine; but it is said that the houses stood so long empty that, during the great Exhibition of 1851, the owners were glad enough to let them as Police barracks.[1] Hither, as we have seen, Sir George Hayter removed. Sir George is known as the painter of innumerable portraits of the royal family, and the author of the Appendix to the *Hortus Ericæus Woburnensis*, on the classification of colours.[2] Sir George died at a house in the Marylebone Road in 1871.

But the most illustrious resident here was George Eliot, who came to live at No. 16, in December 1860. She had previously occupied furnished lodgings at No. 10 Harewood Square, and did not retain them for even the short period she had anticipated, for, in her *Diary* under date September 27, 1860, she writes: "To-day is the third day we have spent in our new home here at 10 Harewood Square. It is a furnished house, in which we do not expect to stay longer than six months at the utmost." Ten days less than *three* months later, she writes: "December 17th. We entered to-day our new house—16 Blandford Square—which we have taken for three years." And in a letter to Miss Sara Hennell, three days later, she says: "Your vision of us as 'settled' was painfully in contrast with the fact. We are still far off our last stadium of development, and so it has come to pass, that though we were in the house on Monday last, our curtains are not up, and our oil-cloth is not down."[1] Here were written *Romola* and *Felix Holt;* and George Eliot and G. H. Lewes left the Square for their new home, The Priory, Regent's Park, on November 5, 1863.

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[1] See one of a series of interesting articles on *Changing London*, by J. G. Head, Esq., published in the *Estates Gazette*.

[2] *Old and New London*.

Aubrey de Vere, the poet, also once resided in Blandford Square, and I find Tennyson writing to him from St. Leonards on September 17, 1843, and saying, "I suppose you are still in Blandford Square."[2] While Madame Bodichon, the friend of George Eliot, was occupying for a time No. 5 in the Square.

In Blandford Square to-day is a Convent, first established near Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, in 1844, and removed to its present *locale* seven years later. It consists of thirty sisters and is primarily intended for the needs of servants out of work, although, as is usual in such establishments, nothing in the way of charity *alienum a se putat.*

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[1] Cross's *Life of George Eliot*, vol. ii. p. 282.

[2] *Life of Tennyson*, vol. i. p. 218.

CHAPTER X

THE SQUARES OF KENSINGTON

> "Never hermit in his cell
> Where repose and silence dwell,
> Human shape and human word
> Never seen and never heard,
> Had a life of duller calm than the indwellers of our Square."
> L. E. Landon.

THE squares which this very general title embraces are those lying between Sloane Street and Warwick Road, their east and west boundaries; and High Street, Kensington, and the Fulham Road, which bound them on the north and south. What for a better name I call the squares of Kensington are Cadogan, Ovington, Trevor, Montpelier, Brompton, Alexander, Thurloe, Onslow, Hereford, Redcliffe, Earl's Court, Nevern, Edwards and Kensington Squares. It will be at once seen how greatly these various squares differ among themselves, in age, size, and importance; how some have little or no history, and how others are, from a variety of reasons, both interesting and historical.

CADOGAN SQUARE

Cadogan Square[1] is one of those modern developments in building which have done so much to improve this quarter of the town, and have, at the same time, not detracted from its picturesqueness. Within the memory of the comparatively young, the ground on which it stands formed part of Prince's Cricket Club grounds. This and the surrounding district was known, from so early as the middle of the sixteenth century, as Blakelands or Blacklands, then forming part of the manor, and being in the occupation of Sir W. Paulet, afterwards Marquis of

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[1] Technically in Chelsea, but placed here for reasons stated later on.

Winchester. Blacklands House is shown on a map, dated about 1625, as being a little to the north of the present Duke of York's Schools, or roughly where Draycott Place is now. In a later plan, about the early part of the eighteenth century, all this ground is called "Lord Cheyne's lands," while in a map of the end of the eighteenth century, which gives Hans Place by name, will be observed just south of this, "The Pavilion." This marks practically the spot where Cadogan Square now stands. This Pavilion was built by Mr. Holland, who had taken a lease of one hundred acres of ground from Lord Cadogan, in 1777, for building development. About twenty acres of this he reserved for his own use and erected the house, which, it is said, was designed as a model for the more celebrated Pavilion at Brighton; if this be the case, the later erection was kept little to the design of the original, for, by an elevation given in Beaver's *Memorials of Old Chelsea*, the earlier building would seem to have little or nothing in common with the Brighton monstrosity.[1] The gardens of the Pavilion, from which, by-the bye, Pavilion Road takes its name, were laid out by "Capability" Brown, and from a view given in *Old and New London*, a lake, the usual conventional ruin, which appears to have masked an ice-house, the stonework of which is said to have been brought from Wolsey's demolished palace at Esher, and various statues and stone ornamentations formed part of Brown's design. At Mr. Holland's death the Pavilion was purchased by Mr. Denys, whose wife, the Hon. Lady Charlotte Denys, continued to occupy it after his decease. It was demolished in 1879, when the development of this portion of the Cadogan estate was taken in hand, and Cadogan Square formed between 1882 and 1883. In 1886, Mr. Wheatley reminds us, a road was laid across a portion of the Square, but was almost immediately done away with and the central garden made in its place. Writing in 1892, Mr. Beaver gives the following names of those then living in the Square: Viscount Coke, at No. 13; Mr. C. Austen Leigh, at No. 35; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, at No. 47; Mr. Hans Sloane Stanley, at No. 49; Mr. F. W. Lawson, the artist, at No. 61; Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Walrond, M.P., at No. 65; Admiral Sir George Willes, at No. 73; and Lord Elcho, at No. 62. Only one of these, Lord Balfour, still lives in his old house; although Lady Willes is given as residing at No. 73; but the Square is a very fashionable one to-day. Among present (1906) residents I may mention such well-known names as those of Sir Charles Tritton; the Earl of Kintore; the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley; Judge Lumley Smith;

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[1] Mr. Beaver notes that the designs for the house are in the British Museum; and see Faulkner for a long account, as well as an illustration, of the Pavilion.

Right Hon. Lord Allerton; Geoffrey Drage, Esq.; Lord Belper; Sir William des Vœux; Lord James of Hereford; Lord Valentia; Lord Medway; Sir William Carington; the Duc de Stacpoole; Sir James Joicey; and Ralph Sneyd, Esq., of Keele; to mention only these, who form but a tithe of the notable inhabitants of the Square to-day.

OVINGTON SQUARE

To the north-west of Cadogan Square lies Ovington Square, which runs from the Brompton Road to Walton Street, and stands practically on the site of "Heath Close," marked in a map of Chelsea of the early eighteenth century, as well as on the earlier plan, *circa* 1625. Ovington Gardens, which forms the continuation of the Square to the Brompton Road, stands where once was Grove House, sometimes called 11 Brompton Grove, which was successively the residence of Sir John Macpherson, Governor-General of India; of William Wilberforce, who came here on July 2, 1823; and of William Jerdan, at one time editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and author of an interesting and amusing autobiography. The house was demolished in 1846, and not long after the Square and gardens were formed. There is little to be said with regard to Ovington Square, but it is interesting to record that Edwin Long, the painter, was living at No. 35, in 1869; and that at No. 23, once resided George Prince, Esq., one of the originators of the once neighbouring Prince's Club.

TREVOR SQUARE

On the opposite side of the Brompton Road are two small squares of old-fashioned early Victorian houses, which form twin oases between that thoroughfare and Knightsbridge; these are Trevor and Montpelier Squares. The former, named after Sir John Trevor, whose mansion once occupied its site, was formed in 1818. Sir John Trevor, it will be remembered, was once Speaker of the House Commons and sometime Master of the Rolls; he was, to use the words of Leigh Hunt, "infamous for bribery and corruption," and on his death in 1711, was buried in the chapel of Clifford's Inn, his epitaph being given thus: "Sir J. T., M.R. 1717," which Pennant concludes was done "wisely," as it would have taxed even the ingenuity of a professed maker of epitaphs to have said much good of him. It was he who, as Speaker, had to put the question and declare it carried on the vote accusing himself of receiving £1000 to forward the advancement of a local London Bill. He was deprived of the Speakership and dismissed the House of Commons, but was allowed, curiously enough, to retain the Mastership of the Rolls. The freehold of Trevor Square is still vested in Sir John's descendants.

The Square itself consists of small houses and an oblong central garden of quite limited extent. There is little of interest to be said about it unless the fact that at No. 1 once resided the notorious Harriette Wilson, and that Mrs. Andrée, descended from that Umfreville whom the Conqueror dubbed his kinsman, died here in 1836,[1] can be said to constitute any.[2]

MONTPELIER SQUARE

Montpelier Square was so named from Montpelier in France, on account of its healthy situation, and was formed about 1837; it is a small square of forty-two houses, but of a quite different character to Trevor Square, whose houses are smaller still. It has an air of quiet distinction which, if it does not aim at being fashionable, is perhaps something better. A few people of note have in the past lived within it; thus at No. 11 resided, in 1860, Frederick William Fairholt, an artist of no mean capability, who, among other work, executed the charming little pictures which illustrate Croker's *Walk from London to Fulham*, the drawings and engravings of Lord Londesborough's *Miscellanea Graphica*, Bryan Faussett's *Inventorum Sepulchrale*, and Halliwell's *Folio Shakespeare*; and who was, besides, the author of *A History of Costume in England*, and other works.[3] He died here in 1866. The well-known actor, Walter Lacey, lived, too, in the Square, at No. 38, from 1852 to 1860. Davis also, notes that Dr. Morison lived at No. 27; and that the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, celebrated for his antiquarian researches with regard to Westminster and its Abbey, was also one of its residents; while the

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[1] Davis, *Memorials of Knightsbridge*.

[2] The Rate Books for 1850 reveal the fact that a certain mysterious "Kockanowski" in that year occupied No. 9.

[3] Croker's *Walk from London to Fulham*.

Square is indirectly connected with William Morris and his interesting circle, for we are told that in 1856, he gave his friend Fulford £100 a year to act as his deputy in the editorship of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, which arrangement, says Lady Burne-Jones, in her *Memorials* of her husband, brought Fulford to London, where he, together with another of the set—Heeley, a Cambridge man—took a house, No. 20 Montpelier Square, which became a meeting-place for any of the circle who might be in town. Burne-Jones refers to one of these meetings when he writes, in a letter to Cromell, "On Tuesday I dined at Brompton; Topsey (Morris) and Macdonald were there, five of us altogether, like old times." How long the tenancy of No. 20 lasted is uncertain, but as at the end of the first year Morris was some hundreds of pounds out of pocket through the non-success of the magazine, and as we find Burne-Jones writing in the August of 1856, that "the magazine is going to smash," and that neither he nor Morris propose writing in it further as "the world is not converted and never will be," it is probable that Montpelier Square as its centre of energy did not last long.

BROMPTON SQUARE

A LITTLE further west is Brompton Square, which is peculiar from the fact that it has now no opening at its north end, where it forms a crescent,[1] and no south end at all, as the Brompton Road forms its boundary on that side. The Square seems to have recovered from the not very good reputation it once suffered under, and its houses, though small, are respectable. It was formed during the early years of the last century, when so much building development took place all over the neighbourhood.[2]

Actors and singers have much affected the Square, but whether "in consequence of the salubrity of the air," as Walford surmises, or because it was within striking distance of the theatres, and its houses reasonable in rent, is a moot point. One of the best-known histrions who once resided here, at No. 22,[3] was George Colman the younger. He came to this house, says Croker, about 1826, having removed from No. 5 Melina Place, Kent Road, and here he died on October 17, 1836, in his seventy-fifth year, with such equanimity that his medical attendant was able to say that it had never fallen to his lot to witness, in the hour of death, "so much serenity of mind, such perfect philosophy, or resignation more complete."[1]

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[1] There was formerly a way out here, but this has been closed, and on the wall which forms the barrier may be read these words: "This wall is built on Mr. Elger's freehold land, 1856."

[2] An act for the maintenance of the centre garden, is dated 1825.

[3] A curious woodcut of this house is given in Diprose's *Book of the Stage*.

Apart from his dramatic work, Colman's fame, like Luttrell's (another resident in the Square) and Sydney Smith's, largely rests on his *jeux d'esprit* and witty sayings, some of which have survived; as for instance that, on the occasion of a young fellow in the company being pressed to sing, and at last testily exclaiming that he thought they wanted to make a butt of him, when Colman instantly replied, "No, my good sir, we only want to get a stave out of you." Byron, as we know, met Colman occasionally and found him "extremely pleasant and convivial," as he has himself attested, preferring his wit to Sheridan's more saturnine, if not savage, humour; but Colman, at least on one occasion at Carlton House, forgot his dignity in his familiarity, when he induced the Prince Regent to sing a song, and then with an oath said he had such a good voice that he would engage him for his next season. Colman's effects were sold in Brompton Square on November 29, 1837, when some fine pictures were disposed of, including Reynolds's and Gainsborough's portraits of the elder Colman, and a crayon of the actor by Rosalba; a portrait by Zoffany, once the property of Garrick, and a miniature of Shakespeare by Ozias Humphrey, together with engravings, books, and the MSS. of the two Colmans' dramatic and other works.

Later, in 1860, James Vining, the actor, resided at No. 22; and from 1870 till his death, four years later, Shirley Brooks, the editor of *Punch*, occupied it.

At No. 6 we find Buckstone, the actor, living at one time; and in 1852 Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the actress, was residing here; while a namesake of the latter, Edward Fitzwilliam, a musical composer of some note and greater promise, lived at No. 14. Four doors from this house, at No. 19, was the residence of Henry Luttrell (who, I may here mention, removed later to No. 31), whose good sayings help to enliven the memoirs and diaries of the period, and whose *Advice to Julia* has been ascribed to so many other well-known men.

Luttrell was the friend of most of the fashionable and literary men of his day, and among them of Rogers, of whose *Italy* his well-known saying was that it would have been dished had it not been for the plates; in reference to Turner's and Stothard's exquisite illustrations to that very mediocre work. It was he, too, who gave as his idea of the English climate that it was, "on a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it"; and although he did not write the well-known epigram on Lord Dudley's speaking by heart, his version is almost as good.

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[1] From the account of Dr. Chinnock, given in a letter in Peake's *Memoirs of the Colman Family*, vol. ii. p. 451. Croker gives the date of Colman's death as October 26, in error.

> "In vain my affections the ladies are seeking:
> If I give up my heart, there's an end of my speaking."

It was Luttrell, too, who, on some one telling him that a certain young lady's parents were afraid to let her off the premises, replied: "For fear that she should come to the conclusion;" and his excellent reply will be remembered, to one who said of Sharpe's (the retired hatmaker) very dark complexion, that he "looked as if the dye of his old trade had got engraved on his face"—"Yes, darkness that may be felt;" while his "mot" on the report that Sir F. Gould was used to eat three eggs for breakfast, on which Gould replied, "Oh no, on the contrary;" and some one asking Luttrell what *was* the contrary of eating three eggs, and receiving the unexpected reply, "Laying three eggs, I suppose," showed at least as much logic as wit.[1] No wonder Raikes calls him a witty, entertaining man, and Greville, not generally an amiable critic, notes that it was hardly possible to live with a more agreeable one.

In 1850 Luttrell's old home was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, the latter of whom died not many years since in Pelham Crescent. Her excellence as an actress is recorded by the older generation, and it will be remembered that on the Jubilee of 1897, Her Majesty Queen Victoria received her at Buckingham Palace, which is in itself a sufficient proof of the irreproachable character of her life.

No. 21 was for a time the house of Paul Spagnoletti, the conductor of the orchestra at the Royal Opera; after he left, Mrs. Chatterly, an actress renowned for the truth with which she represented French characters, occupied the house, and after her marriage with Mr. Francis Race they continued to live here, and were doing so in 1852, according to Croker, who is our chief authority for Brompton Square.

At No. 23 the elder William Farren, the actor, who once owned No. 25, was living in 1832, and again in 1860, in which year he moved to No. 30; and next door (No 24) resided for three years (1840 to 1843) the great Shakespearian scholar and critic, John Payne Collier; while to No 28, William Frogatt Robson, Comptroller of the Droits of Admiralty, who had been living in Farren's house, No. 25, in 1852, came in 1860. Nos. 30 and 31 were subsequently converted into one house and formed the Vicarage for the neighbouring Holy Trinity Church. At No. 40 John Liston once lived for a time, and at No 52 Charles Matthews was residing in 1835. Mr. Frederick Yates, the actor, and father of the late Edmund Yates, also lived at No. 57, and next door (No. 58) we find John Reeve; while Helen Faucit, Lady Martin, whom we shall find living, as does her husband Sir Theodore Martin, in Onslow Square, was also at one time one of Brompton Square's most notable histrionic inhabitants. Finally we have the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, on the 11th July 1864, writing to his daughter from No. 30, which, as we have seen, formed a portion of Holy Trinity Vicarage; while another letter, to Lord Lyttelton, from the same house is dated 22nd December of that year. As we are told that the Brookfields, although so much out of London, "always kept a house there, for a country life suited neither of them,"[1] they probably only occupied No. 30 for a short time, for two years later they were living at No. 6 Sydney Place, Onslow Square, and, as we shall see, Brookfield died in 1874, at No. 16 Hereford Square.

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[1] See Moore's *Journal* for many other instances of Luttrell's ready wit.

ALEXANDER SQUARE

To include Alexander Square among the squares of London may seem a still greater anomaly than the inclusion of some others which are but squares in name; but as it *is* a square in name if in nothing else, it must find a place among those that better fulfil the conditions of what a square should be. As a matter of fact, Alexander Square is but a row of houses, broken by Alfred Place in the centre, divided from the main street by two oblong gardens, and lying on the left as we all but emerge from the Fulham Road into Brompton Road, opposite the Oratory.

The Square consists of some two dozen houses, which were erected between the years 1827 and 1830. Although I have been unable to trace the residence of any one whose name has become either celebrated or notorious in any of these twenty-four houses, we learn from Croker[2] that at No. 19 once resided Captain Glascock, who commanded H.M.S. *Tyne*, and was an inspector in Ireland under the Poor Relief Act, besides being the author of several nautical novels; and that at No 24 lived, in 1860, George Godwin, the editor of the *Builder* and one of the honorary secretaries of the Art Union; and as the author of the *Walk* has thought these individuals worthy of record, they may well take their place here as representatives of Alexander Square. It is, besides, interesting to find that Jerdan, as is duly recorded in his interesting Autobiography, had, in a time of monetary need, several houses in Alexander Square, as well as some land and tenements on the river near Richmond, assigned to him by his friend Dr. Anderson of Brompton, whose generosity was the means of safely carrying him through what might otherwise have been grave financial embarrassment if not disaster.

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[1] *The Brookfields and their Circle.*

[2] *Walk from London to Fulham.*

THURLOE AND ONSLOW SQUARES

A LITTLE further west is Thurloe Square which, as Walford properly says, is of too modern a growth to have any historic associations, although its name will help to carry our minds back to Cromwellian times, and particularly to the Secretary of the Protector himself. Onslow Square, however, which lies on the western side of South Kensington Station, as Thurloe Square does on its eastern side, and which takes its title from the Onslow family, whose punning motto, "Festina lente," forms a Latin equivalent to the family name, is, although equally modern, much more interesting, for here once lived Thackeray.

The house he took was No. 36, on the south side, "a pretty little house looking into a very pretty square," he writes to his American friends the Baxters, in 1853. "The girls," he adds, "are to keep a floor to themselves and a little bathroom. . . . I can only make out at the most two spare bedrooms."[1] One of these "girls"—now Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie—has given us a little vignette of the house:[2] "Our old home," she writes, "was the fourth, counting the end house, from the corner by the church in Onslow Square, the church being on the left hand, and the avenue of old trees running in front of our drawing-room windows. I used to look up from the avenue and see my father's head bending over his work in the study window, which was over the drawing-room." The "Avenue" here referred to is that running across the central garden of the Square. The "study" spoken of by Mrs. Ritchie was formed by the two front rooms, one large and the other small, being thrown into one and used, as to the front portion, for literary purposes by Thackeray, while the back part formed his bedroom. Here in dressing-gown and slippers, and in his mouth the cigar which, as Hodder tells us, he would continually allow to go out, the great writer produced part of *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, his *Lectures on the Four Georges*, and *The Rose and the Ring;* while living here, too, he contested Oxford constituency, with the result which all the world knows. From here, too, he set out for his second visit to America. Mr. Hodder's description of the actual moment of departure is an old story, but may be given here as being so closely identified with the house which has made the Square famous:—

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[1] Thackeray's *Letters to an American Family*, p. 187.

[2] First printed by Mr. Hutton in his *Literary Landmarks*, and copied by Mr. Harrison in his *Memorable London Houses*, and by others.

"A cab was at the door, the luggage had all been properly disposed of, and the servants stood in the hall to notify by looks how much they regretted their master's departure. 'This is a moment I have dreaded,' said Thackeray, as he entered the dining-room to embrace his daughters; and when he hastily descended the steps to the door, he knew that they would be at the window to 'cast one longing, lingering look behind.' 'Good-bye,' he murmured, in a suppressed voice, as I followed him to the cab; 'keep close beside me and let me try to jump in unseen.' The instant the door of the vehicle was closed upon him he threw himself back into a corner and buried his face in his hands."

On his return, he wrote a letter to his friends in America, notifying his safe arrival, and dated from "Home (viz. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, London) on May 9, 1856, in which, *inter alia*, he says: "And so here's the old house, the old room, the old teapot by my bedside—the old trees nodding in at my window: it looks as if I never had been away, and that it's all a dream I have been making."[1]

Four years later, in 1860, he was made editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and with the accession of wealth which this appointment, coupled with his now established popularity as a writer, gave him, he commenced building the house in Palace Green, Kensington, which was destined to be his last home for so short a time. He left Onslow Square in 1862, to take possession of his new house.

It seems a pity that no tablet marks either of these houses; and it is probable that in no city but London would so great a writer still be awaiting whatever in the nature of an apotheosis a statue can give.

Next door to Thackeray's old house, at No. 34, for the numbers run thus intermittently, lived for a time his friend Baron Marochetti, the Italian sculptor, whose work—because we have ourselves had so great a lack of sculptors!—is to be found in so many parts of London. Marochetti settled in England in 1848, and died in Paris in 1867. He was responsible for the monstrous statue of Prince Albert in the centre of the Memorial; for the Crimean Monument in Waterloo Place; and for the equestrian statue of Richard I. outside the Houses of Parliament, one of his finest, if not best known, works.

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[1] Melville's *Thackeray*, vol. i. p. 321.

It was in Marochetti's house that Millais's picture of "The Woman looking for the Lost Piece of Money," came to such an untimely end. In 1862 Millais exchanged the picture with the Baron for a bust of Mrs. Millais executed by the latter, and one day an explosion of gas in Marochetti's residence shot the picture (frame and all) through the window into the Square, and completely destroyed it.[1]

On the other side of Thackeray's house resided, in 1860, Admiral Robert Fitzroy, who is notable as having commanded the *Beagle* on the two voyages undertaken for Government surveys, one of which Darwin, who accompanied the expedition as naturalist, has rendered classic.

At No. 17 lived Sir Henry Cole, who is known both as a promoter of exhibitions in general, and for his connection with that of South Kensington in particular, and also as a writer of a pleasant sort of guide-books, under his pseudonym of "Felix Summerly"; and at No. 31 still resides the veteran Sir Theodore Martin, in the house where he and Lady Martin, better known as the great Shakespearian actress, Helen Faucit, lived together for many years.

In the Square stands St. Paul's Church, of which the Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe is the vicar. It was built in 1860, and is interesting by reason of the fact that the chancel is at the west end of the building. The pulpit is of carved stone inlaid with slabs of American onyx,[2] but beyond this there is little of interest in the edifice or its architecture.

It may be noted that Onslow Square occupies the site of a large house and its surrounding grounds; which house was once used as a lunatic asylum.

HEREFORD SQUARE, &c.

Hereford Square, rather an excrescence from Gloucester Road than a proper square, having the same sort of anomalous right to that description as has Alexander Square, is, however, not without interest. Its small but regular houses, of quasi-Oriental design, were erected in 1846, from the designs of J. Blore, and on the wall of No. 1 is a notice to that effect. The ground landlord is Herbert Allen Day, Esq., and several of the houses on his estate have had in the past interesting inhabitants. In one instance, indeed, these included a celebrated man, for here lived for a time George Borrow, whose works—*The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro*, and *Wild Wales*—have become household words. Borrow's house was No. 22, of which he took possession on September 25, 1860, occupying it for fourteen years. Here Mrs. Borrow died in 1869, being buried in Brompton Cemetery on the 4th of February of that year. Borrow had as neighbours Mr. Collinson (at No 20) and Miss Frances Power-Cobbe, who was then living together with Miss Lloyd at No. 26; and in Knapps's *Life of Borrow* a number of short letters from the latter to the author of *Lavengro* are printed. They are for the most part invitations to dinner or to spend the evening, and are obviously kind attempts to enliven the solitary life of the widower.

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[1] *Life of Millais*, vol. i. p. 368.

[2] *Fascination of London:* "Kensington."

Among lesser notabilities we find the Rev. W. H. Brookfield—Tennyson's "Brooks" and the friend of Carlyle, Thackeray, Macaulay, and practically all the interesting personalities of his time, living here during the last year (he died July 2, 1874) of his life. Although we are told that "his peculiar brightness was a little dimmed during his later months owing to the nature of the malady by which he was attacked," this is in no way apparent in the amusing last letter he wrote to his son Charles on March 24th, and which is dated from Hereford Square.

At another house, No. 26, resided, as I have said, for some years Miss Frances Power-Cobbe, whose keen intellect was made manifest in the series of works, notable for deep thought and true philanthropy, which she produced for over thirty years of a strenuous life; commencing with *An Essay on Intuitive Morals*, 1855, and including *The Scientific Spirit of the Age*, published 1888. Fanny Kemble also occupied No. 26 for a time, after Miss Cobbe had left it, and the latter says in her Autobiography: "In April 1884 I quitted London, having permanently let the house in South Kensington to Mrs. (*sic*) Kemble." This house she elsewhere refers to when she says that in "our pretty little house, we began soon to enjoy many social pleasures of a quiet kind."

At No. 20 once lived R. Collinson, for many years an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where such pictures as "Light in the Cottage," "The Evening Primrose," and "Peace with Honour" attracted some notice. He is, of course, not to be confounded with the better known James Collinson, one of the original P.R.B.'s. The artistic traditions of the Square were further kept alive by the Hon. E. Kenyon, also an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, who lived for a time at No. 16, the house which, as we have seen, Brookfield once occupied; while its literary claims find a representative in Mrs. Neish (No. 11), whose gracefully written short stories may be known to some of my readers.

Such squares as Redcliffe Square, Earl's Court Square, and Nevern Square can hardly be said to have any history;[1] certainly not any that would be of interest to record here. Nor indeed do the respective sites on which they stand require any particular mention, for what of interest, if any, can be associated with open fields, for they were little more till, as history goes, comparatively recently, is shared equally by the myriads of streets and houses which surround them; and they can therefore be said to have little of individual association connected with them.

The two squares which have now to be treated of are in every respect the antithesis of these respectable but not highly stimulating, at least from an antiquarian point of view, groups of houses. The former, although not identified with many past celebrities, has an interest peculiar to itself; it conveys a pleasant sense of that charm which is associated, not with the powder and patches of the Georgian period so much as with the crinolines and poke-bonnets of early Victorian days. The very smallness of its houses acts as a wholesome corrective to the tendency of that show of wealth and somewhat blatant exhibition of, shall I say, automotorcratic prosperity which seems to be the prevailing characteristic of this budding century.

EDWARDS SQUARE

In Edwards Square, which I here indicate, there appears no pretence in its small houses to be other than very modest dwellings inhabited, we are to think, by those whose personal characteristics are thus admirably reflected in the brick and mortar which compasses them about. Not many of these squares are to be found, and it is not improbable that Edwards Square may pass before long from its present retirement to a metamorphosis of flats or a palingenesis of so-called Queen Anne houses—so called probably from the fact that the Augustan age never saw the like.

Edwards or Edwardes Square, as it is sometimes written, takes its name from that of the family of Lord Kensington who, up till recently, was the ground landlord of the large estate of which the Square forms a part. Although the houses on the east and west sides are small (those on the north are the backs of Earls Terrace, while on the south are various tenements not of a residential character at all), the Square is of considerable extent, the central garden being extraordinarily spacious. As the inhabitants of Earls Terrace have access to this enclosure, Mrs. Inchbald must have used it when she was lodging at a Mrs. Voysey's at No. 4. Leigh Hunt, in describing this garden, speaks of the gardener's lodge "made to look like a spacious temple," and of the "air of size, greenness, and even elegance in the place, especially when its abundant lilacs are in blossom, and ladies are seen on its benches reading," and he adds that the stranger will be "curious to know how a square of any kind, comparatively so large, and at the same time manifestly so cheap (for the houses, though neat and respectable, are too small to be dear), could have suggested itself to the costly English mind." The solution he gives is the tradition that it was formed by a Frenchman, at the time when Napoleon was massing his legions at Boulogne for his descent on these shores. So strong appears to have been the belief of this speculator in the success of that greatest of all speculators, that he adapted the relative size of the houses and the central garden to the taste for promenading so characteristic of his countrymen, and in his magnificent imagination he saw his tenements occupied by the poorer officers of that vast army which was to be poured into this country. Who shall say how many of these, instead of loitering in Watteau like groups in the garden of Edwards Square, were to lie stiff and cold on the plain of Austerlitz! But if victorious Frenchmen were never destined to idle away a summer's day here, one whose sympathies were not alien to their hopes and fears probably did so, for Coleridge is stated to have at one time lived in the Square, and although no precise record exists of his having resided here, a lady told Leigh Hunt that she remembered with pride, as a child, how the poet had spoken to her in this spot, and given her a kiss. We may surmise with Leigh Hunt that he was probably on a visit to a friend at the time, either in the Square itself or in Earls Terrace.

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[1] It may be noted, however, that at No. 17 Nevern Square is the Servian Legation, and at No. 21 the Consul-General of the Dominican Republic has his headquarters.

The place was well known to Leigh Hunt himself, for in 1840 he removed hither from Chelsea, taking up his residence at No. 32,[1] but although he spent some eleven years here, and as he himself attests, "loved Kensington for many reasons," the place did not apparently suit him, for he writes in his Autobiography, "My health was not bettered, as I hoped it would be by the change, but, on the contrary, was made worse in respect to body than I ever experienced." In environment, however, he found an improvement, and we find him writing to Douglas

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[1] Cosmo Monkhouse, in his *Life of Leigh Hunt*, gives the number incorrectly as 51.

Jerrold, asking him to pay a visit to the new house, and adding, "It will do your kindly eyes good to see the nice study into which I have escaped out of all the squalidities at Chelsea." Here, says S. C. Hall, quoting Leigh Hunt's son, "he was usually seen in a dressing-gown, bending his head over a book or over a desk," and, adding from his own observation, Hall says he gave the idea "of a sturdy ruin that in donning the vest of time had been recompensed for the gradual decay of strength by gaining ever more and more of the picturesque."[1] The work Hunt did here was rather that of selection and criticism than of originality, as will be recognised when I state that *Imagination and Fancy*, *Wit and Humour*, *A Book for a Corner*, *Stories from the Italian Poets*, and *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* were all produced here; although the neighbouring Kensington Gardens gave him some scenes for *The Palfrey*. It was, however, as Thornton Hunt points out, "a period of great industry and, upon the whole, of much more success than he had enjoyed for a long time." Mr. Harrison[2] states that Hunt wrote *The Old Court Suburb* here also, but although he may have made use of his surroundings to gather material for that work, the book did not appear till 1855, over four years after he had left Edwards Square; on the other hand *The Town* was issued in 1848, and was therefore probably written during the author's residence here. Another work of this time, *The Seer*, produced in 1841, is interesting on account of its brief but otherwise characteristic preface, which runs thus: "Given at this our Suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window on the other, this 19th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, in the very green and invincible year of our life the fifty-ninth.—L. H."[3]

In Edwards Square, at No. 45, also lived Hunt's eldest daughter, Mrs. Gliddon and her husband, as well as Thornton Hunt and his wife, so that the Square is peculiarly associated with the family, the head and greatest of which has so closely identified himself with the old court suburb in which it stands.

Although Earls Terrace is not in the Square, the backs of its houses abut on it, and, as we have seen, the inhabitants have the right to use its garden; mention may therefore be made of the fact that besides Mrs. Inchbald's temporary residence in the lodging-house at No. 4, Walter Pater also lived here for eight years from 1885, the year of the publication of *Marius the Epicurean*, at No. 12, where he was to be found generally during the vacations, being at his rooms in Oxford during term time. In Earls Terrace, says his latest biographer, Mr. A. C. Benson, "those who visited him were struck by the extreme quiet and simplicity of the household arrangements, " and he adds that "in London, as at Oxford, there was never the least personal luxury in Pater's *ménage*, though there was quiet and solid comfort."

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[1] *Retrospect of a Long Life.*

[2] *Memorable London Houses.*

[3] Monkhouse's *Life of Hunt.*

KENSINGTON SQUARE

We now come to the most interesting Square in Kensington—not only from its age, but from the celebrities with whom it has been connected in the past. Not inappropriately is it called Kensington Square, for it focusses in its history those traditions with which the royal borough is so intimately associated, and although it has now lost something of its past glamour, not only by being surrounded by large business houses but also by having been itself invaded by the modern builder, there is yet about it that air of calm dignity and repose which its very proximity to the High Street of Kensington accentuates; and not many places in London form a better background to an imaginary excursion into the reign of Queen Anne and her immediate successors than this spot where the ghost of the gentle Addison seems still to walk, and the gay laughter of the careless Steele to echo in its precincts.

The Square was commenced in the reign of James II., and we can therefore identify the actual date to within at least four or five years; at one time a plate, says Faulkner,[1] marking the year of its completion (1698) was to be seen in the north-east corner; but this has since disappeared. It would appear that originally it was called "King's Square," for there is a record of a plot of land "neere King's Square[2] in ye parish of Kensington," being sold to Thomas Young, a well-known builder from whom the adjoining Young Street takes its name, in 1687; in the following year, as early as August, Mr. Young had erected three, if not more, houses on the "Easte Row" of the Square, says Dr. Merriman,[3] who also states that in 1691, more land was added to one of these houses, which abutted on "ground belonging to Mr. Wigan, the Vicar of Kensington from 1672 to 1700."

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[1] *History of Kensington*, 1820.

[2] So late as 1804, I find some property described as being "in Kensington Square, heretofore called King's Square."

[3] See a most interesting little pamphlet by Dr. Merriman entitled *Notes on Kensington Square and its Notable Inhabitants*, printed in 1881, for private circulation only, of the existence of which Lady Burne-Jones informed me, and a copy of which was most kindly lent me by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, who, as the daughter of Thackeray and the author of *Old Kensington*, is particularly associated with the locality.

For a number of years the Square was almost surrounded by fields, and it was not till after 1840, when the "New Town" of Kensington was commenced in 1851, and when Christ Church in the Fields was built, that this open ground on the north and west began to be covered, while the later development of South Kensington about 1860, helped to hedge it round on the other side with streets and houses.

The heyday of its prosperity and fashion was during the reign of Queen Anne, George I., and George II.; and when the court was in residence at Kensington Palace, the Square was so crowded with illustrious people, that Faulkner mentions that not only were "upwards of forty carriages kept in and about the neighbourhood," but "an Ambassador,[1] a Bishop, and a Physician all occupied apartments in the same house," a spiritual and corporeal guardianship which one can but hope the illustrious envoy duly appreciated.

During the reign of George III. the Square was more or less deserted, owing to the fact that the King failed to appreciate the amenities of Kensington Palace, and thus drew "the ton" to the precincts of St. James's and Buckingham House. When, however, the Act for lighting and paving the Square was passed, something like a renewed prosperity ensued, although it was never again destined to enjoy the vogue which had once thrown a halo of fashion around it. Faulkner could, however, note that "some of the houses have been wholly, and others in part, rebuilt, and it is now very respectably inhabited," but the use of this particular adverb is sufficient to indicate that its glory was a thing of the past.

Some of the houses rebuilt or altered can be identified; thus in 1838 Mr. Leake rebuilt No. 4; and Mr. Barlow was responsible for a like transformation of the large house in which, as we shall see, Bishops Hough and Mawson lived successively; while Archbishop Herring's former residence, which with that of Bishop Hough can be seen in Chatelaine's *South View of Kensington*, published in 1750, was subsequently treated in the same way, two houses, in each case, being erected on the site of one large one.

A particularly interesting relic of the Square, showing how it must have appeared in the time of William III., is extant in the decoration of a fan in the fine collection of Miss Moss,[2] which represents the north, and portions of the east and west sides, with its quaint houses and the centre garden planted with rows of trees in the precise Dutch manner which was in vogue at that period; in the middle of these trees rises a tall obelisk surrounded at the base by railings, while figures (probably in some cases portraits of the better-known inhabitants) promenade beneath their shade. It is one of the few instances of a square being reproduced in this somewhat unexpected manner, and as a record of dress and architecture is a particularly valuable and interesting "document."

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[1] In the Burials Register we meet with these entries: "1700, A servant from the Dutch Ambassador's in the Square, 28 April," and "1717, The Dutch Envoy's Lady, 17 January."

[2] Miss Moss very kindly allowed me to examine the fan, and to have the reproduction of it made which appears in this volume.

In the view represented on this fan, the centre of the Square is shown wholly unenclosed, but subsequently a paling surrounded the central garden, in which, people then recently living informed Dr. Merriman, they remembered seeing sheep grazing, and a box at each corner for the protecting "Charleys." An avenue of twelve or fourteen lime-trees also formerly existed in Young Street. We can well appreciate, under these circumstances, Bowack's enthusiastic description of the Square, (in 1705), which, he says, is the most beautiful part of Kensington, and which "for beauty of buildings and worthy inhabitants, exceeds several noted Squares in London."[1]

One of the earliest inhabitants of the Square, whose counterfeit presentment may possibly be reproduced on the fan, was the famous, or otherwise, Duchess of Mazarin, who is given by Faulkner as living here in 1692, and who remained here for some six years, when she removed to Chelsea. Here she was visited almost daily by the illustrious Frenchman, St. Evremond, who idolised her as much as ever did Charles II.; and who may have helped her to forget that she had once been, to use her own words, "the richest heiress and the unhappiest woman in Christendom"; we know that she tried oblivion in another form, that of usquebaugh, from which the devoted old Marquis tried in vain to dissuade her. She might have been a queen, for Charles, when in exile, sought the hand of the beautiful Hortensia Mancini, but her uncle Mazarin did not foresee the Restoration, and refused to accede to wishes which, however royal, seemed then to promise but empty glory. Notwithstanding the praises of St. Evremond, whose partiality was in some measure due to her beauty, but perhaps more to her appreciation of his own wit, the Duchess must have been in most things the reverse of respectable, and if she kept up in her forty-sixth year the "frolic fun" of sixteen and twenty-six, and matched her daring gambols in her uncle's palace and the convent where her distracted husband at one time put her *en retraite*, by her doings in Kensington Square, the residents must have opened their eyes at her audacity, even if some of them sympathised with her conduct. Which house she actually occupied is unknown, but as Nos. 10 and 11 in the south-east corner, originally one house, are said to be the two oldest in the Square, it is not improbable that she resided here. This house was subsequently allocated to the maids-of-honour when the court was in residence at the neighbouring palace, and the wainscoted rooms and powdering-closets are eloquent of its past associations, as a recent writer has pointed out.[1]

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[1] Fresh trees were planted in the central garden in 1880. (Merriman.)

Jesse says that the house of the Duchess of Mazarin,[2] which he places at Chelsea, became the most remarkable of its time, "Her saloons were the resort of the gay, the intellectual, and the beautiful: there were to be found the pleasures of the table combined with the charms of music, gaiety, and wit," and he quotes St. Evremond as affirming that "freedom and discretion are equally to be found there." This must have been in Kensington Square, for the Duchess dragged out the last and very impecunious years of her life at Chelsea, and therefore, although in Kensington there may have been freedom though certainly not discretion, at Chelsea there was not much chance of either![3]

In the Register of Burials, quoted by Faulkner, is the following entry: "1692. 27th June, Mrs. Claudine de Bragelone, one of the Duchess of Mazarin's women, at Mrs. Margaret's house in the Square."

Another early inhabitant mentioned by Faulkner was Sir Robert Hamilton, who is given as residing in the Square in 1693, and in the Register of Births is entered the name of Robert, son of Sir Robert Hamilton, "at his house in the Square 30th October" of the same year. I find also the name of Sir Hele Hook, Bt., as living in one of the houses in the early days of the Square's formation; indeed the first mention we have of this worthy baronet, who is described as of Tangier Park, Southampton, is that of his marriage with "Mrs. Esther Underhill of this Parish," in 1683; while on the 31st January 1688, the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth, is duly recorded; as is that of a son, Hele, "at his (Sir Hele's) house in the Square" on December 28, 1696. The death of Sir Hele himself took place in the July of 1712, for on the 12th of that month his interment is entered in the Register of Burials. Sir Hele Hook was one of the six captains appointed to the new regiment of horse of volunteer citizens formed in 1689, whose strength numbered four hundred, and of whom William III. consented to be the colonel, and the Earl of Monmouth lieutenant-colonel.[4]

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[1] *Fascination of London:* "Kensington." By G. E. Mitton.

[2] She left Kensington in 1698, and died on June 2, 1699.

[3] *Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts.* For an account of the Duchess at Chelsea, see *Paradise Row*, by Reginald Blunt, Esq.

[4] Luttrell's *Diary.*

The Earl of Gainsborough was also living in Kensington Square in 1697; this was the third Earl, who succeeded his cousin the second Earl in 1690, and who married Lady Dorothy Manners, second daughter of John, first Duke of Rutland, an alliance duly noted by the industrious Luttrell, on February 13, 1707. Lord Gainsborough died seven years after his marriage.[1]

Another peer who is mentioned by Faulkner as residing here was Lord Clanricarde, although the house he lived in is not particularised; an entry, however, in the Register of Births runs thus: "1742. Henry, Lord Dunhellin, son of the Right Hon. Smith Burke, Earl of Clanricarde, and the Lady Hester, buried 7th January, in the Square." With Lord Clanricarde's name, in the Parish Books, is coupled that of Mr. Pitt, an ancestor of Earl Rivers, as Faulkner is careful to inform us. The period of his residence can be but approximately inferred from the entry of the birth of his son George, which took place at their house in the Square on November 23, 1693; but another member by marriage of the same remarkable family, the Hon. Mrs. Ann Pitt, who was Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Princess-Dowager of Wales, who also lived in the Square, is known to have died in February 1781, "at her house in Pitt Place, Kensington Gravel Pits." She was the sister of the first Earl of Chatham and eldest of the five daughters of Governor Pitt—of Diamond fame. She had been maid-of-honour to Queen Caroline before she held an appointment in the household of that remarkable woman's daughter-in-law, and, even had we not the record of her "decision of character, and sprightliness of conversation,"[2] we must have credited her with no little tact in securing the friendship of two royal ladies so diametrically opposed in interest and character as those in whose service she found herself in turn. Among the letters of Lady Suffolk are included several from Mrs. Ann Pitt, but none of them are dated from Kensington Square. It may here be mentioned that Lady Suffolk herself, writing to Mr. Berkeley in 1734 from Kensington, remarks that she was going to dine in "the Square," which obviously refers to Kensington Square, then at the height of its fashion and popularity, and probably indicates the residence of Mrs. Pitt.

It is said that a still more illustrious, although but a temporary, resident in the Square was Joseph Addison, who is stated to have lodged here four or five years before his marriage with Lady Warwick; but I confess that I am not satisfied that this was actually the case.

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[1] According to Luttrell, writing in his *Diary* for October 31, 1699, the Duke of Shrewsbury had then just taken a house in the Square.

[2] *Lady Suffolk's Letters.*

Faulkner, indeed, says that in 1716 "this manor became the property of Mr. Addison, by his marriage with Charlotte, Countess of Warwick," and Swift, who has various references to dining and supping with Addison "at Kensington" in his *Journal to Stella* (1710), never specifically states that the house was in the Square; while Hutton, giving in his *Literary Landmarks of London* some notes on Kensington Square, writes thus: "The Parish Books do not give the name of Addison in either row (houses were not numbered in London till 1764), so that it is impossible to identify any particular dwelling now with the house of one of the kindest benefactors that society ever had." While agreeing, therefore, with the writer of these "notes" that it is pleasing to picture somewhere in the Square this great writer and amiable man, we must remember that his name is given as living in this particular part of Kensington too largely on mere assumption to make the fact beyond question or dispute. If, however, we cannot affirm with certainty that Addison lived in the Square, there is his own word for it that he thought of taking a house there, for writing to Mr. Wortley on October 13, 1711, he says: "If you will be my lodger, I'll take a house in the Square at Kensington, and furnish your chamber, not forgetting a cook and other particulars;" to which Wortley replied on November 11, saying: "It will be near the middle of December before I get to Kensington, when I am very glad to hear that I may be your lodger, if you will not be mine as I proposed. Should you like any other place out of town better than Kensington, I desire you will choose it, and I shall certainly be pleased with it." Miss Aikin, who in her *Life of Addison* gives these letters, adds that he was "still lodged in Kensington in the following year, perhaps led to this choice by its nearness to Holland House, and thus saw much of Swift, who was his neighbour" (in lodgings in Kensington Gravel Pits, in 1712). Considering, as I have before pointed out, the sparsely inhabited character of Kensington at this time, when the Square was *the* place of residence, it may be considered that this evidence is sufficient to prove Addison's one-time sojourn in the Square itself; but it is at best circumstantial evidence, and as such the reader must draw his own deductions.

If there be a doubt on this point there is, however, none that Addison's friend and joint essayist, Richard Steele, once lodged here, for we find him, in 1708, writing to his second wife to join him at the house of Mrs. Hardresse "at the Square at Kensington, till all things be ready for your greater ease in town." If, therefore, we cannot claim Addison with any certainty as an inhabitant of the Square, we can assume with every degree of probability that he was a frequent guest at Dick Steele's, for we know that "they associated together on terms of great familiarity and confidence, and were frequent depositaries of the literary projects of each other."[1]

Readers of *Esmond* will remember various references to Steele and Addison and Kensington Square in its fascinating pages; thus we are told that Mrs. Scurlock—whom Steele courted and married—had a lodging in the Square "hard by my Lady Castlewood's house there," where Esmond was wont to pour out his love for Beatrice into the ears of her so patient mother; and where the Prince—James Edward—stayed, and had that stormy interview with the heads of the family he did his best to ruin. If this is but fiction, it is as convincing—more convincing than many a dry record of fact; and can any of us doubt but that Lady Castlewood and Beatrix, Esmond and "James III.," slept beneath a roof in the Square or strolled within its central garden, any more than we can question that the Duchess of Mazarin flaunted her exuberant beauty in its precincts, or that Dick Steele was witty and boisterous beneath its trees or in "Mrs. Hardresse's lodgings?"

The Square seems to have been a favourite retreat of the clergy, judging from the names of several bishops, and others less advanced in the hierarchy, which we come across among the former residents. One of the earliest of these was the Rev. Dr. Lamplugh, whose daughter Mary was born here and died apparently a few days later; the entry of her birth being thus given in the Register: "1692. Mary, daughter of Thomas Lamplugh, clerk, son of the Archbishop of York, deceased at his house in the Square, 17th January." Of Dr. Lamplugh himself little is to be learned, but to his father, whose appointment to the see of Canterbury was one of James II.'s last acts of regal authority, many references are to be found in the various diaries of the period and in the pages of Macaulay.

Of Dr. Mathias Mawson, Bishop of Ely, who for several years occupied the house at the south-west corner of the Square, something more has been left on record, and there is a memorial to him in Ely Cathedral. The son of a brewer at Chiswick, he was educated successively at St. Paul's School and Corpus Christi, Cambridge, of which college he subsequently became Master. In 1734 he was offered, but refused, the bishopric of Gloucester, but afterwards accepted that of Llandaff in 1738, and two years later was translated to Chichester; while in 1754 he was made Bishop of Ely. How long he lived in the Square I have been unable to trace, but we know that he died at his house there on November 23, 1770, at the age of eighty-seven.

Near him, "somewhere about the south-west corner," lived that curious character, Sir Richard Blackmore, "whose writings have attracted much attention," says Johnson, "but of whose life and manners very little has been communicated, and whose lot it has been to be much oftener mentioned by enemies than friends." Blackmore's name has certainly come down to us wreathed about with no little amount of ridicule, and Leigh Hunt speaks of him as "the butt of all the wits of the time"; but there must have been something in a man who could combine as he did the various characteristics of a doctor, a poet, and a prose writer. About his poetry there is little to be said, indeed the length of his productions was only equalled by their dulness, and as has been well said, "there is a horrible facility of mediocrity" about his work which took such pretentious form as *The Creation*, in seven books; *The Redeemer*, in six books; *Eliza*, in ten books; and *Arthurian Legends*, in books without number. Nobody reads these things now, and if they were ever read, it was to give an opportunity for the lighter horse of literature to cover his heavy battalions with ridicule and defeat. He may be considered to have justified his attempts in a practical direction by the fact that he is included in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, where an extract from his *Prince Arthur* is given to the extent of two pages! As a physician he claims notice, although he is said to have taken seriously Sydenham's advice to read *Don Quixote*, when he asked that great man as to what authors he should pursue towards the study of physics, by becoming physician to William III. His prose works were confined to medical and theological treatises; and he may be said to have done his best to extend one of the many morals which he possessed, that of patience, to a degree only possible in one who lacked that greatest of gifts, a sense of humour. Born at Corsham in Wilts in 1650, he died at Boxsted in Essex in 1729; and he has left a name which, if it points a moral, can certainly not be said to adorn any tale except that of dulness.

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[1] Lucy Aikin's *Life of Addison.*

At the other (the south-east) corner of the Square lived Dr. Herring, Bishop of Bangor, in the house which Faulkner, in 1820, speaks of as "now being occupied by Charles Walker, Esq." Herring, whose "gentleness of principles and great merit" are recorded by Walpole,[1] afterwards became in turn Archbishop of York and Canterbury. He was, says Leigh Hunt, "grave yet insinuating, and had a sweet voice and a majestic appearance." Beyond his ecclesiastical celebrity he is remembered as being the author of some of the best of the *Elegant Epistles*, and for the attack he made on Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, for which he called down the wrath of Swift, who "gave him a tremendous rebuke."

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[1] *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*

In the same house many years later (in 1793) resided Tallyrand,[1] of whom Faulkner says that "his character was marked by urbanity of manners, and by strict punctuality in his payments," which, considering the way in which the Prince Bishop—for it is to be remembered that he was, besides being a wit and a statesman, also a prelate—has been generally depicted, is a pleasant tribute to his private character.

Still another bishop can be claimed as a former resident in the Square, for here in, as Dr. Merriman says, "a grand old brick house with large windows, and full of fine oak staircases and carving, the rates of which were £20 per annum," for several years lived Hough, Bishop of Worcester, whose name is familiar to the student of James II.'s reign as that of the President of Magdalen, Oxford, who resisted the King's unconstitutional attempts to force on the Fellows of that college the Roman Catholic Parker. The matter is not one to be entered into here, but it will be found fully dealt with by Macaulay, and by Bishop Cartwright in his *Diary*. Hough's discretion and the temper and firmness with which he resisted this arbitrary attempt to coerce the college authorities had, there is little doubt, great weight in setting an example to the country in general and in bringing about the bloodless revolution which followed.

Leigh Hunt, quoting Wilmot in his *Life of Hough*, records an anecdote which may be given as an example of the good prelate's equability of temperament and habitual courtesy. "A young clergyman, taking leave of him one day, and making many awkward bows, ran against, and threw down on the floor, a favourite barometer of the bishop's. The man was frightened and extremely concerned; but the good old prelate, with all the complacency possible, said to him, 'Don't be uneasy, sir; I have observed this glass almost daily for upwards of seventy years, but I never saw it so low before.'" Whether the incident took place in Kensington Square or elsewhere, it seems, from the records of Hough's life, to be highly characteristic of his temperament and manners.

Hough, who was born in 1651 and died in 1743, was in turn Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield (in which connection he is mentioned in Swift's *Journal to Stella*), and Worcester (not Winchester, as stated by Leigh Hunt); and in 1715 he was offered, but declined, the primacy.

Among other former residents in the Square may be mentioned, in 1721, the Right Hon. William, second Marquis of Montgomery, who lived in what is now No. 45, the house being described as "situate and standing and being in the north side of King's Square, Kensington," and the stables in Young Street; the Rev. William Beloe, who lived next door at No. 44, in a house on the north side, where he was succeeded by the Rev. J. Potter, Archbishop Whately, Faraday, Babbage, &c., and died here in April 1817. He was, in conjunction with Archbishop Nares, the founder of the *British Critic;* and had been, in 1796, appointed Rector of All Hallows, London Wall. From 1803 to 1806, he was Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, and his individual literary work includes *The Sexagenarian, or Recollections of a Literary Life*, and his well-known collection of anecdotes.

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[1] A letter from him to Greville is dated from Kensington Square in this year.

About the same time Francis Douce, the antiquary and well-known author of the *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, lived in the Square, and on the death of Nollekens, whose residuary legatee he was, Smith mentions that "when the funeral was over, Douce returned to his house in Kensington Square." The property left him by the sculptor enabled Douce to form a fine collection of books, manuscripts, prints, and coins, which collection he subsequently left to the Bodleian, although he himself had been Keeper of the Manuscripts at the British Museum, and had helped catalogue the Lansdowne MSS., and revise the old catalogue of the Harleian MSS. Douce, who was a particular friend of Isaac Disraeli, in whose *Curiosities of Literature* he is frequently mentioned, died in London in 1834, in his seventy-seventh year.

Then there lived here that Dr. Veitch, a retired naval surgeon, who was the first to employ the fine round silk ligature in tying severed arteries, and who first introduced vaccine inoculation in the Navy, in 1800, under the auspices of the Earl of St. Vincent. Dr. Veitch resided at No. 33, on the west side of the Square, from 1841 to 1847,[1] and we are told that "his sitting-room had evidently been fitted up by some courtier of the Georgian era, well-executed full-length portraits of the royal family occupying the whole of the walls in place of hangings or panelling." It would appear that these were subsequently removed, for another contributor to *Notes and Queries* writes that "after Veitch's death the house was empty for some time, and none of his successors in it remembers any pictures on any portion of the walls, only painted panels of the plainest description." As, however, the writer of the first description places the doctor's house on the south side about the middle, it is probable that his information as to the decoration of the house was accurate, but of its being Dr. Veitch's one-time residence, incorrect.

John Stuart Mill was living at No. 18, in 1840, with his mother and sister, and from here he was to be seen walking daily to and from the India Office. Caroline Fox mentions, in her *Diary* for this year, that on May 19th she attended one of Carlyle's lectures on Heroes, and after it

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[1] See *Notes and Queries*, sixth series.

"returned with Harriet Mill to their house in Kensington Square, where we were most lovingly received by all the family." She found Mill "quite himself" with, we may suppose, those amiable characteristics which made Carlyle say of him on one occasion, that he fancied he was "*a baying* you can love." After dinner they "walked in the little garden, and saw the Falmouth plants which Clara cherishes so lovingly, and Henry's cactus and other dear memorials"; finally Caroline Fox was shown "John Mill's charming library, and saw portions of his immense herbarium; the mother so anxious to show everything, and her son so terribly afraid of boring us." As we are informed that "Jeremy Bentham's favourite pudding was served at dinner," it was but natural that several busts of the philosopher should be exhibited, Mill himself saying, "No one need feel any delicacy in canvassing his opinions in my presence."

Four doors from Mill's house—at No. 14—lived till his death J. R. Green, the historian of the English people, that marvellous work carried through with such resolution in the face of illness that might well have incapacitated a lesser intellect and broken a less determined spirit. In his own words, history was unpopular "because it seems more and more to sever itself from all that can touch the heart of the people." All the world knows what a splendid memorial he raised in his successful attempt to write history according to his penetrating conception of what it should be. From an interesting letter from Mrs. J. R. Green, I learn further details of the great historian's sojourn in the Square. He took the house (No. 14) in 1879, two years after his marriage, having during that period resided in lodgings, first at 25 Connaught Street, and afterwards at 50 Welbeck Street; the house in Kensington was, writes Mrs. Green to me, "therefore the only house of his own, and he was deeply attached to it." Here the four-volume edition of the *History of England* was completed, as well as *The Making of England; The Conquest of England* being commenced here, and finished by Mrs. Green, after her husband's death, in the same house. Mrs. Green herself, so well known for her share in her husband's great work, and also for her own valuable contributions to history, continued to live in Kensington Square till 1903; and here she wrote her *Henry II.* and *English Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*, and edited the *Illustrated Edition of the Short History of England*, and some volumes of Mr. Green's Essays. Green died at Mentone in 1883, so that his occupancy of 14 Kensington Square was only of about four years' duration.

One of the most illustrious of past residents in Kensington Square and, so far as I am aware, the only one representing art in its highest form, was Burne-Jones, who came to live at No. 41[1] in 1865, and remained about three years. Lady Burne-Jones, in her interesting Memorials of her famous husband, writes that they hoped, on coming into residence here, to continue without a break the life they had lived in Great Russell Street, but pathetically explains the impossibility of this, for "something was gone, something had been left behind—it was our first youth;" the "snows of yester-year" were not to come again. Burne-Jones used to say that his memory of the time he spent here was a vague one—especially as regarded his intercourse with William Morris—but various circumstances combined to cause this, and the place itself, says Lady Burne-Jones, "was not strange to us, for once, when seeking rooms, we had gone as far as Kensington and seen its old Square lying back undisturbed by the world, with nothing except gardens between it and the narrow High Street." The house they selected, No. 41, was on the north side of the Square, an obvious drawback to a painter, as a full south light was the only one obtainable. However, as Burne-Jones appears to have been anxious to be settled, he put up with what many a lesser artist would have considered an insuperable objection. Here, as everywhere, he was soon surrounded by his many friends, but there was not too much room for them, and in one of his letters, referring to his new house, he says "Topsy[2] has given us a Persian carpet which amply furnishes one room. I have a little crib which I call a library, because there I keep my tobacco and my borrowed books. We have a garden, ever so long; I am the veriest cockney and know no times and seasons of planting, but I want a quiet summer at the back here to pay me for all my bothers; there I will pitch a little pavilion on warm days and lie in the shade of it—I must have a pavilion." This garden was, according to Lady Burne-Jones, just long enough for a game of bowls, and many a game was played there. "It was a pretty spot in springtime, when together with its neighbour gardens it made a mass of fruit-blossom surrounded by red roofs. Edward Poynter began a water-colour drawing of it, which was never finished, but remains a faithful document so far as it goes." In June 1867 the Burne-Jones's were still here, but their sojourn was drawing to a close, as the house had been sold during their tenancy, "and as the new owner refused to extend our term," writes Lady Burne-Jones, "we were compelled for the third time in seven years to seek another home."

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[1] A house which, as Lady Burne-Jones writes me, is now sadly changed, its character having been entirely altered by the addition of another story. When Burne-Jones lived there it was almost exactly like No. 42, next door.

[2] A pet name for William Morris.

Miss Burt in her historical notices of Chelsea, Kensington, &c., published in 1871, speaks of Kensington Square as containing "some large noble houses of a melancholy aspect, owing to their being built in a fashion now gone by." The whirligig of fashion in architecture is responsible for this dictum being now reversed, and it is to-day the modern erections in the Square, rather than the original houses, that help to give, not a melancholy certainly, but a commonplace appearance to some portions of this interesting spot; among these more recent buildings may be mentioned the Convent of the Assumption which covers ground from No. 20 to No. 24, or part of where Bishops Mawson, Herring, and Hough once lived; in a chapel of the convent is a fresco by Eastlake; while its garden, formed by the absorption of those of the various houses whose site it occupies, is about an acre in extent.[1] At No. 26 is the Kensington Foundation Grammar School. This school was, according to Dr. Merriman, originated in the drawing-room of No. 44. It began its work in No. 31 (since rebuilt), on the west side of the Square, and three years later removed to No. 27, then rebuilt with schoolrooms, &c., and a playground at the back, which ground was bounded on the north by Cobbett's garden, and on the south by Barlow's orchard; on the east were the garden walls of the Square, and on the west those of Scarsdale House. In those days it was a Proprietary School, but it became a Foundation School in 1869, under the guidance of the Rev. C. T. Ackland, M.A. Among its past masters may be mentioned the Rev. T. S. Evans, 1831; the Rev. Matthew Wilkinson, 1840; the Rev. Dr. Francis Hersey, 1843; the Rev. R. Payne Smith, 1853; and the Rev. W. Haig Brown (of Charterhouse), 1857. At the corner of the south side is the woman's department of King's College.

Faulkner gives (1820) the names of some of those who were living in the Square at the period when he was writing his history, and in the list of subscribers to his work others are mentioned. Thus he speaks of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton and Richard Chase, Esq., J.P., as then residing there—both of whom duly took copies of his book; the Misses Burnet are given as occupying the house in which Bishop Mawson lived, and as keeping a ladies' boarding-school; while Miss Black kept another similar establishment in a large house on the north side of the Square. These ladies' names are given among the subscribers to Faulkner's *Kensington*, as are those of Major Torriano, Commanding Officer of the Old Kensington Volunteers, at No. 16, and Charles Walker, Esq., whom I have before mentioned as living in the house once occupied by Bishop Herring.

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[1] *Fascination of London:* "Kensington."

Besides these, Dr. Merriman mentions some other inhabitants of the Square, such as Nassau Senior, the Political Economist and Diarist who, when a Master in Chancery, was living at No. 32, in 1826; Harrison Gordon Codd, Chairman of the Kensington Bench, a D.L., and equerry to the Duke of Sussex, who lived first at No. 14 and then at No. 16, where he died in March 1840; John Simon, Esq., C.B., F.R.S., Medical Officer to the Privy Council, at No. 40, in 1868; General Sir Thomas Gore Browne, C.M.G., at No. 7, in 1876; and Anne Evans, who died "in a pleasant rambling old house," No. 16, in 1870, and whose poems and music were edited with a memorial preface by Mrs. Ritchie.

It is invidious to pick out the names of present residents, but three of them may be given as belonging to those who, in various ways, have attained to what Dr. Johnson called "civil greatness," and so I may record Sir Charles Hubert Parry, the distinguished musician, as residing at No. 17; Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the great actress, at No. 33; and Vernon Lushington, Esq., K.C., the well-known lawyer, at No. 36.[1]

SQUARES NORTH OF THE PARK

Hardly any less comprehensive title than the above would seem to be applicable to the large group of Squares which stretch from Connaught Square close to the Marble Arch, to St. James's Square at the northern end of Addison Road; but to be strictly accurate only about eight of these lie actually to the north of the Park, *i.e.* between the Edgware Road and Westbourne Terrace, with Praed Street bounding them on the north and the Bayswater Road on the south. This group comprises Connaught, Oxford, Cambridge, Hyde Park, Gloucester, Norfolk, Talbot, and Sussex Squares. The others, which stretch away to the far west, lie either to the north of Kensington Gardens, or Holland Park, and are variously in what may be called Westbournia, or Notting Hill; they are Cleveland, Porchester, Kensington Gardens, Orme, Leinster, Princes, Pembridge, Ladbroke, St. Stephen's, Powis, Colville, St. Charles's (on the west of Ladbroke Grove), St. Mary's, Westbourne, Norland, and (beyond Paddington Station) St. James's Squares; with Camden Hill

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[1] Mrs. Richmond Ritchie tells me that, as a child, she remembers two old ladies, with their canes, high heels, and, she thinks, powdered hair, coming out of the old corner-house by what is now Thackeray Street, and walking by the bow windows of her father's (Thackeray's) house; till so comparatively recently did the Georgian time and manners survive in Kensington Square!

Square on the south side of Notting Hill, opposite Ladbroke Grove. While to the north again may be mentioned Alma Square, and far away in the north-west, Kilburn Square.

Notwithstanding their number, and the varied character of the houses forming them, it may be said that none of these squares have any particular history, and the residence of interesting people can only be traced to a comparatively few of them. The fact is that this part of the town dates, as a residential quarter, from quite recent days, and although the majority of the squares mentioned are able to trace a lineage from the days of William—it is William IV. The very fact of this recent growth enables them, in many cases, to boast of a large size, both in superficial area and in the houses forming part of them, which is often sadly to seek in older squares, but it at the same time detracts from their interest as historical or antiquarian *motifs*. Such an important aggregation of residences could not, however, obviously be passed over without some notice, and if it be something in the nature of trying to make bricks without straw, I must at least try to produce a semblance of bricks, by collecting what evidence I can, of any notable people who have lived in some of the squares here mentioned.

Connaught Square has, perhaps, an interest, certainly a lugubrious one, not shared by the other squares of this district, for on its site formerly stood Tyburn Tree and its accessories; indeed the actual gallows is said to have been erected on the very spot where No. 49 Connaught Square once was, the fact being particularly mentioned in an old lease of that house.[1] On this spot, then, took place those public exhibitions when the last stage in a malefactor's life was made the excuse for a show of hardened brutality which seems almost incredible in a civilised people. M. de Saussure, who visited this country in 1725, and who has left an entertaining diary of what he observed here, gives a graphic description of the scenes on such occasions, which I am sorry to say he finds "diverting"; but he does not fail to note that "the noise and confusion is unbelievable," and he reminds us that the "show" could be witnessed "from an amphitheatre erected for spectators near the gibbet."[2] This erection probably stood on the other side of the Square, and is alone sufficient to give Connaught Square the right to be considered the most characteristic of all those in the district known for so long as Tyburnia. To-day the Square is an eminently respectable, even a fashionable one—so great has been the change which a century and a half has wrought in this neighbourhood.

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[1] *London Past and Present.* This square and much other property in this district once belonged to the Bishop of London, but now to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

[2] The last plate of Hogarth's "Idle and Industrious Apprentice" gives a good idea of this stand, and also of the general scene on occasions of execution.

I can only trace one interesting person as having been a resident in Connaught Square in the past. This was Fanny Kemble, whom I find writing to a friend on March 27, 1877, thus: "You ask if I have finally concluded about the house in Connaught Square? No, indeed; for I have not yet received any report from the agent . . . whether the gas, drains, roof, &c., are in a condition to make it expedient for me to conclude that bargain." From certain unfortunate experiences of friends, Miss Kemble seems to have had a wholesome dread of embarking on so serious a matter rashly; however, after the house had been put in repair, and some delay occasioned by want of servants, she finally took possession, at the end of April, of No. 15 Connaught Square, although in the first letter dated from her new abode she speaks of not getting her cook or housemaid "till next week," adding pathetically that "she must then tremblingly hope that they will not go away the same day," as her last cook appears to have done. Various letters are given in the *Later Records*, dated from this house, and in one Fanny Kemble mentions Miss Cobbe as living "at the furthest extremity of London," *i.e.* in Hereford Square, and adds, "We waste time in calling at each other's houses and finding *us* not at home." It does not appear that Miss Kemble, or Mrs. Butler as she ought properly to be styled, lived long here, for I find her dating letters from Queen Anne's Mansions in 1879, and from 27 Grosvenor Street in 1883.

Oxford and Cambridge Squares are twins in size and shape, and form the central portion of a large oval of which the ends are Norfolk and Southwick Crescents; the scheme of development is not without its merit, but it has too much the appearance of a Haussmannising process to be wholly commendable. At the west end stands a church, dedicated to St. John, and erected from designs by Fowler the architect, who followed, "*with a difference*," the exterior of New College, Oxford. There is a good stained-glass window representing the Twelve Apostles, but beyond this the church calls for little comment.

Gloucester Square is but a little west of Connaught Square, and is, as are most of those in this quarter, an oblong enclosure of good houses. At No. 11 formerly lived John Sadleir, once a Member of Parliament, but subsequently connected with certain fraudulent concerns; who, it may be remembered, created a sensation by committing suicide on Hampstead Heath in 1859. But the Square is connected with the name of a far more notable man, for at No. 34, now marked with one of the London County Council's Memorial Tablets, lived Robert Stephenson, the great engineer, from the end of 1847, till his death on October 12, 1859.

Stephenson had been residing previously at No. 15 Cambridge Square, now the residence of Captain Oswald Ames, for at least three years. During his residence in Gloucester Square, not only was he engaged in his parliamentary duties, as member for Whitby, but his engineering works included the scheme for uniting Christiania and the Miosen Lake; the construction of the Alexandria-Cairo railway; the building of Conway Bridge, the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, and the Britannia Bridge, besides many other works of hardly less magnitude.

In 1850 he contemplated retiring from his more active pursuits; but it was a difficult matter to accomplish, and Jeafferson[1] tells us how a friend, "calling in Gloucester Square to consult the master of the house on urgent business, found every reception-room occupied by a crowd of persons. Being much engaged, and wishing to employ his time with correspondence till he could have an interview with Robert Stephenson, he asked the servant to show him into a room where he could be by himself and write his lettters in quiet. "If you want that, sir," the man answered, "you must go upstairs into one of the bedrooms, for every sitting-room is occupied with gentlemen who insist on seeing Mr. Stephenson, although they know he is unwell. And the caller, acting on the advice, went upstairs and sat in a bedroom till he could be admitted into the library."

Of the interior of the house in Stephenson's time Mr. Jeafferson says, "The drawing-rooms were so liberally stocked with works of curious contrivance, and philosophical toys, that they had almost the appearance of a museum;" and he adds that "the cabinet of microscopic specimens was most elaborate and extensive." Nor was the human interest centred in those rooms less notable; Stephenson was a genial and painstaking host, and at his "Sunday lunches" were to be met such men as Baden-Powell, Murchison, and Sharpe the Egyptologist; Bonomi and Brunel, Lough the sculptor and Sir James Prior, besides hosts of other interesting and interested people.

Stephenson's last days have been graphically described by his biographer. He had been taken ill in Christiania where he had been fêted on the completion of his railway scheme, and had been brought home as quickly as possible. "From the day of reaching Gloucester Square till the following Sunday he seemed to improve," says Jeafferson; "on Sunday afternoon, without medical permission, he astonished the members of his household by appearing in the drawing-room and declaring that he had grown tired of his bedroom, and was resolved no longer to be treated as a sick man. But the exertion and the excitement of conversation were too much for him, and he was carried, rather than led, back to the apartment in which he died." At the time of his decease he was only fifty-six, but a strenuous life had undermined his constitution, and his death untimely robbed the country of one of its greatest men.

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[1] *Life of Stephenson*, quoted in the L.C.C.'s pamphlet on *Houses of Historical Interest in London*, No. 5.

The house, on which he is said to have expended in purchase-money and repairs £10,000, is now the residence of Henry Behrens, Esq.

At No. 13 Hyde Park Square, which practically adjoins Gloucester Square, lived for many years the well-known sportsman Mr. T. Assheton-Smith, probably one of the greatest "M.F.H.'s" of any day. Walford records that a glass apartment which had been formed on the roof of his house was after his death regarded by the credulous as the abode of his ghost—as if a ghost, especially of such a country lover, could have stood the noise and smoke of town in so exposed a position. Yet the alarm was only gradually quelled by a systematic "writing down" in the daily papers. Lady Georgiana Fullerton was also living in the Square in 1850, as a reference in Mrs. Craven's account of her proves.

Norfolk Square, rather to the north of Gloucester Square, must be noticed on account of the church which stands at its east end. This structure is dedicated to All Saints, and was built about 1847, in that so-called "early pointed style" which was the fashion in sacred edifices at that period. It was intended to hold 1500 people, and its cost was estimated at £6000, £4000 of which was borne by the rates, and £2000 collected in subscriptions. As a matter of fact the total cost exceeded this estimate by nearly £1500, although the interior decorations and fittings were as plain as early Victorian taste and economy could well make them. The site of the church—a portion of the old reservoir—was given up by the Grand Junction Waterworks Company to the Bishop of London and his lessees, according to an agreement entered into, and formally incorporated in an Act of Parliament, 7 & 8 Vic. cap. 30.

Norfolk Square itself, beyond being a favourite residential quarter, is not interesting as having contained any illustrious inhabitants in the past, but a glance at a current Directory will show that Professor Ayrton, John Churton Collins, Esq., and Judge Addison to-day reside in it.

Proceeding farther west we come to ORME SQUARE, built about 1815, and forming a small excrescence, just west of the Broad Walk which runs through Kensington Gardens, on the Bayswater Road, which thoroughfare forms its southern side. Here, at No. 1, Rowland Hill lived for a time, taking up his residence in 1839, a few months before the Penny Postage Bill was passed, and continuing to occupy the house till 1845; and here, too, came to reside, at No. 5, John Sterling in the year 1855, when, as Carlyle records, he "took a house in Bayswater, an airy suburb, half town, half country." To still quote the greater of Sterling's biographers: "His house was in Orme Square, close by the corner of that little place (which has only three sides of houses); its windows looking to the east: the number was, and I believe still is, No. 5. A sufficiently commodious, by no means sumptuous small mansion; where, with the means sure to him, he could calculate on finding adequate shelter for his family, and live in a decent manner, in no terror of debt, for one thing." Further on, describing the house and its surroundings, Carlyle writes, and I like to give his words as a "purple patch" amidst these somewhat arid pages: "His study-room in this house was perhaps mainly the drawing-room, looking out safe over the little dingy grass-plot in front, and the quiet little row of houses opposite, with the huge dust-whirl of Oxford Street and London far enough ahead of you as background—as back curtain, blotting out only half your blue hemisphere with dust and smoke. On the right, you had the continuous growl of the Uxbridge Road and its wheels, coming as lullaby, not interruption. Leftward and rearward, after some thin belt of houses, lay mere country; bright sweeping green expanses, crowned by pleasant Hampstead, pleasant Harrow, with their rustic steeples rising against the sky. Here on winter evenings, the bustle of removal being all well ended, and family and books got planted in their new places, friends could find Sterling, as they often did, who was delighted to be found by them, and would give and take, vividly as few others, an hour's good talk at any time."[1]

Orme Square takes its name from a Mr. Orme,[2] once carrying on business as a printseller in Bond Street, who purchased much ground hereabouts, on a portion of which the Square was formed; and who thus became the ground landlord.

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[1] Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*.

[2] "The names of Squares, Terraces, Streets, &c., have been for the most part furnished by the names of the owners of property past and present, their native counties or country residences," says Robins in his *Paddington Past and Present*, where I find it stated also that Mr. Orme built the Bayswater Chapel just behind Orme Square.

Rather to the north-west of Orme Square is PEMBROKE SQUARE, occupying a considerable space, and having a good-sized oblong garden down its centre. The notable resident in this instance is Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne—the "Moltke of England," as he has sometimes been called. He was living at No. 5 at the time of his death in 1871. His most remarkable work was the scheme by which Sebastopol eventually fell, through the initial capture of the Malakoff. It will hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that he was recalled to England during the actual progress of the siege. The post of Constable of the Tower and the statue which stands opposite Carlton House Terrace were the atonements which the country made to one who had been not only underrated but badly treated.

Still wandering westward along Holland Park Avenue, we come to NORLAND SQUARE, a small three-sided group of houses of which the fourth (south) side is formed by the main thoroughfare; the Square preserves the name of Norland House, on the grounds of which it stands. The residence belonged to one of the Drummond family, of Bank fame, in the reign of William IV., and the Square formed part of the building development which converted gardens and open ground in this neighbourhood into bricks and mortar, between the years 1850 and 1860.

LADBROKE SQUARE, a long open space with houses flanking its north and south sides, is open on the west to Kensington Park Road and on the east to Ladbroke Grove, and takes its name from the Ladbroke family "who took it on a building lease," according to Walford, who properly speaks of its houses and central garden as falling "but litttle short of some of the more aristocratic squares of the West End." I find no record, however, of any particularly notable person having resided in it, and its formation is too relatively recent for it yet to have any historical or antiquarian importance.

The two most westerly squares to be noticed are ST. CHARLES'S SQUARE and ST. JAMES'S SQUARE. The former, an oblong enclosure, lies to the west of Ladbroke Grove, which forms its east side, and within a triangle formed by the lines of the Great Western; Hammersmith and Metropolitan; and the West London, Railways. The Square takes its name from St. Charles's College, a large building which was founded by Cardinal Manning about 1863, which stands on its east side. From small beginnings this establishment increased so greatly that in 1872 it was found necessary to enlarge its headquarters, and after some difficulty the present site was selected and the college erected here at a cost of some £40,000. The building, with its grounds, covers about eleven acres and fills up the centre of the Square. It is of red brick with stone facings, and has a central tower; figures of saints, together with the emblematical crossed keys and tiara, sufficiently indicate its tenets if not its purpose. To be precise, this purpose is to bring education within the reach of all at a minimum cost; and so successful has it been that, in 1890 alone, no less than 1200 boys are said to have received instruction here.

St. Charles's Square contains nothing of interest beyond the college, which practically absorbs it.

St. James's Square forms a continuation, or really a terminus, to Addison Road, and contains St. James's Church, which was erected from designs by Vulliamy, and consecrated in 1845. The chancel is a later addition, but the tower, which rises to a considerable height, is part of the original structure.

As there is nothing to be said of any particular importance concerning the other squares mentioned in the group we have just been considering, it will be seen that I had grounds for stating that they sadly lack historical or antiquarian interest. It is, of course, an obvious fact that the more modern the houses in a square, the less likely are they to be endowed with memories or traditions, and therefore this part of London cannot in any way compare, in this respect, with the other localities we have been traversing. But when I say there is little interest about such houses, I must not be understood to mean that many of them, nay, in a sense, all of them, have no individual interest of their own; for just as every human being contains within his personality some striking attributes which only intimate knowledge is likely to discover, so every house in London can at least boast some interesting characteristic, and "has had its scenes, its joys and crimes"; some tender memory, some dramatic incident, some feverish hour of crowded life, which endows it with vital interest, if not for the historian or antiquarian, at least for the student of humanity and the philosopher. It seems to me a wonderful thing to reflect on what "hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving" are centred in the four walls of every dwelling, from a palace to a cottage; it is as marvellous as the microcosm of life which is reflected in the brain of every human being who dwells within them.

Such investigation is, however, not permissible here, nor indeed, so far as I understand the ethics of such things, anywhere; and if we are allowed to wonder at the glories of the reception-rooms in some great houses and to take note of their former interesting owners, we must certainly not violate such hospitality by trying to penetrate to the "private apartments and bedrooms too"; and when our perambulations bring us to dwellings where we realise that all the rooms have the mark of "Private" upon them, we give but a glance at the knocker, and pass on.

CHAPTER XI

THE SQUARES OF WESTMINSTER, BELGRAVIA, AND CHELSEA

> "Such was Belgravia once—a waste unknown!
> Behold that desert now—a gorgeous town!
> On every side, before admiring eyes,
> New squares appear—fresh palaces arise."
>
> "*Belgravia: a Poem,*" *by* MRS. GASCOIGNE.

THE squares which I propose to group together in this chapter number, with those of Chelsea, dealt with at the end, a score. The more important of them form a portion of the Grosvenor estate, such as Belgrave, Eaton, Chester, Ebury, Eccleston, and Victoria Squares; but I include Lowndes Square as being in the vicinity, while what, for a better name, may be termed Westminster Squares, are those of Smith, Vincent, Warwick, and St. George's.

I speak of these latter first, because they are older than the others, and because, although there is not much that is historically valuable to be said about them, they are, for a variety of reasons, more interesting than the larger and more fashionable ones. This indeed they might easily be, for, as we shall see, the others are nearly all of modern growth, and rely for their interest almost solely on the notable people who have resided in them.

VINCENT SQUARE

VINCENT SQUARE, which is far removed from one's ordinary conception of a London square, covers indeed an area as large as that of Belgrave Square, but instead of the umbrageous central garden surrounded by wide roadways, the middle is a large bare field enclosed by the most uncompromising of iron railings. This space has, however, its use, for it forms a really fine playing-field for the boys of Westminster School, to whose requirements it is relegated. It is peculiarly appropriate that this should be so, for the Square takes its very name from Dr. William Vincent, author of the *Voyage of Nearchus*, a former Dean of Westminster, and Master of Westminster School, who died on December 21, 1815. It was formed during the early years of the last century, on that portion of Tothill Fields which covers some nine or ten acres, and which the Bear Gardens originally occupied.[1] In 1810, it was allocated to its present use as a playground, Walford informing us that the sum of £3 was paid "for a plough and a team of horses to drive deep furrows round the site, and £2, 4s. od. more for the digging of a trench at the north-east end, to prevent carts from passing over it, as it was then open and unfenced." It was subsequently levelled, but the ten acres of which the central portion consists was not enclosed by railings till so late as 1842. Mr. Thoms the antiquary used to regret the absorption of the old name of Tothill in that of Vincent, for he said that Dean Vincent "was a ripe scholar and worthy man who, if consulted, would never have consented to the change."[2]

If we are to believe Luffman's Plan of London for 1816 to be as faithful as it professes, we find that the north-east and north-west sides of the Square were first built on, and then not in rows of adjoining houses, but in detached (Luffman shows four on each side) dwellings. By the Rate Books for 1816, I find some sixteen people given as then residing here, amongst whom the names of John Payne Collier, Andrew Sturt, George Trollope, and J. Postlethwaite occur; while in 1823, the Rev. George Greig and William Babbage were among the occupants of houses in the Square. The tenements which now exist are for the most part small but in some cases not unpicturesque buildings; there are, however, several important erections which overshadow their small pretensions. Thus in one corner is the Hospital of the Coldstream Guards, and next to it the Westminster Police Court, removed here in 1845 from Queen Square. Then St. Mary's Church, with its schools, is on the south side. This edifice was erected from designs by Edward Blore, F.S.A., and consecrated in October 1837; it stands on ground given by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who also provided the site for St. Mary's Schools.

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[1] These grounds ceased to exist in 1793, according to Walford in *Londoniana*.

[2] See J. E. Smith's *Parochial Memoirs of St. John's Parish*.

SMITH SQUARE

Another curious square in Westminster is Smith Square, which, according to Walcott, derives its name from a person who was Clerk of the Works at the time of its formation, although more probably, as stated by Hutton, from Sir James Smith, the ground landlord; one Henry Smith having sold the ground on which the church stands, in 1713, to the Commissioners, for £700. The Square lies between Wood Street and Horseferry Lane, and is only separated from the river by Millbank Street with which it communicates by the little Church Street. This thoroughfare takes its name from the church dedicated to St. John the Evangelist which stands in the midst of the central garden, and the Square itself was known as St. John's Churchyard until the beginning of the nineteenth century, as is proved by the record of the death of Thomas Newton, a relative of the great Sir Isaac, who died "at his house in St. John's Churchyard," in February 1807. The church is an interesting edifice, for it was the second of Queen Anne's fifty churches commemorated by Tickell, we are told by Besant, the cost of whose erection was defrayed by a duty levied on coals brought into the port of London. It was commenced towards the end of Anne's reign, for by 1715, I find that £1000 had already been spent in payments to workmen, the details of which are given by Mr. J. E. Smith, who also states that the total cost of erection was over £40,000. The district for it was not formed, however, until the reign of Anne's successor, in 1723, while the consecration of the new church, which was named after an old chapel in Westminster Abbey, did not take place till after the accession of George II.—to be precise, on June 20, 1728—when Dr. Bradfield, Bishop of Rochester, performed that ceremony; but the church was not thrown open for public worship till the 10th of the following November. It was designed by Thomas Archer, a pupil of Vanbrugh's,[1] who had originally been a groom-porter about the court, and whom Taylor calls "a pseudo-architect." The same authority styles St. John's Church "his *chef d'œuvre* of deformity"; and it certainly is very peculiar in appearance, from the fact that at each corner is a tower and a lantern-turret, which Lord Chesterfield said reminded him of an elephant with its legs in the air, and Charles Matthews likened to a dining-table in the same position. It is doubtful, however, whether this absurdity should be wholly laid to Archer's charge, for it appears that these excrescences were added afterwards rather to balance the foundations, which had begun to settle through the swampy nature of the ground, than as a part of the original design; it would seem, too, that Archer intended further additions which would have balanced these towers, for Elmes considers that they "would have been beautiful accompaniments to the central tower and spire intended by the architect." As a matter of fact "Mr. Archer's design of St. John's Church, Westminster, as it was resolved upon by the Commissioners," a print of which is in the Crowle Pennant, is so different in plan from the existing church that it is evident that the ridicule with which the architect's memory has been loaded is not altogether justifiable. Donaldson points out that, in spite of some inaccuracies, it is a very striking production of the Vanbrugh school—a school, we must remember, anything but at its best in ecclesiastical architecture. Chamberlaine, in his *Survey of London and Westminster*, 1769, thus refers to the church: "It is," he says, "remarkable for having sunk while it was building, which occasioned alteration in the plan. On the north and south sides are magnificent porticos, supported by vast stone pillars, as is also the roof of the church. At each of the four corners is a beautiful stone tower and pinnacle: these additions were erected that the whole might sink equally, and owe their magnitude to the same cause. The parts of this building," he adds, "are held together by iron bars, which cross within the aisles." [1]

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[1] It was at one time stated that Vanbrugh was himself the architect, but this is proved to be incorrect; and the fact that Vanbrugh was one of the Commissioners and signed orders for payments to the architect substantiates it.

The interior of the church has an unusual air of spaciousness, arising from the fact that it is without columns. One of the windows is interesting as being filled with some old stained-glass brought from Normandy; and over the altar is a copy of Ribalta's "Christ Bearing the Cross," the original of which is at St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford. The font of marble was designed by C. Barry, junior, and executed by J. Thomas, and was placed in the church in 1847; while the organ is of German make, (about 1727; it was repaired by Hill in 1840), and is considered a fine and powerful instrument.[2]

On September 26th, just before the morning service, a fire, which practically gutted the building, broke out in the church which appears not to have been restored, for lack of funds it is said, till 1758, although after much negotiation the House of Commons voted

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[1] Quoted by J. E. Smith, who also reminds us that Pope refers to this sinking of the foundation, in his second Satire.

[2] In the church is a panel recording the fact that, in 1800, George III. and Queen Charlotte stood sponsors here at the baptism of Thomas, second son of Viscount Belgrave.

£4000 for the purpose, on February 20, 1744,[1] when the galleries were added. In 1773, the roof was damagad by lightning; and fresh additions were made in 1821, under the direction of William Inwood, who was responsible for the new church of St. Pancras, of which the first stone had been laid three years earlier.

An interesting, if not very edifying personality is connected with St John's, in the person of Charles Churchill, who was born in the neighbouring Vine Street in 1731, and succeeded his father here as curate and lecturer, in 1758. He appears to have been elected to the post rather as a mark of respect to his father, who had held a similar position in 1733, and whose memory was cherished in the parish, than to personal capabilities; but his notorious living at last caused the parishioners to remonstrate; and, perhaps not unwillingly, for he himself said he had accepted the post from "need, not choice," he resigned his curacy and lectureship. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," was one of Churchill's successors, holding the curacy and lectureship in 1769.

Walcott, in his *Westminster*,[2] tells us that in the burial-ground lie "the ashes of an Indian chief, who died of small-pox in 1734, and was buried in the presence of the Emperor Toma, after the custom of the Karakee Creeks, sewn up in two blankets, between two deal boards, with his clothes, some silver coins, and a few glass beads."

On another tombstone, that of Donald Grant, D.D., is recorded the fact that the whole of that ecclesiastic's emoluments, "during a ministry of forty years in the Established Church of England, amounted to £743, 8s. 5d.," [3] which would make his annual income work out at the princely sum of £16, 17s. 11d., compared with which the "£40 a year" of Goldsmith's village pastor sounds like ostentatious magnificence.

The Churchwardens of St. John's possess a snuff-box presented in 1801 [4] by Thomas Gayfere, Esq., "Father of the Vestry," which succeeding Vestrymen have embellished with silver plates and cases. Mr. Smith gives the interesting history of this celebrated relic, known as the "St. John's Snuff-box," or the "Westminster Tobacco-box," and in his book are representations of its various component parts and the engravings of names, pictures, and mottoes with which it has been from time to time embellished.

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[1] A large picture of the church in ruins was presented to the parish by G. Crosse, Esq., on February 8, 1787. It is reproduced by Mr. J. E. Smith in his *Parochial Memoirs*, and shows how disastrous was the conflagration. It is interesting to note that in 1800, while St. Margaret's, Westminster, was under repair, St. John's was used by the House of Commons; and also that it was the first sacred edifice to be lighted by gas.

[2] Page 314.

[3] *London Past and Present.*

[4] It seems, however, to have been first presented to the "Past Overseers' Society" by Henry Monck in 1713, the first box having, it is said, cost but 4d. In the Rate Books for 1816 and 1823 Thomas Gayfere is given as a resident in the Square, as is a Charles Churchill, and the Rev. D'Arcey Haggitt, besides many others.

Smith also records the fact that the depredations of the notorious resurrection men were particularly audacious in the burial-ground attached to St. John's; and mentions that when in 1794, a search was made, no less than two hundred coffins were found to be empty. Two later burials which luckily escaped this fate were those of Mrs. Susannah Churchill, an aunt of the satirist, who died in Smith Square, in June 1806; and of James Caldwall, a somewhat celebrated designer and engraver, who died on March 9, 1822, aged eighty-four, and was buried in the church precincts.

Readers of *Our Mutual Friend* will remember that Dickens gives a whimsical description of St. John's Church, when referring to the home of Miss Jenny Wren—the doll's dressmaker—in the vicinity: "In this region," he writes, "are a certain little street called Church Street, and a certain little blind square called Smith Square, in the centre of which last retreat is a very hideous church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air." Jenny Wren's house, or rather the house of her father, "Mr. Dolls," as Eugene Wrayburn called him, would appear to have been at the angle formed by the junction of Church Street with the Square.

Lord Beaconsfield also shows an intimate acquaintance with the Square in his novel of *Sybil, or the Two Nations;* so minute a knowledge, indeed, that Mr. J. E. Smith assumes that he may possibly have been accustomed to seek refuge here from Lobbyists and the other terrors of Westminster.

Smith Square to-day (1906) is a scene of desolation except for a few remaining Georgian houses with picturesque over-doorways and iron railings, for the whole of the south and west sides has been demolished, and where the houses stood are heaps of brick rubbish awaiting a final levelling, and probably the erection of the inevitable flats. On the east side are modern erections, a warehouse, and some apparently artisan dwellings; and even on the north, where a few of the old houses[1] still remain, several of them are empty and are obviously prepared for the handiwork of the housebreaker. When the whole Square is rebuilt, the church which dominates it will appear, if not more unwieldy, certainly more incongruous.

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[1] The houses in the Square were renumbered in 1869, but as half the Square has already disappeared, the question of numbers becomes one of little interest.

QUEEN SQUARE

In old Directories and topographical works, brief references will be found to "Queen Square, Westminster," the addition of the name of the locality being given in order to differentiate it from the better-known Queen Square, Bloomsbury. You will seek long enough ere you find such a square given in the plans and Directories of to-day, however, because it is synonymous with what we now know as Queen Anne's Gate, and used in old times to be sometimes called, as Strype for instance terms it, Queen Anne Square.[1]

The original Square was a small oblong about 150 yards long, its eastern extremity being marked by the statue of Queen Anne in the south-eastern corner; and apparently at one time a wall divided it from what now forms the more easterly portion of Queen Anne's Gate, which was then known as Park Street, for we are told that when this street was constructed the inhabitants, fearing that their square would become a thoroughfare for much noisy traffic to Ranelagh and other westerly resorts, obtained permission to erect this wall, which was thereupon built by subscription. It was not till 1874, that Park Street and Queen Square were made one and renumbered by the Metropolitan Board of Works. There is perhaps hardly another collocation of houses which bears so unmistakably the signs of the Augustan age as those in Queen Anne's Gate; their red bricks, narrow windows, and in many cases beautiful over-doorways, and the masks mentioned by J. T. Smith,[2] give them those picturesque characteristics which are identified with the period (about 1706) in which they were erected; but the houses are, after all, comparatively small, and though Hatton may be right in terming the Square, as he does, "a beautiful (though small) and new one," his authority for stating that it "consists of very fine buildings" seems to be somewhat far-fetched. In this connection Hatton speaks of the new street then (1708) being erected, by which, of course, he refers to the Park Street mentioned above.

Queen Square was the freehold estate of Sir Theodore Jansen,[3] one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, who is said to have made £243,000 out of the scheme, but was only allowed, on the bursting of the bubble and the subsequent investigation, to retain £10,000 out of his vast gains. His property was confiscated, and the freehold of Queen Square sold to help pay the debts of the company, by Commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament for that purpose.

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[1] The name of Queen Square is still preserved in the adjoining Queen Square Mews. A square in this district which has disappeared was Marlborough Square, adjoining Great Peter Street; but it was so small that only nine houses are given in the Rate Books as being in it.

[2] *Book for a Rainy Day*, p. 28.

[3] His name is given as Theophilus Jansen in *Old and New London*, and see Mackay's *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions.*

Among past residents in the Square may be mentioned the Earl of Aylesford, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Warwick, and the Bishop of Norwich, whose names are given in *A New Review of London*, published in 1728; while, according to Walcott, Lords Grey and North are said also to have possessed houses here at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Besides these I find given in the Rate Books for 1728 the following: Madam Lowndes, the Bishops of Carlisle and Chittester (*sic*), Lord Willoughby de Brooke, Lord Micklewaite, Lady Humble, Lady Winchelsea, and Lord Windsor; while in those for 1758, the names occur of the Bishops of St. Asaph and St. David's; Sir Richard Lloyd, Knt.; Captains Scott and Williams; Colonel Cæsar and Colonel Crutchrods, which latter is apparently a daring attempt to compass the name of Cracherode, probably a relative of the great book-collector, who was born in the square, as we shall see. It was, indeed, a distinctly fashionable locality then, as, in some senses, it remains to-day, although many of the charming old houses are now used for professional purposes. We are informed by Walcott, in his *Memorials of Westminster*, that Admiral Vernon, the captor of Portobello, was born in the Square on November 12, 1684, but as the Square was not formed till some twenty years later, it is probable that "in a house on the site of the Square" would be a more accurate description. We are, however, able to identify several interesting people with this interesting spot when there was no doubt as to its actually being a square; thus the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, the great book-collector, whose library forms a part of the stupendous accumulations in the British Musuem, was born here in 1729, and is given by Boyle as living at No. 8 in 1795. Peg Woffington died here on March 28, 1760, or so it is given in *London Past and Present;* but Teddington is generally associated with her death, as Twickenham Church is with her burial. There is no doubt, however, about Sir William Browne, the distinguished physician who founded prizes at Cambridge for classics, having died in a house here on May 10, 1774;[1] or of the decease of Miss Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister, at her residence in the Square, on November 1, 1807.

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[1] According to Walcott, Thomas Francklin, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge and sometime Usher at Westminster School, who has left translations of Sophocles and Lucian, also died in the Square on March 15, 1784.

But even in those days the Square was not wholly confined to private residents, for the ubiquitous Coffee-House was present, and from one of these, known as "Long's," James Thomson wrote certain letters to Speaker Compton, with regard to his *Winter*, in 1726.

To come to the last century,[1] I find, given in *London and its Environs, or General Ambulator for* 1820, the Public Police Office as having its home here, and as being one of the eight established in 1792, "to remedy the mal-practices of the trading Justices, as they were aptly denominated."

As we have seen, Queen Anne's Gate has not only absorbed Queen Square but also Park Street, which at first looks as if it had always been an integral part of the Square; it also extends round the corner as far as the St. James's Park Railway Station, and this portion was formerly known as Queen Square Place. Not being actually in the Square itself, I have nothing to do with it here; but its proximity leads me to remind the reader that on the site of that egregious and hideous assemblage of dwellings known as Queen Anne's Mansions, once stood a white house known later as 1 Queen Square Place, which overlooked the garden of Milton's house in Petty France. Jeremy Bentham purchased it in 1772, and here, after spending, as he has recorded, £10,000 upon it, he died in 1832. In the same house, at a later date, lived the great engineer Sir Isambard Brunel.

ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE

Another square situated in this district at its most southerly point is St. George's, built in 1850, which forms an oblong running from Lupus Street to the Embankment. At its north end is St. Saviour's Church, a modern erection consecrated in 1864, which was built from designs by T. Cundy, and restored in 1882. Its tower and surmounting spire is exceptionally lofty, being no less than 190 feet high, which, as Walford points out, is only twelve feet less than the Monument. The cost of the church is said to have been £12,000, of which the greater portion was contributed by the Marquis of Westminster. The first incumbent was the Rev. John Walker, M.A., who held the living from 1864 to 1886, when he was succeeded by the present vicar, the Rev. Henry

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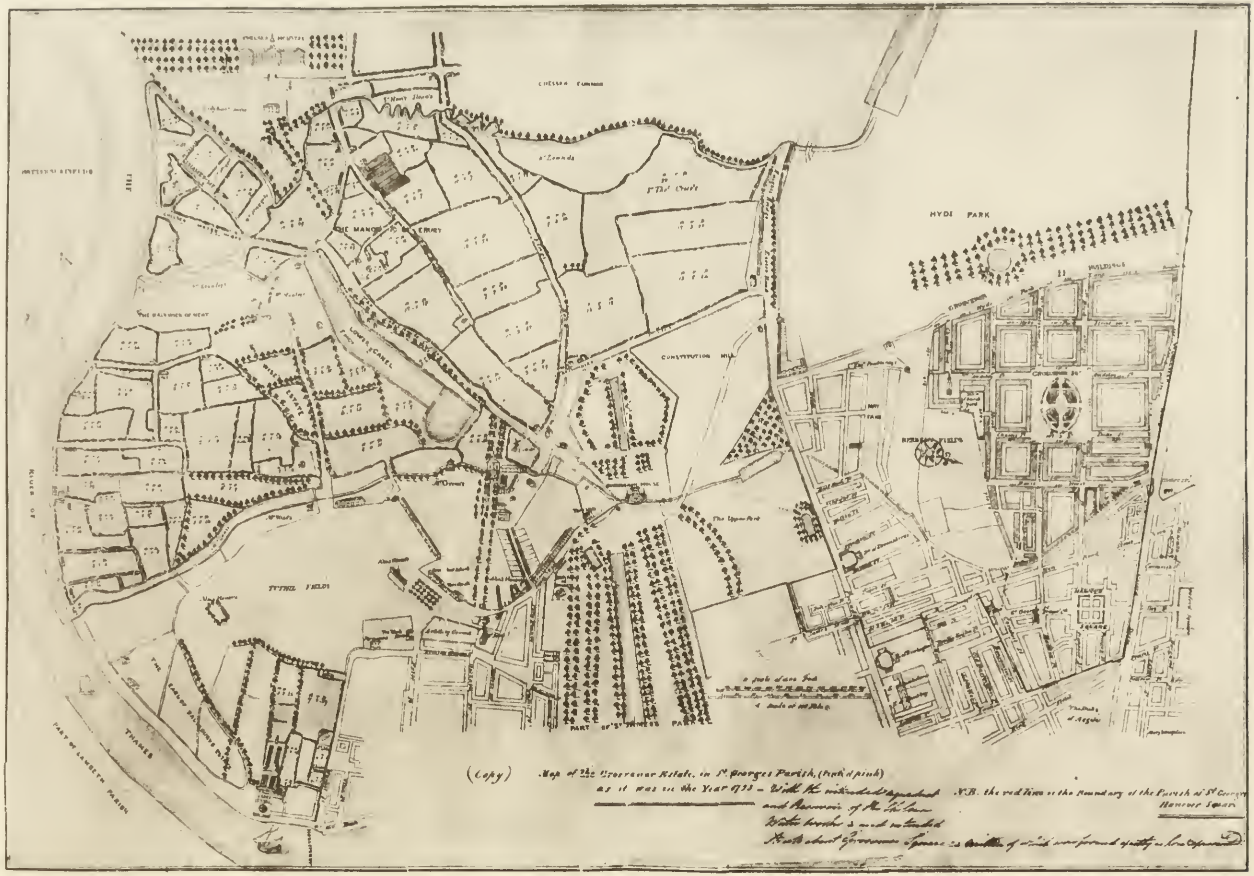
[1] In the Rate Books for 1850, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon is given as living at No. 8, and the Right Hon. M. Talbot-Baines at No. 13.


CHELSEA HOSPITAL
CHELSEA COMMON
S^r Hans Sloane's
S^t Leonards
S^r Tho^s Crosts
HYDE PARK
THE MANOR OF EBURY
LOWER CANAL
CONSTITUTION HILL
GROSVENOR SQUARE
BROOK FIELDS
The Upper Park
TOTHIL FIELDS
PART OF S^T JAMES PARK
THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH
THE
RIVER OF
THAMES
PART OF LAMBETH PARISH
HANOVER SQUARE
The Duke of Argyle
(Copy) Map of the Grosvenor Estate, in S^t Georges Parish, (tinted pink)
as it was in the Year 1723 – With the intended Aqueduct
and Reservoir of the Chelsea
Water works & and intended
Streets about Grosvenor Square
N.B. the red Line is the Boundary of the Parish of S^t George
Hanover Square

PLAN OF THE GROSVENOR ESTATE.

Washington, M.A. This gentleman kindly informs me that the east window is the work of Clayton & Bell, and that there is also another by C. E. Kemp to the memory of Sir John Tilley, K.C.B., a former churchwarden. It is interesting to learn that St. Saviour's was the first church where the cremated remains of a parishioner were allowed to be buried beneath the floor, a special faculty having to be obtained for this purpose.

At No. 9 St. George's Square, Sir Joseph Barnaby, the well-known composer, died in 1896; and to-day several notable people reside in it, such as, to mention but these, the Right Hon. J. W. Mellor, K.C.; Judge Smyly, K.C.; Sir Albert de Rutzen; Admiral the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay, and Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

WARWICK SQUARE

Rather to the north-west of St George's Square is Warwick Square, which is bounded on the one side by Belgrave Road and on the other by St. George's Road, and in which a church dedicated to St. Gabriel, designed by Thomas Cundy and consecrated in 1853, stands. The Square, extending to about three acres, is of comparatively modern formation, being built as late as 1843, and has no history, except what can be allocated to it from the fact that it stands, as does St. George's Square, on the site of Tothill Fields. The almost exact position of the former square was once called "Willow Walk," while the latter occupies ground originally forming part of the "Neat Houses Gardens," where Pepys sometimes amused himself, and close by which Nell Gwynne's mother fell into the river and was drowned.

EBURY SQUARE

Although we are here on the Grosvenor estate, not till we come to the tiny Ebury Square do we recognise, in the nomenclature of the squares, the various titles belonging to the family of the ground landlord. Ebury Square was formed in 1820, on the site of Ebury Farm.[1] The ground on which this farm stood can be traced back to Saxon times, for the property derives its name, says Besant, from the Saxon "ey," signifying water, and "burgh," a fortified place. In 1307, we find permission granted by Edward I. to John de Benstede to fortify it; but it is in Elizabeth's time that it first appears as a farm, consisting then of 430 acres, which was let to one Whastre at an annual rental of £21, *credite posteri!* In a plan of the manor dated 1614, it is styled Eybury; but it was not till the reign of Charles II. that it came into the possession of the Grosvenor family, through the marriage of Mary Davies, only child of Alexander Davies, of Ebury Manor, with Sir Thomas Grosvenor. The plan of the Grosvenor estate dated 1723, and reproduced in Mr. Clinch's excellent *History of Belgravia and Mayfair*, shows how all the ground in the neighbourhood was divided. The homestead of the farm, where tradition states that Queen Elizabeth paid several visits to partake of syllabubs, stood on the site of the present Square. Later the ground was used as a nursery garden. The Square was partially destroyed in 1860, but some of the original houses still remain. The south-west corner is open to the junction of the Buckingham Palace and Pimlico Roads, and here are situated St. Michael's National Schools, which were opened in 1870, being built on the site of the Pimlico Institution which had been erected in 1830.

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[1] By the Rate Books for 1714, I find the 'Duke of Bucks' and others given as paying rates under the head of "Ebury Farme," while the Neat Houses are rated at from 25s. to 30s. each.

Some industrial dwellings, called Ebury Buildings, built in 1872, occupy the position of the old Flask Lane which is shown in a plan of 1854, as bounding the east side of the Square.

VICTORIA SQUARE

ANOTHER small square—a tiny *cul de sac*, at the north-east end of Ebury Street—is Victoria Square, which was formed about 1837, and derives its name from Queen Victoria; it has little or no interest in itself, but it is distinguished in one of its past inhabitants, for Thomas Campbell lived here, at No. 8, from 1841 to 1843.[1] It was his last residence in this country, and in it he resided with his niece, Mary Campbell. Here he entertained such friends as Rogers and Moore, Milman and Beattie; the latter of whom, at Campbell's request, visited the house on one occasion while the poet was abroad to get some money which had been left "in the press in his bedroom." Dr. Beattie gives in his Memoir of Campbell, an account of an amusing incident that occurred during the search for the specie. The press, he says, "was opened without difficulty, for it appeared doubtful whether it had been locked. The contents . . . were carefully examined, but no money was discovered. . . . In shutting the press doors, however, the point of a red embroidered slipper—I shall never forget it—stood in the way. Taking it out in my hand to push it back, it felt hard, and, on looking nearer, I saw it was stuffed full of white paper matches—such as are used to light candles. One of these, out of mere curiosity, was unrolled—for it was twisted like a whipcord—and to our surprise and delight turned out to be a ten-pound Bank of England note . . . and at last, when both slippers had been fairly stripped of their precious lining, we found that the product in genuine bank-notes amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds." Campbell disposed of many of his books when he left Victoria Square to live in Boulogne, and he used to tell how his grocer, to whom he sold the less valuable works, including presumably copies of his own productions, "was a more insolent critic of my works than the second-hand booksellers," . . . the duodecimos were quite at a discount, "but here," said the vendor of butter, placing his hands on some folio sermons, "are some real good books." "Yes," replied the poet, "most pious books." "Yes, indeed," rejoined the man of cheese, "one leaf of them will wrap up a whole pound of raisins." To what base uses may not the learned Barrow or the judicious Hooker come!

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[1] Besant and Harrison, but Hutton and Clinch say 1840. The matter, however, is not of any particular moment.

Another interesting man was residing in Victoria Square, at No. 18, in the forties in the person of Joseph Arnould, afterwards the well-known Indian Judge, and friend of Browning and Alfred Domett; while Chorley, also an intimate friend of the Brownings, was living there at the same time; and we find Arnould, in a letter dated November 24, 1845, speaking of dining at Chorley's house in the Square, and meeting Browning, Barry Cornwall, and other congenial spirits.

ECCLESTON SQUARE

Eccleston Square forms a twin square with that of Warwick, but there is not much comparison between them as fashionable centres. The former stands on what was the low swampy ground of this district till Cubitt, in 1827, raised its level by depositing the earth excavated from St. Katherine's

Docks[1] here. The whole of this quarter of the town, although covered by numerous squares and streets of fine houses and a favoured locality with people of means and position, is from the antiquarian point of view sadly lacking in interest, especially as even the ground on which it is formed appears from earliest times to have been simply fields, more or less, as time went on, bought for cultivation, until the whole, under the magician hand of the great builder, gave place to the bricks and mortar of Belgravia. Eccleston Square covers about four acres, and was formed in 1835; it derives its name from Eccleston in Cheshire, where the ground landlord, the Duke of Westminster, possesses large property. At the present day its houses are occupied by people of light and leading, and among them I may mention Sir Clement Markham, F.S.A. at No. 21; Admiral Sir C. F. Hotham, at No. 67; at No. 74 the Earl of Galloway; at No. 64 the Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G.; and at No. 41 the Marquis of Sligo. The history of Eccleston Square would appear to lie in the future, and its one interesting association seems to be that Matthew Arnold was staying at No. 3 in March 1877; for on the 11th of that month he dates a letter to the Rev. G. W. Boyle from here.

CHESTER SQUARE

Chester Square, named after the city of Chester, to the north-west of Eccleston Square, dates roughly from the same period, having been formed only a year earlier; although it covers some five acres of ground, its long and narrow formation hardly gives it the appearance of this size. Unlike most squares, instead of one it has three enclosed gardens down its centre, Eccleston Street bisecting two of them. The houses are not of the proportion and massiveness characteristic of so many of the Belgravian buildings, but it is fashionable and, which is of more interest to us here, has numbered among its past residents several notable people. Thus at No. 19 died, on November 10, 1852, the well-known geologist Dr. Mantell, who, from being a shoemaker's son, rose to the proud position of a Fellow of the Royal Society when he was but thirty-five. His various works on geology are well known, and his fine collection of fossils is still to be seen in the British Museum, which institution purchased it on his death.

In the previous year the widow of Shelley, *née* Mary Wollstonecraft

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[1] *Fascination of London:* "Mayfair and Belgravia."

Godwin, died on February 21st[1] at No. 24. Although she wrote much, she is chiefly remembered as Shelley's wife and as the author of that remarkable work *Frankenstein*, which, as is well known, had its origin in Byron's suggestion that he, Polidori, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley should each write a ghost story. The lady appears to have been the only one of the party to carry the idea into execution, *Frankenstein* being published in 1818. The originality of the conception and the literary style of the narrative made it a wonderful success; and Frankenstein himself and the horrible monster he created have passed into proverbial expressions, those who make use of their allusiveness not always carefully discriminating between their identity.

Another literary lady, who, however, only attained to an ephemeral fame, once lived at No. 31, in the person of Mrs. Romer, a friend of Lady Blessington's and a contributor to those *Books of Beauty* for which the hostess of Gore House and Seamore Place was noted. Mrs. Romer also produced in 1843 and 1846, two books of travel; while in 1847, *The Bird of Passage*, in three volumes, and in 1852, *Filia Dolorosa*, appeared from her pen. A letter from her to Lady Blessington, dated from Chester Square, and conveying her thanks for one of the inevitable *Books of Beauty*, is given by Madden in his work on Lady Blessington.

But the most illustrious literary figure connected with the Square is that of Matthew Arnold, who lived at No. 2 for a considerable period; letters to his mother and sister are extant, dated hence at various times, from December 1859 to April 1866;[2] thus approximately placing the period of his residence here. His many journeys throughout the country as an Inspector of Schools made his sojourns here necessarily but fitful ones, but it is the chief glory of the Square that he should have lived here at all.

Another literary man resided for a time at No. 76, for we find J. R. Chorley writing to Ticknor from here, on February 24, 1864. This Chorley was the Spanish scholar, "first-rate in knowledge," Ticknor calls him; and brother to H. F. Chorley, the musical critic, who will be remembered as a great friend of the Brownings. Henry Reeve also lived in the Square at one time, having taken No. 16, where he installed himself on February 13, 1842; and his next-door neighbour was Charles Buller, who died here of typhus ten days after an operation, on November 29, 1848,[3] in his forty-first year. Reeve is chiefly known as the editor of

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[1] Madden in his *Lady Blessington* says February 1st, but this is an error. Dowden gives February 21st.

[2] See *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, edited by W. E. H. Russell, Esq.

[3] Reeve's *Diary*.

Greville's *Journals;* but he did other excellent work not only as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, but also as the translator of De Tocqueville's *Ancien Régime* and *Democracy in America;* while his essays, published under the title of *Royal and Republican France*, are full of information and interest. Buller was rather notable for promise than fulfilment; few of the diaries and memoirs of the middle of the nineteenth century are without some reference to him, and it will be remembered that when Carlyle first came to London in 1824, he lodged with him at Kew Green. Greville calls Buller a remarkable man, but recognises that his career was only just beginning, and in a "Character" such as he was fond of giving in his *Journals*, he speaks of his death as a great social and public loss, "more especially," he adds, "in days of mediocrity and barrenness like the present. He was clever, amiable, accomplished, and honest . . . his abilities were of a very high order." Thackeray, another friend, wrote a pathetic little note to Lady Ashburton on the occasion of Buller's death, in which he says how "pained and shocked" he was at the news.[1]

Chester Square possesses a church dedicated to St. Michael, and erected during the years 1844 and 1846, from designs by Thomas Cundy, who was responsible for several ecclesiastical edifices in this district. The Marquis of Westminster laid the foundation-stone of the church, which is designed in the early Decorated style, and the tower and spire at the west end of which rise to a height of 150 feet. Additions were made to the body of the building in 1874, which helped to give a greater air of uniformity to it, and particularly to bring the spire into better proportion with the rest of the edifice.

EATON SQUARE

Close by Chester Square is the largest square in Belgravia, viz. Eaton Square, which covers an area of about fifteen acres and contains no less than six gardens. The main road runs through the centre of the Square, and two thoroughfares, one leading from Belgrave Road to Eccleston Street, and the other joining Lyall Street and Elizabeth Street, intersect it at equal distances from the two ends of the Square. The houses are large and important, although at the south-western end there are some smaller than the rest. The length of the Square is no less than 1637

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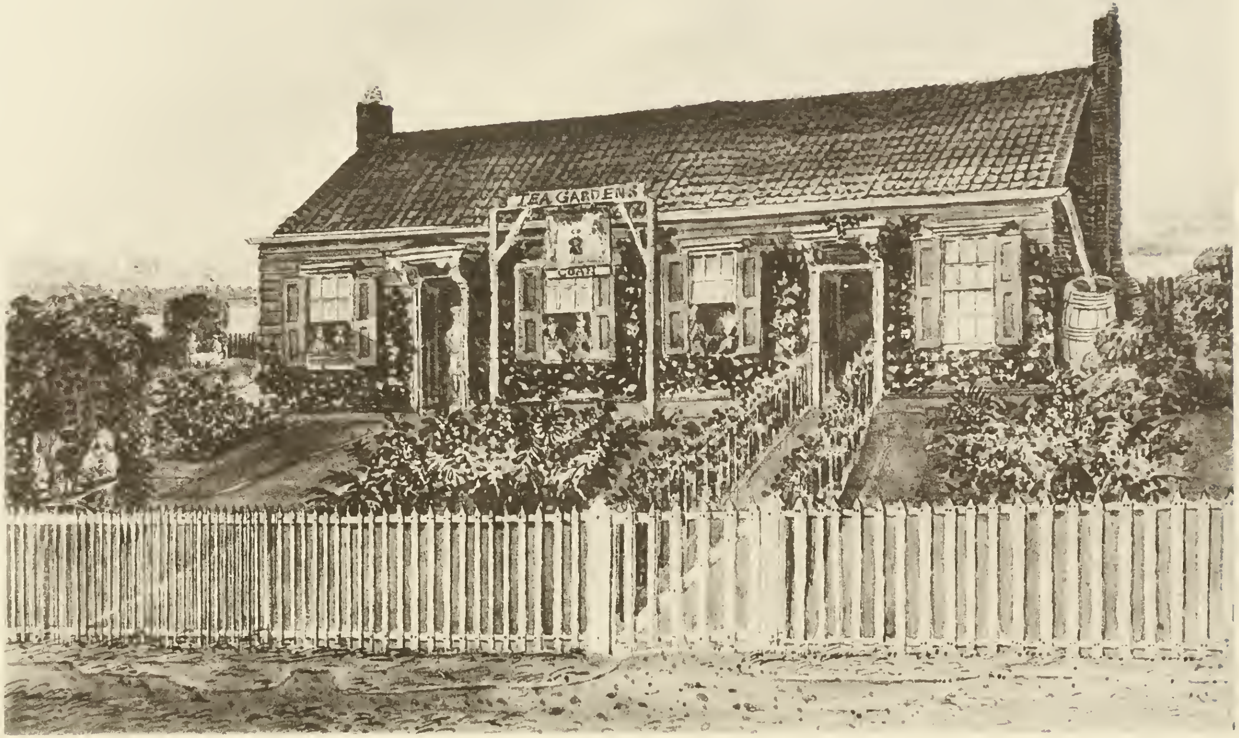
[1] *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle.*


TEA GARDENS
COAL

COTTAGES ON SITE OF EATON SQUARE.

feet, while in width it extends to 371 feet.[1] It derives its name from Eaton Hall in Cheshire, the seat of the Duke of Westminister, the ground landlord; and it occupies ground once known as The Five Fields. Even so late as 1814, a map of Belgravia of that date shows the site, as well as all the ground between Knightsbridge, Grosvenor Place, and Cadogan Place to have been then open land on which the backs of the houses in these thoroughfares looked.

The Square was commenced in 1827 (though not wholly completed till 1853), by Cubitt, as part of that great scheme of development by which he transformed what was little better than a swamp into one of the most remunerative and fashionable quarters of London. This he effected by the simple means, hitherto ignored until the building Columbus solved the obvious, of removing the clay which formed the first strata and burning it into bricks, and then building on the substratum of gravel. Belgravia is therefore, although lying so low that it has been proved that the attics in Eaton and Belgrave Squares are on the same level as the ground floors of Westbourne Terrace, viz. seventy feet above the Thames high-water mark, one of the healthiest spots in London; as for much the same reason is Chelsea, which such men as Drs. Arbuthnot, Sloane, and Meade were not slow to find out."[2]

As we might expect from the size of the houses and the favour in which the Square has always been held, some notable people are to be numbered both among its past and present residents.

Two notable wits in their day occupied houses here, for Lord Alvanley, of whom Captain Gronow was wont to say that he was awarded the reputation of all the witticisms, good or bad, in the clubs, just as Sheridan had been before him, and Sydney Smith since, lived at No. 62, and here he died in 1850. Greville speaks of "his marvellous wit and drollery, which made him the delight and ornament of society," and most appropriately quotes Biron's words:

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

The other, noted for his witty sayings and his priceless collections, was Ralph Bernal, who died at what was No. 93,[3] the house where his treasures were displayed, in 1853. Two years later Messrs. Christie commenced, on March 5th, the disposal of Bernal's treasures at the house itself, where for thirty-two days connoisseurs and dealers from all parts of the world contended for the rare and beautiful objects which one who, to use the words of Planché, "could be tempted by nothing that was inferior," had gathered together.

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[1] These measurements are given in the *Fascination of London*: "Mayfair and Belgravia."

[2] See Timbs's *Curiosities of London*.

[3] Davis, in his *Memorials of Knightsbridge* (1859), says No. 75, and he has been followed by Walford, Cunningham, &c., but Messrs. Christie's Catalogue of 1855, gives it No. 93, which would seem to be conclusive.

Another house of interest was No. 71, which was used as the official residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, during the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, and of which Cunningham states that the rent, rates, and taxes amounted to £964 for one year; later it became the residence of Mr. M. J. Higgins, the celebrated "Jacob Omnium" of the *Times*.

Lawyers have greatly affected the Square, and among them we find Lord Truro, once Lord Chancellor, who as Mr. Thomas Wilde was one of the Counsel for Queen Caroline, and represented both Newark and Worcester in Parliament, and who died here on November 11, 1855. Here too lived, at No. 16, Mr. Justice Willes; and at 75, Baron Martin; while at No. 74, resided the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, afterwards Lord Cardwell, who, as President of the Board of Trade (1852-55), Secretary for Ireland (1859-61), Colonial Secretary (1864-66), and Secretary for War (1868-74), made a mark on the history of the country. A letter of his to Abraham Hayward is dated from here, in November 1860.

Among the notable soldiers who have lived in the Square, particular mention must be made of General Sir William Codrington, who was present at the Alma and Inkermann; and was chief in command, having succeeded Sir James Simpson, at the Siege of Sebastopol, who resided at No. 10. He was second son of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, who commanded the *Orion* at Trafalgar; was with Cochrane at Chesapeake Bay and New Orleans in 1814, and held chief command of the allied fleets at Navarino. He died in the Square on April 27, 1851; and here, so recently as 1890, also died Lord Napier of Magdala, at the ripe age of eighty. His great services in the Mutiny, where he was chief engineer with Sir Colin Campbell's army; during the China War of 1860; and especially in the expedition to Abyssinia of 1868, are part of the military history, as they form part of the glory, of the country.

Among other notable men who are given as living in the Square by Davis, writing in 1859, are the first Earl of Ellenborough, son of the great Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, at No. 115; Sir Frederick Thesiger, Lord Chelmsford, the victor of Ulundi over the Zulus under Cetewayo in 1879, at No. 7; Sir John Pakington, who after holding several high appointments under Conservative Governments from 1852 to 1868, was created Lord Hampton in 1874, at No. 41; Sir Francis Baring, first Lord Northbrook, who had filled such posts as Chancellor of the Exchequer (1839-41), and First Lord of the Admiralty (1849-52), at No. 4; Mr. Fielder, Commissioner-General in the Crimea, at No. 57; Colonel Tulloch at No. 63; Sir Augustus Clifford, the well-remembered Usher of the Black Rod, at No. 92; and Sir William Clay, at No. 93.

To these may be added the names of General Sir Thomas Bradford; Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke, at No. 81; Colonel Sibthorp, who died here in 1856; and George Peabody, the well-known American philanthropist, who had settled in England in 1837, and who died at his house in the Square, on November 4, 1869. Others include S. H. Walpole, who dates from No. 109, in writing to Hayward in 1877; Sir Charles Ellice, whose hospitable house in Eaton Square was once well known; and Sir George Gray, a devoted servant and friend of Queen Victoria.

Eaton Square well sustains its reputation to-day as the home of notable people, and its 104 houses include the residences of so many bearing old and historic names that the bare enumeration of them would fill a page.

At the east end of the Square is the Church of St. Peter, one of the most noted in London for fashionable marriages. It is a heavy building and architecturally not important, but within it is roomy and well adapted for the crowds attending large weddings. It was built on ground presented by Lord Grosvenor during the years 1824 and 1826 (the first stone being laid on September 4, 1824), from designs by Henry Hakewell, at a cost of just over £21,000, and was consecrated by Howley, Bishop of London, on June 27, 1827. About ten years after its erection—on December 30, 1836, to be precise—it was nearly burnt down, and Hilton's "Christ Crowned with Thorns," which had been purchased for 1000 guineas by the Directors of the Royal Institution in 1828, and presented to the church for use as an altar-piece, was with difficulty saved. This picture was subsequently bought from the church by the Chantry Bequest in 1877. In the *John Bull* for January 2, 1837, is a full description of the fire in which the organ, which had cost £700, was destroyed, as well as the whole interior fittings of the church, and stained glass to the value of many hundreds of pounds; the damage being estimated at about £10,000. The church was reopened on August 6, 1837. In 1872, it was restored and enlarged by the addition of a new chancel and transepts in the Byzantine style, the work of Blomfield who, in 1874, was again called in to remodel the interior of the nave. These improvements have done something to rescue the church from Cunningham's dictum, that it is one of the ugliest in all London. In 1895, a handsome screen, with pulpit and a side chapel—dedicated to All Saints—was added. In the *Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction* for August 22, 1829, there is an elaborate description of its architectural points, together with a woodcut representing the west front; and an interesting account of the church, by the Rev. Herbert Mackean, M.A., is contained in the *St. Peter's Parish Magazine* for July 1905. From the latter we learn that the first incumbent was the Rev. Thomas Fuller, from 1827 to 1869; the second the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson—subsequently the Bishop of Truro—from 1870 to 1883, who was followed by the present vicar, the Rev. Prebendary Storrs, appointed in 1883. It may also be noted that at first St. Peter's was but a chapel of ease to St. George's, not having a separate district assigned to it till 1830.

The body of Sir Edward Codrington whom I have mentioned as dying in the Square in 1851, was buried in St. Peter's.

It is interesting to note that Sir Algernon West's mother remembered going to a country house where St. Peter's now stands, and crossing a rustic bridge over a stream into the fields (The Five Fields) where the cows were being milked and syllabub was being made.[1]

BELGRAVE SQUARE

The most important square in the district generally termed Belgravia is Belgrave Square, which takes its name from one of the titles borne by the Duke of Westminster. It stands, like Eaton Square, on a portion of the Five Fields, and was commenced in 1825; forming a nucleus of Cubitt's great scheme of development. For a London square it is comparatively large, measuring about 700 by 630 feet,[2] or nearly ten acres. The four sides are covered by large houses, the centre ones being more imposing than the others; these mansions were designed by George Basevi, who was the architect of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and, it will be remembered, was accidentally killed while inspecting the bell-tower of Ely Cathedral, on October 16, 1845.

At the corners of the Square are large detached mansions erected from designs by Hardwick and Kendall; the latter was responsible for the two on the west side, now known as No. 12 Belgrave Square, the residence of the Earl of Ancaster; and Downshire House, occupied by the Right Hon.

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[1] Sir A. West's *Recollections*, vol. i. p. 268.

[2] Davis gives the exact measurements as 684 by 637 feet.

Lord Pirrie. Seaford House, Lord de Walden's residence, at the south-east corner, was the work of Hardwick; and the remaining mansion, No. 49, at the north-east corner, was for many years the town residence of the Duke of Richmond, but has recently been acquired by Otto Beit, Esq., of the firm of Wernher, Beit, & Co. Looking at these immense houses, it is difficult to imagine them being called by older topographers, as we find they are, "villas in Belgrave Square."

As we enter Belgrave Square from Grosvenor Crescent, No. 1 is on our right hand, a house once occupied by Reuben Sassoon, Esq., who had a private synagogue here, on the site of which what is called No. 1A, not properly in the Square at all, stands; while at No. 2 Mr. James Goding, noted for the fine collection of pictures he brought together here, was living in 1859. No. 3 is the town residence of Lord de Ramsey; while two doors beyond at No. 5, formerly lived Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Murray, who was Quartermaster-General during the Peninsular War; and here he died in 1846. A later resident there was the well-known philanthropist, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, whose name is synonymous with pity and charity; he died here in 1886; a great and good man. Next door (No. 6), now Lord Newton's, was formerly the seventh Duke of Bedford's, who died in 1861, but, as we shall see, the present Duke lives in another house in the Square. W. Graham Vivian, Esq., who lives next door, at No. 7, informs me that he purchased the lease in 1859, and that the house has never changed hands or been let since; very nearly a record in this respect. No. 9, now G. Harland Peck, Esq.'s, who is well known as an art connoisseur and collector, and who has surrounded himself with a fine and valuable collection of pictures and furniture, was formerly the residence of the fifth Earl of Esssex—"gallant, good-natured, lively, and handsome," as Le Marchant calls him—and his celebrated Countess, the once well-known singer Kitty Stephens, whom he married *en second noces* in 1838, only a year before his death. Lord Essex was a friend of nearly all the notable people of his day; and Macaulay, writing to his sister Hannah in 1832, gives an amusing account of a dinner party at No. 9. "I dined on Saturday at Lord Essex's in Belgrave Square," he writes, "but never was there such a take in. I had been given to understand that his Lordship's *cuisine* was superintended by the first French artists, and that I should find there all the luxuries of the *Almanach des Gourmonds.* What a mistake! His lordship is luxurious, indeed, but in quite a different way. He is a true Englishman. Not a dish on his table but what Sir Roger de Coverley, or Sir Hugh Tyrold, might have set before his guests. A huge haunch of venison on the sideboard, a magnificent piece of beef at the bottom of the table; and before my lord himself smoked, not a *dindon aux truffes*, but a fat roasted goose stuffed with sage and onions!"

Lord Essex had been one of the first to take a house in the Square, and his friends were wont to call him the "Decoy Duck" in consequence, as it was conjectured that his example would do much to bring the new district into fashion. After his death, the Dowager-Countess continued to reside here, with a niece as a companion, till her death, at the age of eighty-eight, in 1882. Her name is not known nowadays as it was to a past generation, whom she charmed by her magnificent voice and pleasant manners, but her counterfeit presentment can be seen, painted by Jackson, in the National Portrait Gallery, and the record of her successes read in the pages of Oxberry.

Next door, at No. 10, now occupied by Viscount Baring, once resided the celebrated M. Drouin de Lhuys, the French Ambassador in this country in 1850. He was but a short time in this capacity in England, and the reasons for his sudden recall will be found in Greville's gossiping pages;[1] his later visit in 1855, was a still shorter one.

No. 12, Lord Ancaster's, is the first of the large corner-houses we come to, and was originally the town house of the first Earl of Brownlow; it was designed by H. E. Kendall, but is rather commodious than artistic.

Of the eleven houses on the west side of the Square, I may remind the reader that No. 13 was once the home of Mr. Scrope, the last male of a family illustrious in our historic annals,[2] who died here on July 20, 1852, aged eighty. Mr. Scrope is remembered as the author of *Days of Deerstalking* and *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, published in 1839, and 1843, respectively. After his death, his son-in-law Poulett Scrope, M.P., the author of a *History of Castle Combe*, lived here for a short time, but afterwards removed to Princes Gate. No. 13 is now the residence of the Dowager-Countess Beauchamp; and Mr. Graham Vivian, of No. 7 Belgrave Square, informs me that he lived with his parents at No. 13 as a boy, which indicates that they were the first residents in this particular house.

No. 15 is now occupied by the Duke of Bedford, and at No. 16 was living in 1859, Sir Richard Murchison, the geologist, who died there on October 22, 1871. No. 18, the centre house, is the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, and was formerly the temporary residence of the first Earl of Ellesmere, of the Leveson-Gower line, the son-in-law of Charles

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[1] Sir Henry Holland, in his *Recollections*, mentions dining with M. Drouin de Lhuys, in Belgrave Square, on the very evening when the latter received the telegram recalling him to Paris.

[2] Davis.

Greville, until Bridgewater House, which he was then building, was completed. Miss Kemble records that *The Hunchback* was acted here in 1842, but remarks that though the house was large enough for social purposes, it was far from being adapted to theatrical ones.[1]

Downshire House, the detached residence in the south-west corner, is numbered 24; it was the work of Kendall, and is lower, with a longer frontage, than the other corner houses; having two projecting wings. It was built originally for Mr. Kemp, of Kemp Town; and subsequent occupiers were Lady Harriett Drummond, and the Marquis of Tweeddale. In 1837, Viscount Hill, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, lived here. His ruddy face and modest demeanour are noted by Lord Teignmouth in his *Reminiscences*, while his biographer, the Rev. Edwin Sidney, speaks of his eye that was bright and full of benevolence. Dawe has painted his portrait, and the annals of the British Army record his fame. He died on December 10, 1842, when his house was taken by the second Earl of Ducie, a lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, at whose death in 1853, it was sold and subsequently enlarged.

On the south side of the Square are twelve houses, Nos. 25 to 36 inclusive. No. 28 is the town residence of Lord Crewe, who informs me that his father bought it in 1845, direct from the builder, and that it has remained in his family ever since. His lordship thinks that his family is the oldest, in point of residence, of any in the Square. Next door (No. 29) is the residence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and I believe I am right in saying that this is the first time a Prime Minister has resided in Belgrave Square. At No. 32 lives Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam; and No. 36, now the Dowager-Marchioness of Conyngham's, was in 1840, the residence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. It was at one time called Ingestre House, and in 1859, I find it occupied by Colonel Douglas Pennant.

Seaford House, numbered 37, at the south-east corner, is the largest house in the Square; it is almost palatial in extent. It was originally the old town residence of the Earls of Sefton, but when its present owner bought it he greatly added to the building, and practically reconstructed it, giving it the name of a famous forbear of his own.

The east side of Belgrave Square contains the houses numbered 38 to 48 inclusive. Davis gives as living at No. 41, in 1859, the Archbishop of York, and at No. 42, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. No. 43, now the residence of Charles M'Laren, Esq., K.C., M.P., was, that gentleman tells me, built for the Earl of Bradford, and was once known as Bradford

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[1] *Records of Later Life.*

House. Mr. M'Laren states that it is believed to be, from an architectural point of view, the best house in the Square, both the external and internal decorations being unusually fine; the fact that the name of the architect Basevi is inscribed over the entrance helps to confirm this, and possibly indicates that it was the first house to be erected here. Next door is the residence (No. 44) of the Hon. Percy Wyndham; and the interior is not only decorated with designs by G. Aitchison, R.A., the paintings being by the late Lord Leighton; but it contains a remarkably fine collection of modern pictures by such masters as Watts, Mason, Rossetti, Corot, Whistler, and Tissot. At the next house, No. 45, lived and died (in 1895) the Duchess of Montrose—the "Mr. Manton" of the turf. It had been long in the Duke of Montrose's possession, and here Sir William Fraser records meeting, for the first time, Lord Lytton. "A thin, gaunt being, examining the pictures: his style of dress was of a much earlier period. He wore a black satin stock buckled at the back of the neck, and what was called a 'fall,' that is, two broad bands of black satin covering the shirt front, and reaching the opening of the waistcoat."[1] At No. 48 the third Lord Combermere, grandson of Waterloo Combermere, died in 1891.

The last house in the Square is No. 49, the corner residence, which was built in 1850, for the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert. It subsequently became, until quite recently, the town house of the Dukes of Richmond.

Among other one-time residents in the Square, I may mention the Duc de Bordeaux—better known, perhaps, as the Comte de Chambord—who held, with his mother, a sort of court here, on his visit to England in 1843. The Duc de Guiche told Lord Malmesbury that he had hired a house here for "the hope of the Bourbons," and that he was expected to arrive on November 25th, and intended "to give dinners and to receive two or three times a week."[2]

A few years before, on May 23, 1836, the last Duke of Gordon is recorded as dying in Belgrave Square; and Sir William Molesworth, the politician and friend of Grote and J. S. Mill, resided here at one time "in a fine house," writes Maginn in his whimsical way, "which is remarkable as being also the residence of the Hon. Member for Westminster. These two great statesmen (to use a polite phrase) pig together, and have their mansion in common."[3] The member for Westminster was Mr. Leader, who with Sir William also kept joint house in Lowndes Square, as we shall see. Sir Charles Wood, afterwards Lord Halifax, also once lived in Belgrave Square; and Sir Algernon West gives in his *Recollections*

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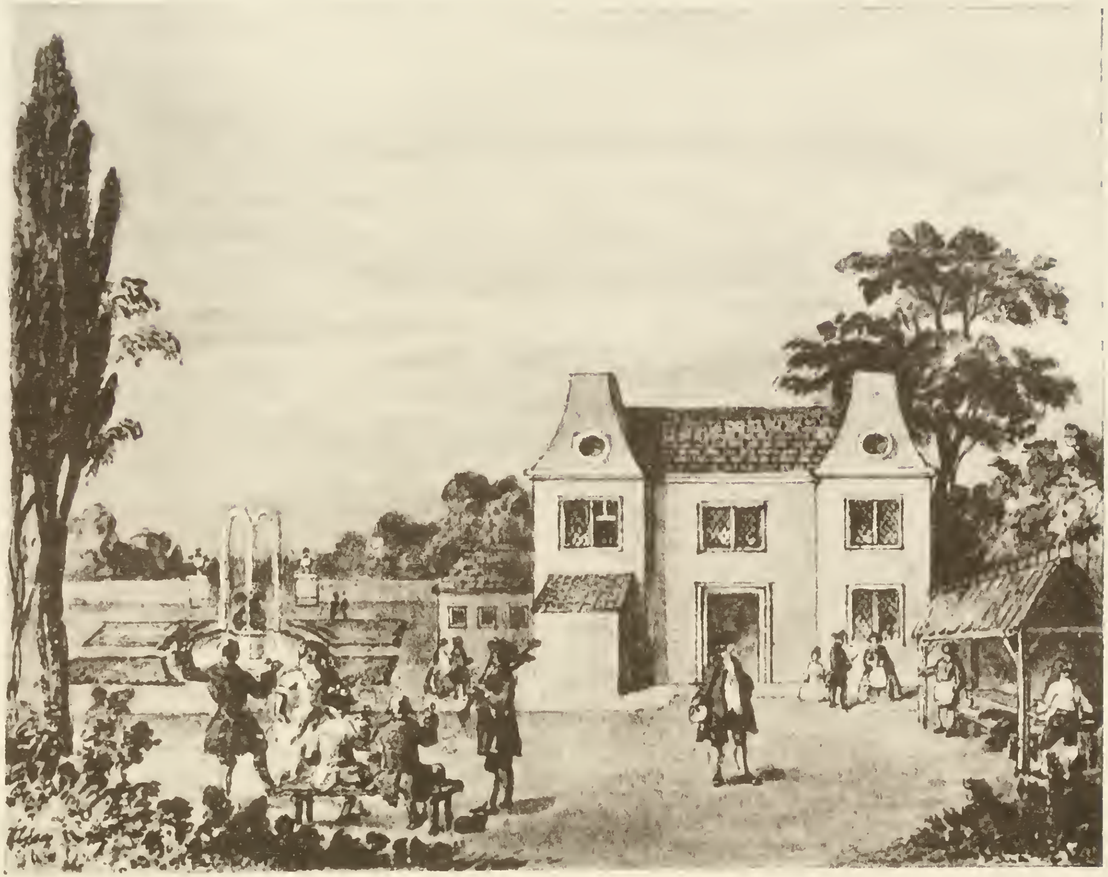
[1] *Hic et ubique*, p. 47.

[2] *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister.*

[3] *Maclise Portrait Gallery.*



SPRING GARDENS, SITE OF LOWNDES SQUARE.

a letter addressed by Wood to him from here dated June, 1861. Lady Halifax died here on July 5, 1884, and Lord Halifax in the following year.

It was, too, in Belgrave Square that Edward Thomas Delafield, once a member of the brewing firm of Combe, Delafield, & Co., had a house, the rent of which, including the stables, amounted to no less than £1095 a year, in or about 1847. A man of great wealth, he ran through a large fortune, caused by the extravagance of his living, but particularly by his connection with the opera, the management of which he joined in 1848, after he had retired from the brewery and had drawn the whole of his capital from the concern. In a little over three years, over £100,000 had been fooled away, and when he became bankrupt his only available assets are said to have amounted to £3, 14s. 6d.[1]

The central garden of Belgrave Square is of great extent, wooded and shrubbed and intersected with paths, but there is no statue in the middle, which, considering the general want of success of such effigies, is perhaps a want not to be greatly deplored.

LOWNDES SQUARE

Not the least interesting of the squares of Belgravia is Lowndes Square, which is not part of the Grosvenor property. If we examine a plan of that estate, dated 1723, a copy of which is given in Mr. Clinch's *Belgravia and Mayfair*, we shall see that a piece of ground practically semicircular in shape lies between the Duke of Westminster's land and the river Westbourne, which divides it from what is called Chelsea Common. On that piece of ground is marked the name "Mr. Lownds,"[2] and it is on part of this that Lowndes Square stands. This "Mr. Lownds" was William Lowndes, Esq., of Chesham (a descendant of William Lowndes, Secretary to the Treasury in Anne's reign), and a friend and patron, by-the-bye, of Haydon the painter; he was the ground landlord, and it was after him that the Square was named. In remote days the site once belonged to a Benedictine convent, according to Dr. King, Rector of Chelsea from 1694 to 1732, who left a MS. account of the parish which Faulkner quoted and Davis refers to. But although it formed part of Edward the Confessor's gift to Westminster Abbey, it passed into the hands of the laity at the time of the Reformation. Davis says that the well-known Spring Gardens, so often referred to in early diaries and plays, was situated about where William Street joins Lowndes Square. "The World's End," mentioned by Pepys and Congreve, was probably a sign used by the keeper of Spring Gardens, and would thus help to differentiate it from other Spring Gardens about the town, some such discriminating title being necessary, as many places of outdoor amusement bore this title. The house which bore this sign appears to have been inhabited from 1773 to 1805, by Dr. C. Kelly, who had an anatomical museum here; he was succeeded by one Bowes, and the museum was let as an auction-room to a Mr. Herring. About 1818, according to Davis, Warren the builder took the premises, and presumably the land on which they stood, and used the former as a workshop. A few years later Cubitt secured a lease of the whole from Mr. Lowndes, and proceeded to lay it out. Building operations would appear to have been commenced about 1836–7, following on the development of the Grosvenor estate, but the Square was not entirely constructed till 1849. Cubitt is supposed to have built the houses on the south side of the Square, which were erected in 1843, with greater regard to architectural effect than anything which had up to then been attempted in London.

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[1] Timbs, in his *Romance of London*, gives a detailed account of the matter.

[2] Rocque's Plan of 1746, gives the ground as belonging to "Lowndes, Esq."

Lowndes Square would appear to have always been a favourite residential centre. It has the advantage of being in close touch with the Park and Piccadilly, while at the same time it is quiet and retired, and the neighbouring Sloane Street carries much traffic that might otherwise have passed down the central roads of the Square.

Among the interesting people who have lived here in the past, I find at No. 1, for a time, the inseparable Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Leader, M.P. for Westminster; following them came to the same house M. J. Higgins—the "Jacob Omnium" of the *Times*—whom Mrs. Gascoigne in her poem of "Belgravia" apostrophises as

> "A man whom rage and clamour ne'er withstood,
> The well-known champion of the neighbourhood."

Mrs. Gascoigne herself lived at No. 14, where she was not likely to "forget to sing thy Square, O Lowndes," to use her own words.

Other notabilities living here at one time or another were Admiral Sotheby, who died at No. 38, on January 20, 1854, and who had been present at the Battle of the Nile; Sir Henry Campbell; Sir Willoughby Cotton; Sir William Tite, M.P. for Bath and a well-known architect; Thomas Brassey, the great contractor, and father of the present Lord

Brassey; Mr. Whiteside, M.P.; Mr. R. B. Wingfield; and Mr. Malins, M.P. These names are given by Davis, and therefore represent inhabitants anterior to 1859, the year in which his *Memorials of Knightsbridge* appeared; and to these may be added the names of Sir John Rennie, the distinguished engineer; the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., afterwards Lord Sherbrooke; and General Lord Airey, whom I find writing to Abraham Hayward from No. 7, in May, 1878. It is curious that Davis does not mention the fact of Lady Morgan (the "Wild Irish Girl") residing in the Square, for here she died on April 13, 1859, in the seventy-seventh year of her age; fifty-three years after her reputation had been made by the political novel whose title is always identified with her personality.

The central garden of the Square is long and narrow, and requires no description.

THE SQUARES OF CHELSEA

The squares of Chelsea are not of great importance from a residential point of view; indeed they may be termed curious rather than interesting from any point of view; they are mostly small in area, and the houses comprising them are exiguous in size and not particularly attractive in appearance. But there is such a glamour of romance; such a pleasant air of old-world association, wreathed round any part of the borough, that the squares contained in it take on themselves in the aggregate an interest to which, individually, they hardly have a claim. Properly, of course, Cadogan Square should find a place among them; but the contrast between this fashionable spot and these retiring and unfashionable centres is too marked to allow me to place them in juxtaposition; and so, leaving Cadogan Square among other and more appropriate surroundings, I will deal here with the nine (it would have been a pity, too, to spoil this magic number) squares which are more homogeneous in their form and character.

These Squares are known by the names of Camera, Carlyle, Gillray, Markham, Marlborough, Paultons, Tedworth, Trafalgar, and Wellington. The most easterly of them are the three small ones: Markham Square, on the north of the King's Road facing Smith Street, which connects that main thoroughfare with Royal Hospital Road; Marlborough Square, to the north of Cale Street, and lying directly south of Pelham Crescent;

and Tedworth Square, which lies between the King's and Queen's Roads and faces Christchurch Street on its south side.

Of Markham Square, all that Besant says is that therein is a large Congregational Chapel opened in 1860; which does not seem to promise much in the way of antiquarian interest, or of interest of any kind for that matter; and indeed there is little to be said of the place as it stands to-day, but a house in the adjoining Markham Street is mentioned by Beaver as bearing a name-plate on which appear the initials "H. I. A.," with the name Box Farm and the date 1686. The land attached to this farm is now partly covered by the Square. This land is known to have belonged to one Edward Green over a hundred years later, and at a later date still was the site of Moore's Nursery. A large area here between the King's Road and the Fulham Road was known as Chelsea Common, and at a time when local authorities were not so careful in their guardianship of these open spaces as they are to-day, it is probable that much of it, particularly where it abutted on the King's Road, was annexed, without right or authority, by enterprising gardeners who were not slow to recognise the advantages of its position and the richness of the ground; the number of market gardens formerly here helping to confirm this supposition. It takes some stretch of the imagination to realise that what we now consider a part, and that not an extremely western part of the town, was two hundred years since a heath covered with furze, and somewhat analogous to what Wimbledon Common (to take an example) appears to-day. The first interference with this common generally, as apart from those portions that may have been filched by the enterprising, would seem to have been in the reign of George I., when an Act was passed empowering the Surveyor of London Roads to dig gravel from any common or waste lands which might be convenient to him for making or repairing the highways. In 1736, the matter was, however, after many complaints and indeed ejectments by force of the surveyors by those locally interested and naturally indignant, adjusted, and I find building operations commencing on the common some years later; the earliest building lease being dated 1790, and granted to the Hon. George Cadogan. As various other individuals also obtained leases, the varied character and want of uniformity in the streets and buildings erected here is easily accounted for.

Of these building operations Markham Square, so denominated to perpetuate the name of a family once owning land here, was one of the later results; the church in it, mentioned by Besant, was erected of Kentish rag, with dressings of Bath stone, in 1860, after the designs of John Tarring, and is in the Decorated style[1] so beloved by architects of that period for this sort of building.

Marlborough Square is named after the great Duke of Marlborough, of whose one-time residence in a house at the south end of Marlborough Road there is a tradition, but probably only a tradition. A statue, presumably of the great Captain, once stood, I am told, in the centre of the Square, but has long since disappeared.

What I have said about the site of Markham Square applies practically to Marlborough Square, which lies within a stone's throw of it; and as there is no record of any interesting inhabitants in either, they must, perforce, be passed over in this somewhat summary manner.

If not for the same reason, yet for a very sufficient one, Tedworth Square must also be dismissed with a mere allusion, for it has no history, and beyond being a square, no particular interest for us here except what can be attached to it through Mark Twain,[2] and Mrs. Langtry both having sojourned in its precincts.

A little to the north-west of Tedworth Square is Wellington Square, the north side of which is formed by King's Road. It is named, of course, after the great Duke of Wellington, whose brother, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley, preceded, it will be remembered, the Rev. Charles Kingsley as Rector of Chelsea.

The site of Wellington Square was formerly occupied by one of the best known of the many nurseries of Chelsea, that kept by Thomas Davey, who died in 1833, and to whom a local poet, Samuel Shepherd, F.S.A., addressed some lines quoted by Beaver. A certain greenness is still imparted to the spot by the double row of trees in the central garden, which form a pleasant relief to the houses of which the Square is composed.

Between the Fulham Road and the King's Road, just east of Church Street, is the largest of the Chelsea Squares—Trafalgar Square, named after Nelson's crowning victory. The north side of the Square is formed by what is called South Parade, while the continuation of its eastern side is now known as Manresa Road. The Square is of considerable size, and has a large central garden. It is interesting to record that that fine landscape-painter Cecil Lawson, whose family lived in Carlton House, Chelsea, from 1869, and whose artistic work is so identified with this locality, painted a picture in 1876, which he called "Rus in Urbe: a Pastoral in Trafalgar Square, Chelsea."[1]

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[1] Walford's *Old and New London*, and Beaver's *Memorials of Chelsea*.

[2] It was here that Mark Twain gave his memorable reply to a reporter who had, as he thought, seen an announcement of the humourist's death: "Report greatly exaggerated."

In various old maps the site of Trafalgar Square is shown as open country adjoining Chelsea Common, but in an early eighteenth-century plan it would seem that this ground was attached to a residence called "Mr. Watt's house"; while by a map of the end of the eighteenth century, although the land hereabout is divided into various enclosures, this house is shown to have disappeared.

Almost adjoining Trafalgar Square is what is now known as CARLYLE SQUARE, but was originally called Oakley Square, after a title in Lord Cadogan's family. In 1872, its name was changed to the present one, in honour of the great philosopher who was then living in Cheyne Row; it has therefore the distinction, together with Wellington Square, of being the medium of admiration shown to two great men during their lives; in which respect these two squares are unique. It is interesting to know that the Sage appreciated this act, for Mr. Moncure Conway, in an article on Carlyle, says, "One honour he did value—the naming of a green space in Chelsea, Carlyle Square." Although Carlyle Square is a comparatively small one, it has a good oblong central garden, which is bounded on its south side by King's Road.

The site of this square was, in the eighteenth century, the inevitable market garden, in this case in the occupation of Mr. Hutchings, we learn from Beaver, who informs us further that the house was the scene of a murder and robbery in 1771, for complicity in which four Jews were hanged; and so notorious became the circumstance that for some time afterwards Jews were jeered at with the words "Chelsea" and "Hutchings." Some illustrations of the crime were given in a contemporary number of the *European Magazine*.[2]

It was on the site of Carlyle Square, when the ground was in the possession of Mr. Hutchings, that Faulkner records seeing the finish of a stag hunt; I give his own words:—

"About the year 1796 I was present at a stag hunt in Chelsea. The animal swam across the river from Battersea, and made for Lord Cremorne's grounds. Upon being driven from thence, he ran along the waterside as far as the church, and turning up Church Lane, at last took refuge in Mrs. Hutchin's barn, where he was taken alive."[1]

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[1] Beaver.

[2] *Memorials of Chelsea*, p. 324.

The only person of note recorded as living in Carlyle Square is Mrs. Kelly, the novelist, who kept a school here in a house on the west side.

A little to the westward of Carlyle Square, on the south side of King's Road, is Paultons Square, named after the country seat of the Sloane Stanley family; the north side of which is open to the main thoroughfare. Although but a small oblong square with a central garden, it has a peculiar interest inasmuch as it stands on the site of the gardens of the once celebrated Danvers House, one of old Chelsea's landmarks. Aubrey tells us that "'twas Sir John Danvers of Chelsey who first taught us the way of Italian gardens"; and it is therefore not surprising to learn that the gardens of Danvers House were of exceptional beauty and size. Sir John himself is as notorious for having been one of those who signed the death-warrant of Charles I., as he was celebrated for his handsome face and his proclivity to squander money; indeed his personal beauty was such that we have Aubrey's authority for the statement that people would come after him in the street to admire him; while his regicide principles are sufficiently confirmed by the fact that his house at Chelsea was, under his auspices, in a few years transformed from a rendezvous of loyal gentlemen "to a very centre of sedition, and the acknowledged meeting-place of those who were plotting against Church and King."[2]

The garden walls at the back of Paultons Square and Danvers Street are, Beaver thinks, undoubtedly those which separated the gardens of Danvers House from those of Chelsea House, otherwise Beaufort House, the well-known residence of the Dukes of Beaufort in bygone days.

Danvers House appears to have been altered and largely rebuilt by Sir John, from an earlier and far more modest erection. Beaver is unable to trace the date of this amplification, but is satisfied that it was anterior to the year 1615. According to the same high authority, the house itself stood in what is now Paultons Square,[3] which he says was, before thus being transformed, a nursery garden in the occupation of a Mr. Shepherd; and in 1822, remains of the original house were discovered, but were thought by Mr. Shepherd to be too unwieldy to be removed and were covered up again, so that they still remain beneath the ground of the Square.[1]

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[1] *History of Chelsea.*

[2] Quoted by Mr. Blunt in his *Handbook of Chelsea.*

[3] The Rev. A. G. L'Estrange in his *Village of Palaces,* however, says that "the exact position of Danvers House is not known.

Still a little further westward, now to the north of King's Road, is a tiny and most curiously shaped little square known as CAMERA SQUARE, which was formed roughly about 1832, on ground forming part of Chelsea Park, where the rearing of silkworms was once carried on with a great deal of vigour and some success by Henry Barham, and others whom he persuaded to join with him in the venture, in 1716. The adjoining Elm Park Gardens formed part of the same estate, and there still survives in the centre garden[2] a single mulberry-tree of those planted nearly two hundred years since.

Camera Square is to-day anything you like to call it—except a square. Its houses of tiny proportions; its ground of unequal elevation; its shape which might defy the most exact logician to properly define, all concur in giving it the appearance which a collocation of diminutive residences might conceivably assume, if some weird power had jumbled them together with the vague intention of giving them the semblance of that which the designation they bear would in no way seem to justify.

And yet I can identify one bygone celebrity—a theatrical one—with Camera Square, for here, at No. 1, was living at the time of his death, May 9, 1835, William Blanchard, an actor who, if never attaining greatness, was what is known as "a useful comedian"; making the most, says Crofton Croker, of whatever part was assigned to him and appearing, after a seventeen years' noviciate in the provinces, with some success as Bob Acres, at Covent Garden, in 1800.

Opposite to where Park Walk joins King's Road is the last of the Chelsea Squares, GILLRAY SQUARE, close to the Moravian burial-ground. It is like Carlyle Square, one that has been twice named, for it was originally known as Strewan Square, and was only comparatively recently rechristened, at the suggestion, I believe, of Sir Charles Dilke, in honour of the famous caricaturist, James Gillray, whose father was for forty years sexton to the neighbouring cemetery, and who himself was in all probability born in Chelsea in 1757, when his father was an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital.[1]

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[1] Sir John Danvers died here in 1655, and Danvers House was afterwards purchased by the Hon. T. Wharton (who became Marquis of Wharton in 1714), said to have been the author of the well-known political song of "Lillibullero," which "sung a king out of three kingdoms," and was a favourite with Uncle Toby. See Beaver for a long account of Danvers and his house.

[2] In this year (1906) its companion in the east garden had to be removed as being dead and unsafe.

Beyond this interesting association, Gillray Square would appear, like so many, if not practically all, of the Chelsea Squares to have no history. Most of them would seem to be too modern to interest the learned antiquaries from Faulkner to L'Estrange, Beaver, and Blunt, who have dealt with this portion of the town; for it is a curious fact that not one of these has given any certain indication either of the date at which the squares were formed, or the origin of the names by which they were first known. This may not be of great importance, but it would certainly add to the interest of some of them; while in one or two instances it would create an interest which is at present non-existent.

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[1] Beaver's *Memorials of Chelsea.*

CHAPTER XII

THE SQUARES OF THE CITY AND THE EAST END

"The time to see the City squares aright
Is when their pavements are with rain-drops bright,
For then they weep together with the sky
For their old glories which have long passed by."

Anon.

THE squares of the City and the further East End of London, which it will be convenient to deal with together in this chapter, have so many various characteristics as almost to defy logical definition. Some, like Gough Square, are hardly to be called squares at all, and owe their sole celebrity to the genius who once resided there; others, like Devonshire and Northampton Squares, have long passed from the high estate which they once held as the residences of old and historic families; others again are rather connected by fortuitous circumstances with any notable associations, than by the presence in them of well-known people either in the past or the present; while a large number are known only by name to those who have cared to browse into this particular phase of topography. Some investigation into their history will, however, show that several of them are of great interest; while others, which at first sight would seem to promise little in this direction, will be found to yield somewhat unexpected results.

Gough Square, which I will notice first, because it is the most westerly of these squares, being in fact but a little way within the City boundary, is associated almost wholly with the towering figure of Dr Johnson. It was here, in "an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose," that he compiled part of the famous dictionary. Either the spelling of the name must have been at that time variable, or the worthy lexicographer (as Miss Pinkerton would have termed him) must have been in a hurry and written phonetically, for we find him addressing a letter to Miss Lucy Porter, on July 12, 1749, from "Goff Square"; while one to Dr. Birch, on May 12th of the following year, is dated from "Gough Square." Two years later, after the death of his wife, he was still living here, for Boswell learnt from Francis Barber that "he was in great affliction. Mrs. Williams was then living in his house, which was in Gough Square;" and here one of his constant guests was that Dr. Bathurst whom, he once told Mrs. Piozzi, "he loved better than he ever loved any human creature." It was from Gough Square, on March 16, 1756, that, having been arrested for debt, he wrote to Mr. Richardson, entreating his assistance, which the latter promptly responded to by sending the six guineas required to ensure freedom. It must have been about 1758, that Johnson left his "garret in Gough Square," as he once subsequently termed it, and took chambers in Staple Inn.

The house which Johnson occupied still exists; it is No. 17, in the north-west corner of the Square. Carlyle once made a pilgrimage to the spot, and in his essay on Boswell's *Johnson* thus recounts the circumstance: "We ourselves, not without labour and risk, lately discovered Gough Square, between Fleet Street and Holborn (adjoining to Bolt Court and Johnson's Court); and, on the second day of search, the very house there, wherein the English Dictionary was composed. It is the first or corner house on the right hand, as you enter through the arched way from the north-west. The actual occupant, an elderly, well-washed, decent-looking man, invited us to enter, and courteously undertook to be cicerone; though in his memory lay nothing but the foolishest jumble and hallucination. It is a stout, old-fashioned, oak-balustraded house: 'I have spent many a pound and penny on it since then,' said the worthy landlord: 'here, you see, this bedroom was the doctor's study; that was the garden' (a plot of delved ground somewhat larger than a bed-quilt) 'where he walked for exercise; these three garret bedrooms' (where his three copyists sat and wrote) 'were the place he kept his pupils in.' *Tempus edax rerum!* yet *ferax* also, for our friend now added, with a wistful look, which strove to seem merely historical, 'I let it all in lodgings to respectable gentlemen, by the quarter or the month; it is all one to me.' 'To me also,' whispered the ghost of Samuel, as we went pensively our ways."[1]

Carlyle in his note-book, quoted by Froude, where is the rough draft as it were of this passage, adds that the worthy landlord seemed to be under the impression that Johnson was a schoolmaster. There is not now the difficulty in finding the house that Carlyle experienced, for it is marked by a commemorative tablet, and those who go into it will be reminded by Leigh Hunt not only of the *genius loci* himself, but of those who used to visit him there, such as "Cave, Dr. Hawkesworth, Miss Carter, Mrs. Macaulay (two ladies who must have looked strangely at one another), Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds, Langton, Mrs. Williams (a poor poetess whom he maintained in his house), Mr. Levett (an apothecary on the same footing), Garrick, Lord Orrery, Lord Southwell, and Mrs. Gardiner;" to which I may add Mr. Burney, who had an interview with Johnson here, and dined and drank tea with him; on which occasion after dinner, 'Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which, having accepted, he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson gave to his guest the entire seat, and tottered himself on one with three legs and one arm."[1]

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[1] *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, vol. ii.

Johnson left Gough Square on March 23, 1759, on which day he wrote to Mrs. Lucy Porter thus: "I have this day moved my things, and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London," and he adds: "I am going to publish a little story-book, which I will send you when it is out." With which notification *Rasselas* (which was written in Gough Square) is indicated. Besides this classic, Johnson, while living here, gave to the world his *Vanity of Human Wishes*; the *Rambler*; and his Essays, which appeared in Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*; and it was here that he drew up the proposals for his edition of Shakespeare, the belated appearance of which Churchill satirised in some well-known lines; while, lastly, it was from Gough Square that he addressed his ever-memorable letter to Lord Chesterfield.

Although Maitland described Gough Square as fashionable, the names of those who made it so have not come down to us; in fact the only other resident who is known even to topographers, and who can hardly be described as fashionable, is Hugh Kelly, who died here in 1777, at the early age of thirty-eight. It was of Kelly and his inordinate vanity that Johnson was used to affirm that he "was so fond of displaying on his sideboard the plate which he possessed, that he added to it his spurs"; and on his once paying the Doctor a visit, and after a short time getting up to take his leave, fearing a long call might be troublesome, Johnson cut him short with, "Not in the least, sir; I had forgotten that you were in the room."[2] It is characteristic of Johnson's benevolence that after Kelly's death he wrote a prologue for the benefit of his wife and children.

It was in Gough Square that Theodore Hook edited *John Bull*, the first number of which appeared in December 1820; his biographer, Barham, imagines him "seated in a small parlour, situated in a silent, traffickless spot enough, . . . denominated Gough Square; torn newspapers, sheets of copy, 'slips,' 'revises,' fresh or rather foul from the printers' hand, with all the many *désagremens* of an editor's room, scattered in confusion around. . . ." Within a few hours the town was ablaze, we are told, "orders arrived from every quarter and the office was beset with applicants," and the success of the venture was so phenomenal that by the sixth week of publication it had reached an issue of ten thousand copies.[1]

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[1] *Literary Landmarks of London.*

[2] Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. viii. p. 411.

Close by Gough Square, on the other side of Fleet Street, is SALISBURY SQUARE, or, as it was once called, Salisbury Court. It was, too, known as Dorset Court, and from here, under this name, Locke dated the dedication to his *Essay on the Human Understanding;* while Shadwell, who lived here, uses the names indiscriminately.[2] The Square seems to have derived its title from Salisbury House, once a residence of the Bishops of Salisbury; which subsequently passed to Lord Dorset, whence the alternative names, and in the *Calendar of State Papers*, under date of March 25, 1611, the following entry refers to this change of ownership: "Confirmation to Richard, Earl of Dorset, of a grant of the manor of Salisbury Court, together with Salisbury House, *alias* Sackville Place, *alias* Dorset House, and divers messuages in St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's, on his compounding for defective titles." The grant thus obtained was effected through exchange; Lord Dorset giving in return for it a piece of land near Cricklade in Wilts, which, however, according to Seth Ward, who was Bishop of Salisbury from 1667 to 1689, "was not good, nor did the value answer his (Dorset's) promise." In any case the land in Wilts must have been of vast extent to equal in value property in such a position as Salisbury Square.

An early and notable resident in the Square was Bulstrode Whitelocke, who settled here in 1634.[3] On his return from France, where he had been on an embassy, he gave up his house; but he was not infrequently in the Square subsequently, for the Swedish Ambassador[4] was lodging here in 1655, and Whitelocke was his guest on several occasions.

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[1] Barham's *Life of Hook*, p 144.

[2] *London Past and Present.*

[3] In the *Little London Directory* for 1677, one John Conine is given as residing in "Salisbury Court."

[4] The French Ambassador was also at one time a resident, as appears by the following amongst the State Papers: "In 1579 a serious affray took place in Fleet Street between Mr. Edmund Wyndham and Lord Rich, when Wyndham, being nearly overpowered by his assailant, found refuge in the house of the French Ambassador in Salisbury Court." (*Romance of London.*)

As Dryden is mentioned in the Rate Books of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, as living in that parish from 1673 to 1682, "on the water-side of the street, in or near Salisbury Square," he may, perhaps, be also numbered among past worthies who have inhabited the Square—in fact Jesse states the fact as a certainty, and as Mr. Wheatley confirms it, we can hardly desire better authority; and it is interesting to find that he must have here written both parts of his *Absalom and Achitophel*, the first of which appeared in 1681, and the second in the following year; while among his plays, *The Assignation* (1673), *Amboyna* (1675), *Troilus and Cressida* (1679), *The Spanish Friar* (1681), *Aurungzebe* (1676), *All for Love, or The World Well Lost* (1678), *Limberham, or The Kind Keeper* (1680), and *Œdipus* (1679), were all produced during their author's residence in Salisbury Square; while here, too, he found himself brought upon the stage in the character of Bayes in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, first published in 1672.

Shadwell the dramatist also, as we have seen, lived here, and the proximity of the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens made the Square a favourite residence for actors, among whom we find Betterton, Cave, Harris, Sandford, and Underhill; while Lady Davenant, the widow of Sir William, also resided here for a time.

Sir William Davenant, it will be remembered, finding the theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, too small for his requirements, shortly before his death began the building of a more commodious one near the spot on which the Salisbury Court Theatre stood. This earlier theatre had been erected about 1629, by Richard Gunnell and William Blagrove, both actors, on the site of a granary or barn which stood at "the lower end of the great back yard or court of Salisbury House."[1] Howes mentions it as being the "seventeenth stage or common play-house which hath been new made within the space of threescore yeres within London and the suburbs." It was eventually destroyed by the puritanical zeal of the sectaries, on March 24, 1649. The site, and probably what remained, if anything did, of the theatre was purchased three years later by William Beeston, an actor, who rebuilt and reopened it in 1660; and Davenant's company played here until the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields was ready for them. During the Great Fire, Salisbury Court Theatre shared the fate of the better part of the town.

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[1] Cunningham. This was the theatre indicated in the MS. book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to Charles I., which Leigh Hunt quotes in his *Town*, and which runs as follows: "I committed Cromes, a broker in Long Lane, the 16th February 1634, to the Marsalsay for lending a church robe with the name of *Jesus* upon it to the players in Salisbury Court.

Davenant's new theatre was incomplete at the time of his decease, which took place in April 1668, it not being opened till November 1671. The new playhouse, said to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was inaugurated with Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all;* and was under the management of Sir William's widow, Lady Davenant, which is sufficient to account for that lady's residence in the neighbourhood.[1]

The most notable inhabitant, if we except Dryden, of Salisbury Square was, however, neither an actor nor a playwright, but the printer novelist Samuel Richardson. "He took," we are told,[2] "a range of old houses eight in number, which he pulled down, and built a commodious and extensive range of warehouses and printing-offices." His actual dwelling-place was No. 11, in the north-west corner of the Square. This was in 1755, and Mrs. Barbauld, in her Life of the novelist, written in 1802, says that "at present it is concealed by other houses from common observation. The dwelling-house was neither so large or so airy as the one he had quitted." As Richardson is stated to have originally had his establishment in the centre of the Square before he moved to the north-west corner, it is probable that it is to the former—"the one he had quitted"—that Mrs. Barbauld here refers. Mrs. Richardson seems not to have been pleased with the house, and we hear of Richardson accusing her of perverseness in not reconciling herself to her new home; "Every one is more pleased with what I have done than my wife," is an expression we find him making use of. A lady writing to Mrs. Barbauld gives this reminiscence of the author's first house here: "My first recollection of Richardson was in the house in the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court, as it was then called; and of being admitted as a playful child into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young and others. . . . I recollect that he used to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly opposite, late in the evening to supper; when, as he would say, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax with a little friendly and domestic chat."

Particular interest centres in the association of Richardson with Salisbury Square, for it was here that he wrote *Pamela*, which appeared in 1741; and although he had later, before removing finally to Parsons Green in 1754, what was then a country house at Hammersmith, it is probable that parts of *Clarissa* (1747–8) and *Sir Charles Grandison* were also composed within the sound of Fleet Street.

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[1] From a view by Hollar, the theatre, with its handsome façade, is shown as facing the Thames.

[2] Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 594.

It was in Richardson's printing-office, in 1757, that Goldsmith corrected proofs for his employer and was admitted now and then even to the parlour of Richardson himself, and there grimly smiled upon by its chief literary ornament, great poet of the day, the author of *Night Thoughts*.[1]

But Richardson had greater visitors than Dr. Young; for Dr. Johnson used frequently to come to the house in Salisbury Square, and once, although they did not know each other, he met here the not less illustrious Hogarth. Boswell, with his usual minuteness, gives an account of the *rencontre* thus: "Hogarth came one day to see Richardson soon after the execution of Dr. Cameron for having taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1745–6; and being a warm partisan of George II. he observed to Richardson, that certainly there must have been some very unfavourable circumstances lately discovered in this particular case, which had induced the King to approve of an execution for rebellion so long after the time when it was committed, as this had the appearance of putting a man to death in cold blood, and was very unlike his Majesty's usual clemency. While he was talking, he perceived a person standing at a window in the room, shaking his head, and rolling himself about in a strange, ridiculous manner. He concluded that he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Richardson. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument and burst out into an invective against George II . . . he displayed such a power of eloquence, that Hogarth looked at him with astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired. Neither Hogarth nor Johnson were made known to each other at this interview."[2]

In this connection it is interesting to find that Salisbury Square was the scene of a brawl occasioned by differences of opinion over the earlier Jacobite rising of 1715, about which time mobs used to perambulate the town with the cry of "High Church and Ormond," demolishing those houses known as "Mug Houses," where the supporters of King George were wont to foregather. One of the chief of these "Mug Houses"[3] was situated in Salisbury Square, and a Jacobite mob led by one Bean burst into the premises on July 20, 1716,[4] and broke everything they could lay hands on; the landlord, Robert Read, in defending his property shot a weaver named Vaughan. For this he was tried for manslaughter but acquitted, whereas five of the rioters were, after a trial at the Old

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[1] Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, vol. i. p. 78.

[2] Boswell.

[3] For an account of them, see Malcolm's *Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century*.

[4] See Timbs's *Clubs of London*.

Bailey, sentenced to be hanged at the end of Salisbury Square, in Fleet Street.[1] An account of this incident is given in the Whig paper, the *Weekly Journal* for July 28, 1716, and by a subsequent issue (for August 4, 1716), I find that the inhabitants of the Square delivered a petition to the Court of Aldermen, setting forth the frequency of these riots, and showing that Read's action was justifiable under the circumstances; three gentlemen of worth and reputation going bail for him, namely, Mr. Johnson, a Justice of the Peace, and Colonels Coote and Westall.

Salisbury Square has several precedents for its present business aspect, for here in 1732, died Mrs. Daffy, an inventor of an elixir which is associated with her name; and here, too, was the printing-office of Gillett, which Timbs states was twice destroyed by fire, once in 1805 and once in 1810, but rebuilt on each occasion. It was here that, in 1814, 10,000 copies of the *Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke*, whose name is associated with Colonel Wardle and the Duke of York, were burned, on her having her debts paid and receiving an annuity of £400; a holocaust which occupied no less than three days.

Here also, at one corner of the Square, Messrs. Peacock, Bampton, & Mansfield, who initiated the pocket-book of to-day by their "Polite Repository" in 1778, much patronised by royalty, had their headquarters; and mention may be made of Powell's Puppet Show, which once enlivened Salisbury Square and is frequently mentioned in the earlier numbers of the *Spectator*.[2]

As we have seen, Salisbury Square derives its name from an aristocratic house which was once situated on or about its site; the names of two other squares east of Temple Bar are also thus derived—Devonshire and Northampton Squares; the former is situated in Bishopsgate Street and the latter in Clerkenwell.

DEVONSHIRE SQUARE takes its name from the original town residence[3] of the Earls of Devonshire, who appear to have lived here for more than half a century, from about 1625. Two members of this illustrious family are known to have died at their house here; the second Earl of Devonshire, on June 20, 1628, and the Countess of Devonshire—probably the wife of the third Earl, and a daughter of the Earl of Salisbury—in November

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[1] Burton's *New View*, 1730, quoted in *London Past and Present*. Walford says they were hanged at Tyburn Turnpike.

[2] Thornbury's *Turner*, p. 113, and *Curiosities of London*, p. 16. The Square seems to have been partly, at least, residential so late as 1831, in which year William Green, Esq., a Trustee of the Law Life Assurance Company, was living there.

[3] It occupied the whole of the north side of the Square.

1689. Here she was on one occasion visited by the King, for in the Additional MS. 10,116, quoted by Mr. Wheatley, we read, under date November 1660: "The King, the Queen, Duke of York and the rest of the royal family, supped at Fisher's Folly at the old Countess of Devonshire's," and from a broadside ballad of the same year, it would appear that Lady Monk was also entertained here by the hospitable hostess.

Hatton, writing of the Square in 1708, describes it as being "pretty though very small," and notes that here was formerly a seat of the Devonshire family, thus proving that by that time all trace of it had disappeared; while Strype mentions the Countess of Devonshire just referred to as living in "an airy and creditable place—in great repute for her hospitality."

The house, which was originally built by one Jasper Fisher, a clerk in Chancery, a Justice of the Peace and a member of the Goldsmiths' Company, is described by Stow as being both large and beautiful, with its pleasure-gardens and bowling-alleys. Indeed it would appear that Fisher was afflicted by the mania for building a palace when his means did not permit of more than an ordinary residence, and, *immemor sepulcri*, he ruined himself in erecting what became known as Fisher's Folly. It was but an early type of a mania which has affected men in all ages; but it gave Fisher the immortality of a line in *Hudibras*, for, during the Civil Wars, the house being used as a conventicle, Butler thus notices it:

> "Friends
> To serve for members, to our ends,
> That represent no part o' th' nation,
> But Fisher's Folly Congregation." [1]

According to Pennant the house had a quick succession of occupiers, and the antiquary mentions that it belonged to Mr. Cornwallis, then to Sir Roger Manners, and later to Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, Lord High Chamberlain in the reign of Elizabeth. The last was a great favourite of the Queen, who visited him here, and to whom he is said to have presented the first pair of perfumed gloves ever brought into this country. Gilbert Talbot, writing to Lord Shrewsbury in 1573, says: "My Lord of Oxford is lately growne into great credite; for the Queen's Ma^{tie} delitithe more in his personage and his dancing and valientness than any other. . . ." adding, "If it were not for his fyckle hed, he would pass any of them shortly;" [2] while another writer speaks of him as being "a man in minde and body absolutely accomplished with honourable endowments."[1]

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[1] *Hudibras*, Part III. Canto 2.

[2] *Illustrations to British History.*

Fisher's Folly, as we may now call Devonshire House, in the reign of James I. came into the hands of the Campbells and subsequently of the Hamiltons, and in connection with the former family, the following extract[2] from the *Calendars of the East India Company*, under date January 10, 1618, shows that there was a design on foot to dispose of it at that time: "The Lord of Argyle's house, called Fisher's Folly, offered to the East India Company—held unfit for their service." That it must have changed hands within the next ten years is proved by the fact that the body of the Marquis of Hamilton, who died "of a pestilent fever," in March 1625, was carried "with much company and torchlight to Fisher's Folly, his house without Bishopsgate."[3] The house passed into the hands of the Devonshire family shortly after this.

After the house had been given up by the Devonshire family it was used, as we have seen, as a conventicle, and Pepys on March 7, 1667, mentions coming here "to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's," and there receiving a ring; but in 1670, on the passing of the "Act for the Suppression of Conventicles," it was sequestrated, and subsequently an order was made that it should be "used any Lord's Day for the celebration of divine worship by approved orthodox ministers appointed by the Bishop of London." It must be assumed, I think, that these orders referred to the chapel of Devonshire House only, although by the wording it might be inferred that the whole mansion underwent this strange metamorphosis. It is a curious fact that down to the year 1870, it was used as a Baptist Chapel, a new chapel having been erected in 1829; but in that year the premises were acquired by the Metropolitan Railway Company.

From 1670 to 1680, the Quakers are said to have had a meeting-house at "Devonshire House," but it is probable that this term was used to denote Devonshire Square generally, and not merely the noble mansion from which it took its name; while a commercial undertaking is associated with this once stately fabric, in the Penny Post inaugurated by Mr. Robert Murray and Mr. Dockra in 1680, the office of which concern was opened here. Cunningham draws on a manuscript of Aubrey's preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, and originally quoted by Malone, for this information. There it is stated that this invention, "a most ingenious and useful project," was set up on our Lady Day, Anno Domini 1680; that it was seized on by the Duke of York two years later, and that those "depositing their goods and merchandise were furnished with Bills of Current Credit, at two-thirds or three-fourths of the value of the said goods." We learn from Luttrell, however, that in 1699 "several articles were exhibited against Mr. Dockra," in connection with the scheme, and in the following year the Lords of the Treasury removed him from his post on the score of mismanagement.

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[1] Harl. MS. 4189.

[2] Quoted in *London Past and Present*.

[3] *Calendar of State Papers*.

In Bowles's *Several Prospects of Publick Buildings in London*, published in 1724, an engraving of Devonshire Square is given, by which we see that the Square was paved and surrounded by trees planted close to the houses, while the latter communicated directly with this central court by means of steps from the front doors. There are no railings in the Square, and the entrances to it are under several of the houses, which thus form archways. The Square is indeed more like one of the courtyards of the Temple or Gray's Inn, than the more elaborate enclosures we are accustomed to associate with the name.

In a Directory for 1798, I find the names of Sir Francis Baring, a Director of the East India Company, and Chandos Pole, Esq., a Governor of the Bank of England, given as residents in Devonshire Square at that time.

Material for even the meagrest account of the City squares is, in most instances, sadly to seek; the squares in that region are rather the outcome of older establishments than the fruit of any preconceived design, and thus what history they once possessed is swallowed up, as in the cases of Salisbury and Devonshire Squares, by the records of the great houses to which they owe their being; while in other cases their formation has been the result of fortuitous circumstances, and they seem to have been termed squares because that word approximated more nearly to their shape and formation than any other. Thus NORTHAMPTON SQUARE in Clerkenwell, takes its name from Northampton House, a former residence of the Marquis of Northampton, on the site of the garden of which mansion it was formed; while BRIDGEWATER SQUARE in the Barbican, was also formed on the site of the mansion and gardens once belonging to the Earl of Bridgewater, which, says Strype, "is neatly enclosed with palisado pales, and set round with trees, which renders the place very delightful." But when was the former of these squares made? Who was responsible for its genesis? and above all, has any one worthy of record dwelt within its calm precincts? To these questions there is no reply, for there appears to have been no record kept; while of the latter, our information is of the scantiest. Thus all I can glean of Bridgewater

House is that it was destroyed by fire in April 1687, and that the two sons of the third Earl perished at the time.[1]

Myddelton Square, which is not far from Northampton Square, may be disposed of in a few words. Its chief interest centres in the fact that it takes its name from Sir Hugh Myddelton, on account of its being near the New River, with the inception of which scheme his name is indissolubly connected. It is of modern growth, having been formed so comparatively recently as 1821, and then it was only built piecemeal, as in that year the west side was alone erected, on ground then known as Mantell's Field. This side of the Square was then christened Myddelton Terrace, and it was only when the other sides were finished, about 1827, that it was dignified by the title of "square." Two celebrities are connected with it, for at No. 4, lived for a time Edward Irving,[2] and here in June 1824, Carlyle paid him a visit of some weeks' duration. The sage has left quite a little vignette, and what an accurate and careful one, of the Square. "Irving," he writes, "lived in Myddelton Terrace, *hodie* Myddelton Square, Islington, No. 4. It was a new place: houses bright and smart, but inwardly bad, as usual. Only one side of the new square was built—the western side—which has its back towards Battle Bridge region. Irving's house was fourth from the northern end of that, which of course had its left hand on the New Road. The place was airy, not uncheerful. Our chief prospect from the front was a good space of green ground, and in it, on the hither side of it, the big open reservoir of Myddelton's 'New River.'"

Next door to Irving lived Thomas Dibdin, the song-writer and dramatist He too has left a picture of the place in his day, and as a companion to Carlyle's description it may be given. "The house in which I write this," he says, "is situated in a spacious square, the centre of which is ornamented by a superb specimen of architecture in the form of a handsome new church.[3] The site was, not five years since, an immense field where people used to be stopped and robbed on their return in the evening from Sadler's Wells, and the ground floor of the parlour where I sit was, as nearly as possible, the very spot where my wife and I fell over a recumbent cow on our way home in a thunderstorm, and only regained the path we had strayed from in the dark, by the timely aid of a flash of lightning."[1]

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[1] The sites of the squares in this district were at one time quite rural, and it is in reference to this that in a note to Evelyn's *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, Bishop Wilberforce writes: "Clerkenwell has long since ceased to be a suburb of great beauty and a fashionable neighbourhood, but in the seventeenth century it was both . . . it possessed the mansions of the Earls of Aylesbury, Berkeley, and Northampton, the Duke of Newcastle, the Challoner family, &c. Bishop Burnet and many others attached to the court resided here."

[2] *Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

[3] This church was dedicated to St. Mark.

Pinks mentions two other one-time residents here—the Rev. Jabez Bunting, D.D. who lived at No. 30, and died there on June 16, 1858, aged seventy-nine. He was an eminent Wesleyan minister, and was Senior Secretary of the Missionary Society in 1833, and President of the Theological Institute from 1834 till his death. He it was who established the principle of associating laymen with the clergy in the management of the Wesleyan Church; and at No. 39[2] lived, in 1865, the Rev. Robert Maguire, a clever preacher of his day, who had been preceded in his occupancy of the house by Stanley Lees Gifford, LL.D., a barrister and journalist, who left here in 1857, and died at Folkestone in the following year. He was the father of the Earl of Halsbury, late Lord Chancellor of England.

St. Mark's Church in this Square is described by Pinks as "mixed Gothic." It was erected in 1827, from designs by W. C. Mylne, C.E., and consecrated on January 1, 1828, by Howley, then Bishop of London. It cost about £16,000.[3]

Of another City square, that known as WELLCLOSE SQUARE, the information is not considerable, but is something more in importance than what has survived with regard to Northampton and Bridgewater Squares. Wellclose Square is situated in George Street, Whitechapel. Noorthouck thus describes it: "The south-east corner of Rosemary Lane leads to Wellclose Square, situated between Knock Fergus and Ratcliff Highway, and which is by some called Marine Square, from the number of sea-officers who live there. It is a neat square of no great extent; its principal ornament is the Danish Church, situated in the centre, in the midst of a churchyard well planted with trees, and surrounded by a handsome wall adorned at equal distances with iron rails."[4] This church stood here, in the central garden, from 1696 till 1869, when it was demolished, and on its site the Seamen's Children Day Schools were erected at a cost of £50,000,[5] and opened in 1870, by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The old Danish Church, which was later used as a Seamen's Church and had "Bo'son Smith" as its minister, is thus somewhat minutely described by Noorthouck; and as it is a thing of the past, it will be interesting to transcribe the old topographer's words:—

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[1] *Autobiography*, 1826, quoted by Mr. Wheatley.

[2] At No. 39 is to-day St. Katherine's Convent School; and at No. 65 the Claremont Women's Hostel.

[3] *History of Clerkenwell*, p. 395.

[4] *History of London.*

[5] *London Past and Present.*

"This church is a commodious and elegant structure," he writes, "but though the architect appears to have understood ornaments, he has not been too lavish in the use of them. The edifice consists of a tall and handsome body, with a tower and turret. The body is divided by the projection of the middle part, into a fore front in the centre, and two smaller: at the west end is the tower, and at the east it swells into the sweep of the circle; the corners of the building are faced with rustic. The windows, which are large and well proportioned, are cased with stone with a cherub's head at the top of the arch, and the roof is concealed by a blocking course. The tower has a diminution in the upper stage, which has on each side a pediment, and is covered by a dome, from which rises an elegant turret supported by composite columns." With which obscure description it is to be hoped eighteenth-century readers, as twentieth-century inquirers perforce have to be, were satisfied and enlightened.

The church was originally erected by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the son of the King of Denmark's cabinetmaker, and father of the well-known Colley Cibber, at the expense of Christian V. of Denmark, in 1696, as an inscription over the entrance stated. It was intended for the use of such Danish merchants and seamen as might be visiting London. In 1746, the church was rebuilt, and when Christian VII. of Denmark was in this country in 1768, he attended service here. The pulpit had four sand-glasses in a brass frame for the regulation of the length of the sermon. On April 30, 1845, the church was converted to the use of the British and Foreign Sailors' Church. In the vaults were the tombs of Caius and Colley Cibber; and in the church itself a mural tablet to the memory of Jane Colley, the wife of the former and mother of the latter.

To return to the Square itself, this was, according to Hatton, "very near a geometrical square, whose area is about 2¾ acres." Maitland's account is much more specific and, as he mentions several old residents, it will be worth transcribing what he writes concerning it. "It beginneth at the north-east end of Rosemary Lane, at the house of Thomas Horne," he says, "and from thence southward along the place called the Salt Petre Bank, to the south-east corner of East Smithfield, and is thirty-and-six pole, little more or less. From thence eastward, along the King's Highway, to a watch-house standing near the sign of the Adam and Eve, where one Bezar now liveth, is thirty-and-six pole, little more or less. From thence northward it is bounded by a ditch, which parts the said ground and the garden of Samuel Hurley, and goeth to the sign of the Windmill and Key, now (1739) in the possession of one Mr. Baker, up to the King's Highway, being the upper way to Ratcliff, is eight-and-thirty pole, little more or less. From thence westward by the said Highway, to the house of the aforesaid Thomas Horner, at the corner of Rosemary Lane, is forty-and-three pole, little more or less."[1] By the measurements carefully given by Maitland, we see that, although it is not actually a square, it is as nearly one as any we meet with in London.

Wellclose Square is connected with at least two men who have left a more or less enduring mark, in widely different directions, on the history of their time; one of them was the notorious Dr. Dodd, who was chaplain to the first Magdalen Chapel set up in this country, and situated in Wellclose Square. Dodd, who it will be remembered was once a chaplain to George III., but lost the appointment by an indiscreet bribe to Lady Bathurst for preferment, and eventually forged the name of his pupil, Lord Chesterfield, for a large amount and was executed notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to obtain his pardon,[2] on June 27, 1777, was one of the promoters of the Magdalen Hospital (another being the Jonas Hanway whom I have noticed as once living in Red Lion Square), and preached a sermon in support of it on January 27, 1760, at which Prince Edward, Horace Walpole, and a fashionable congregation were present. "Dr. Dodd, the unfortunate, preached entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly," writes Walpole to Montagu. Five years before he met his fate at Tyburn, Dodd had, by a singular coincidence, published a pamphlet on "The Frequency of Capital Punishment inconsistent with Justice, Sound Policy, and Religion."

The other notability associated with the Square was Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, who was born at No. 36, on June 22, 1748. It is probable that, with the exception of *Robinson Crusoe*, no other "boys' book," as it may termed, has obtained such a celebrity as this work. It is in the nature of a classic, and, like so many classics, everybody knows its name but nobody reads its pages; but the egregious Mr. Barlow is as sure of immortality as Dominie Sampson.

Thomas Day was educated at Charterhouse, Corpus Christi, Oxford, and the Middle Temple, and was admitted to the Bar in 1775. Having independent means he did not practise, but applied himself to the study of philosophy and literature, and having married and settled himself (1781) at Anningsley in Surrey (he had also purchased the estate of Vachery, near Crawley, from Lord Onslow), he produced the work (1783–89) which is far better known by name than its author. Whether the book was the cause or no, is not recorded, but he had hardly finished it before he died (on September 28, 1789), and lies buried in Wargrave Church, where a monument still records his "talents and virtues"; but though he is there spoken of as a "friend of mankind," we remember his answer, when asked the cause of choosing so retired a spot to live in; that it was to "exclude himself from the vanity, vice, and deceptive character of man," and we cannot also forget that he wrote *Sandford and Merton* and *Little Jack*.[1]

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[1] Maitland, *History of London*, book ii. p. 495.

[2] Dr. Johnson drew up a petition for him, and wrote the sermon on *The Convict's Address to his Unhappy Brethren*, which Dr. Dodd preached in Newgate Chapel.

In a Directory for 1797, one of the Governors of the Phœnix Fire Office, Mr. Andrew Kines, is stated to be living at No. 30 Wellclose Square; and W. B. Ward, who invented the medical apparatus known as the Wardian Case, once practised here. The Square has also had its theatre, for here Palmer, an unfortunate actor who was once engaged by Garrick, but laughed at by Foote, built and opened the Royalty Theatre in 1787, but was soon compelled by the patentees to close it.[2]

Near Wellclose Square, in an easterly direction, is PRINCE'S SQUARE, abutting on Ratcliff Highway, and, like Wellclose Square, formerly inhabited, to use Noorthouck's words, "by the families of gentlemen who belong to the sea." The same authority calls it "a neat place," and gives a description of the Swedish Protestant Church, which stands within it, which he terms its chief ornament. The description is of some length, and will hardly be found illuminating, so I will spare the reader a repetition of it. But besides what Noorthouck considered the chief interest of the church, it acquired since the day he wrote an added lustre, for here, in 1772, was interred the body of the remarkable Swedenborg whom Emerson chose as the type of the mystic in his *Representative Men*. About the year 1816, we are told, a certain Swedish captain, whose sense of the fitness of things outweighed his reverence for the remains of his great countryman, abstracted the cranium of Swedenborg, with the intention, we may at least hope, of solemnly re-interring it in his own land; this, however, was not carried out, and on the death of this Swedish captain the abstracted portion of Swedenborg's anatomy was reverently returned to its original resting-place. In the vestry are a few portraits, including one of Dr Serenius, Bishop of Stregnas; while in the church is a tablet to the memory of Swedenborg.

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[1] An account of Day will be found in Mr. Fyvie's *Some Literary Eccentrics*.

[2] A few old houses remain in the Square amid modern warehouses, &c.; and No. 43 has a good Adam over-doorway, while on Nos. 20 and 21 are some curious designs of Cupids, emblematical of arts and industries, let into the wall. The old Court House, now disused, is on the south side; and a small dilapidated tenement, once known as "Dublin Castle," stands at the south side of the central garden.

Two squares situated in the Clerkenwell district demand notice, not so much for their importance as such, as from the interesting associations connected with the spots on which they stand; these are CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE and ST. JOHN'S SQUARE. The former, which Howell in his *Londinopolis* terms merely "a yard," contained, according to the same authority, "many handsome palaces," among them being Rutland House, and one "where the Venetian Ambassadors were used to lodge."

That the yard or square was known as such from an early period is proved by the fact that Howell, whose work appeared in 1657, speaks of it as having then "lately been conveniently railed, and made more neat and comely." It, of course, took its name from the neighbouring Charterhouse, which owed its being to Thomas Sutton in 1611, and was named from a monastery of Carthusians dating from 1371. Although practically abutting on the Square, the Charterhouse has so long and important a history that it cannot be dealt with here; and I must confine myself to a few words about the Square alone. An important print of it is given in Stow's Survey, by which we can see that the houses surrounding it are uniform in elevation and in most cases important in size. The central garden is there shown planted round with trees, and having a double row, in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, from the four corners and intersecting at the centre; while on the east side only are trees planted, being placed just beyond the pavement in front of the houses, with two posts between each.

The Square has three entrances, known as Carthusian Street, Charterhouse Street, and Charterhouse Lane, while there were once gate-houses to the first and last of these thoroughfares; and in the latter an iron gateway still remains. The ground on which the Square stands is supposed to have been part of the burial-ground attached to the Charterhouse. Among the "palaces," as Howell terms them, of the Square was that of the Lord Roos, who 'verted to the Church of Rome and disposed of his property and effects in order to enter it with becoming liberality. An entry in the *Calendar of State Papers*, under date August 18, 1617,[1] records that "Lord Roos has sold his house in Charterhouse Yard, pawned his plate and jewels, and gone off secretly with his Spanish servant, Don Diego."

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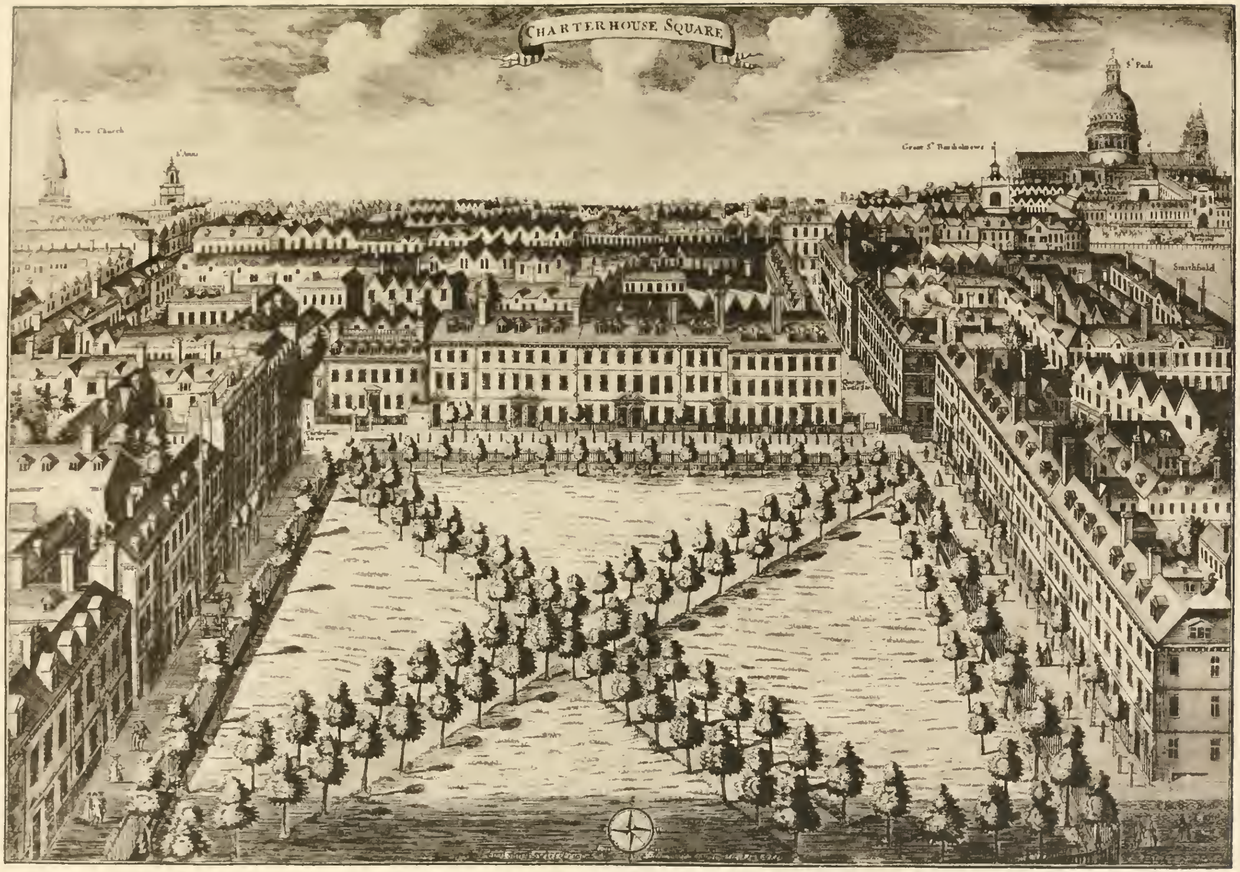
[1] Quoted in *London Past and Present*.


CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE
Bow Church
St Anns
Great St Bartholomews
St Pauls
Smithfield

But a more important mansion seems to have been Rutland House, the old town house of the Earls of Rutland, the site of which is commemorated by the present Rutland Place. Like so many old houses of the nobility in the east of London—Salisbury House is another instance—this mansion was subsequently converted to various uses before its demolition; thus we find Sir William Davenant setting up a playhouse at the rear of Rutland House, probably in an outbuilding to which the mansion itself formed an imposing entrance. This was in 1656, and this innovation to the usual puritanical habit of the Cromwellian period appears to have been brought about through the instrumentality of Bulstrode Whitelocke, who obtained the Protector's consent to a performance of a "Declamation and Musick after the Manner of the Ancients," under which solemn and portentous-sounding title it is probable that plays of lighter character were introduced to the public. The first performance, given on September 3, was, however, seemingly in character with "the manners of the ancients," for it was, as its title runs, "The Siege of Rhodes made a Representation by the Art of Prospective in Scenes, and the Story sung in Recitative Musick, at the Back Part of Rutland House, &c." The scenes were executed by John Webb, a nephew and executor of Inigo Jones, whose niece (his own first cousin) he had married. Walpole, in the slight sketch he gives of Webb, makes no notice of this particular phase of his work.

The other worthies connected with the Square seem strangely placed by the side of Davenant and his merry crew; the most illustrious was "good Richard Baxter," who, towards the close of the year 1686, took a house here; he had indeed but just come out of prison, for students of his life will remember that in the May of the previous year he had been tried before the notorious Judge Jeffreys, on a charge of libel. The remainder of Baxter's life was spent in Charterhouse Square, and here he died on December 8, 1691, being buried in Christ Church, Newgate Street.[1] Pink states that the house he formerly occupied was one of those which were pulled down in 1864, to make room for the Metropolitan Meat Market and the railway extension; its position was on the east side of Charterhouse Lane, near the Charterhouse itself. Another famous divine, John Howe, also lived in Charterhouse Square, but whether his death, which occurred on April 2, 1705, took place here is not recorded.[2] Howe, it will be remembered, was domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and settled in London in 1675, in which year it is probable that he took up his residence here. The third and last ecclesiastical worthy I am able to identify with the

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[1] *History of Clerkenwell.*

[2] In *London Past and Present* his death is stated to have occurred here on December 8, 1691; but this is an error of date, as that day saw the decease of Baxter and not of Howe.

Square is William Wollaston, the author of *Religion of Nature Delineated*, who resided here for no less than thirty years, during which time he is said never to have spent a night away from his house. Clark, who wrote a memoir of Wollaston, prefixed to his principal work, states that he died in Charterhouse Square on October 29, 1724.

Hughson in his *Walks through London*, writing in 1817, mentions that the Square[1] has been the residence—as we have seen for ourselves—of several eminent persons, "being considered," he adds, "rather as a retired place, on account of the trees, &c.," and he mentions that at No. 40, on the south side, was "The London Infirmary for the Eye," which had been founded in 1809. To-day I am only able to note that the Merchant Taylors School is within its precincts.

St. John's Square lies north of the Clerkenwell Road and west of St. John's Road, rather to the north-west of Charterhouse Square. In the oldest maps it is called St. Jone's Court, and although Hatton in his *New Remarks on London*, 1708, calls it "a spacious pleasant place," its chief interest, as in the case of Charterhouse Square, centres in the historical importance of its site rather than in itself as a square, for it occupies part of the ground once covered by the buildings of the Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The Priory, of which St. John's Gate at the south entrance of the Square is the only remaining vestige, was one of great importance in its day, and passed, like so many other monastic establishments in this country, through many vicissitudes. It is not within the scheme of this book to enter minutely into its history,[2] but as its courtyard was the precursor of the present square, this must at least be outlined for more curious inquirers to fill in with the wealth of material at hand for that purpose.

It would appear that the Priory of St. John at Clerkenwell was founded about the year 1100 by John Briset, one of the Norman Barons, together with Muriel his wife; but it was not till 1324, that its endowment with the revenues of the Knights-Templars, between whom and the Knights of St. John a long rivalry had existed, resulting in an open conflict in Palestine, made it both famous and formidable. Jesse tells us that the Pope and other Sovereigns of Europe gave to the victors in the struggle nearly the whole of the property of the vanquished, included in which was the Temple, which the Knights of St. John subsequently leased to the students of law of that period. The order suffered severely during Wat Tyler's rebellion, and Stow specifies some of their more important losses, amongst which was the Priory of St. John itself; while the prior, Sir Robert Hales, fell a victim to the fury of the rabble.

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[1] Allen mentions that during the shock of earthquake felt on February 8, 1750, in London, a woman was thrown from her bed in Charterhouse Square and had her arm broken. (*History of London*, vol. ii. p. 48.)

[2] For which see Pinks's *History of Clerkenwell*, &c., and particularly the *Guide to the Remains of the Ancient Priory and the Present Church of St. John at Clerkenwell*, by the Rev. Thomas W. Wood, Rector, and H. W. Fincham, Esq., Churchwarden, 1903.

The Priory was gradually rebuilt, however, and the last prior but one, Thomas Docwra, in 1504, erected the historic gateway which was subsequently to be connected with Sir Roger Wilbraham in 1604, and with Dr. Johnson and Edward Cave at a later date, when the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was issued in 1731. Here tradition has it that Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the learned translator of Epictetus, lodged when she was writing her articles, signed "Eliza," for the *Gentleman's Magazine;* here Johnson met Savage for the first time, and was made glad, as a well-known ancedote tells us, by Harte's commendation of his works; here Garrick made his début as an actor in the very year (1737) in which Johnson first worked for Cave. In 1813 the gate was used as the parish watch-house, and subsequently did duty as a tavern, during which period the inception of the "Urban Club," and the "Sette of Odd Volumes," took place within its walls. Although threatened by destruction, the gateway was, in 1845, saved through the exertions of Mr. W. P Griffith, F.S.A.,[1] whose name deserves to be commemorated by all who are interested in the preservation of ancient and historic landmarks, and it is pleasant to know that about twenty-five years later it was purchased by Sir Edward Lechmere for the resuscitated Order of St. John of Jerusalem, whose meetings are held in the fabric identified with some of the earlier generations of this notable association.

So far as the order is identified with the present Square, it would appear that the houses of its knights were situated on the east and west sides,[2] taking the present Square to be almost identical with the courtyard of the Priory, while the chief entrance and guests' rooms were on the south side, and the church and prior's lodgings on the north, where Jerusalem Passage now runs. In 1878 certain alterations in the adjacent streets completely obliterated the original character of the Square which, up to that date, had practically retained many of the characteristics of its earlier formation.

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[1] *London Past and Present.*

[2] Pinks states that the vaults beneath No. 19 abutted on the crypt formerly under the nave of the chapel, on the north side next to Jerusalem Passage. The houses, he further states, were built upon the foundations of the rubble wall that once enclosed the Priory court. The earliest known view of the Priory is that by Hollar, in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, dated 1661; and in Hone's *Everyday Book* is a woodcut of "St. John's, Clerkenwell, 1508," but this has been proved not to be authentic.

Apart from the literary halo shed around the old gateway itself, I am able to identify at least one illustrious inhabitant with St. John's Square, for here died, on March 17, 1715, in a house on the west side, Gilbert Burnet, the historian of the Reformation, and delightful annalist of *His Own Times*, in which work, speaking of the Sacheverell Riots, he says: "There happened to be a meeting-house near me, out of which they drew everything that was in it and burned it before the door of the house." In the alterations of 1887, Burnet's one-time residence was destroyed. Pinks, whose *History of Clerkenwell* is the great authority for this part of London, gives some interesting particulars of the bishop's old house (No. 44, formerly No. 36 St. John's Square). It was originally a large mansion of two stories, lighted by fourteen square-headed windows, and its forecourt was formerly a garden, but this was built upon with shops in 1859. The grand entrance, now a bricked passage to Ledbury Place,[1] was approached by steps, and had a portico consisting of two Tuscan columns supporting a moulded entablature. The interior contained rooms in which were very handsome mantelpieces of various designs, with ornamentation in bold relief; and a very curious fire-back representing Charles I. overcoming the Spirit of Faction (a curiously unlucky prophecy), with the date 1644, was in one of the grates. Pinks mentions, too, and gives an illustration of, a very elaborate leaden cistern ornamented with emblematical figures, and the date of its casting, 1682, and the initials "Q. B. M.," which are thought to be those of an earlier occupier of the house than Burnet. Another cistern, dated 1721, with the initial "G." surmounted by a mitre, Pinks opines to have been recast from an earlier one, by a successor of the bishop, as a memorial of that illustrious man.

Burnet's house was subsequently occupied by Dr. Joseph Towers, who failing as a bookseller turned Dissenting minister, and was once, it will be remembered, arrested for his association with a society of which Sheridan and Erskine were members with impunity. Towers died in the Square on May 20, 1799.

St. John's Square appears to have been largely connected with the printing business, for besides Cave and Towers, the sons of the Rev. Adam Clarke, whose Commentary on the Bible is still a "heavy" work on booksellers' hands, had their printing-office here at No. 45, on the third floor, where their learned father frequently lodged, "in," as Pinks says, "a suitably furnished room reserved for his especial use;" while the printing works of Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington were started here in 1757; and at the south-west corner of Jerusalem Passage was the printing-office of Mr. Dove, famous as the institutor of those *Dove's Classics* which anticipated so many more ambitious, but not always more successful, reprints. The north-west side of the Square was formerly known as North's Court, from its builder, a relation of Lord Keeper North; and Sir John North resided here in 1677 and 1680.

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[1] In Pinks's *Clerkenwell*, second edition of 1881, there is a view of the house showing this passage; but the premises are there shown as being rather the remains of what was once a fine mansion than a fine mansion itself; in the *Builder*, more recently, there was an account of the house.

Among other residents in the Square, I may mention that Dr. William Goddard who obtained from the Government, permission to sell remedies during the Great Plague. He is not to be confounded with Dr. Jonathan Goddard, who "filled" Pepys with "talk, in defence of his and his fellow-physicians' going out of town in the Plague time; saying that their particular patients had gone out of town, and they left at liberty."

Among the more fashionable of past residents in St. John's Square was numbered the first Earl of Carlisle (of the Howard branch) who was living here in 1661. A great partisan of the monarchy, he was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to invest Charles XI. of Sweden with the Garter in 1668, and was also at various times Ambassador in Denmark and in Russia. In this latter Embassy he did not meet with great success, the Czar complaining to Charles of his Ambassador's conduct, with no other effect than to elicit from the King the remark that having heard Lord Carlisle's version of the matter, he saw no reason to find fault with his conduct. Carlisle is frequently mentioned by Pepys, Evelyn, and Luttrell, and a contemporary writes of him that "he was of a comely and advantageous stature, and a majestic mien; had a peculiar grace and vivacity in his discourse, and in his actions a great promptitude and diligence." So that Charles certainly ought to have been content with him.

Here too lived, till 1670, Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, once Viceroy of Ireland, and subsequently sent to the Tower on a charge of complicity in the Rye-House Plot; where, as I have mentioned in the chapter on St. James's Square, he committed suicide. Other names of old residents are those of the first Lord Townshend, who was one of those who went to the Hague to bring about the Restoration; Sir William Fenwicke, as staunch on the other side; a Commonwealth man to the backbone; and earlier still than all Sir William Cordell,[1] Master of the Rolls under Mary and Elizabeth, and Solicitor-General at the trial of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Another one-time resident was the Earl of Ailesbury, who is mentioned in the *New Review of London* for 1728, as living here at that time. This was the second Earl, who had acted as page to James II. at that monarch's coronation, and whom Macky describes as "very tall and fair-complexioned." John Wilkes is also closely connected with the Square, for he was born here, at the house of his father, Israel Wilkes, on October 17, 1727. The house in due course passed to his elder brother Heaton Wilkes, a distiller; and in the *Public Advertiser* for September 9, 1770, the following notice records a visit of the more celebrated man to his elder brother: "Yesterday Mr. Alderman Wilkes, with Miss Wilkes his daughter, arrived in town from Brightelmstone, and afterwards dined with Heaton Wilkes, Mr. Wilkes's brother, in St. John's Square."[1]

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[1] See various notices of him in Machyn's *Diary*.

St. John's Square contains a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, situated next to Bishop Burnet's house, and erected in 1849, at a cost of £3800, by the congregation which had previously been settled at the Wilderness Row Chapel; and a church dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The fabric of the latter is modern, but the crypt is noteworthy as being part of the original Priory of St. John, and Mr. Wheatley rightly calls it "now one of the most interesting of the remains of mediæval buildings in London." It is also remembered as being the scene of the final detection of that absurd hoax, the Cock Lane Ghost. The investigation took place on February 1, 1762, and Dr. Johnson was present, as will be remembered by those who have read Churchill's *Ghost*, wherein the worthy doctor is held up to ridicule under the title of "Pomposo." Johnson printed an account of what took place round the coffin of "Miss Fanny," as she was called, who had been the protagonist in the Cock Lane deception. Timbs, in his *Romance of London*, gives a detailed account of the whole matter, while in his *Curiosities of London* he prints a communication from John Wykeham Archer, Esq., dated 1851, which is so curious that it may be inserted here as follows: "While drawing in the crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in a narrow cloister on the north side (there being at that time coffins, and fragments of shrouds, and human remains[2] lying about in disorder), the sexton's boy pointed to one of the coffins, and said the woman in it was 'Scratching Fanny.' This reminded me of the business of the Cock Lane Ghost. I removed the lid of the coffin, which was loose, and saw the body of a woman which had become adipocere; the face perfect, handsome oval, with aquiline nose. She was said to have been poisoned, although the charge

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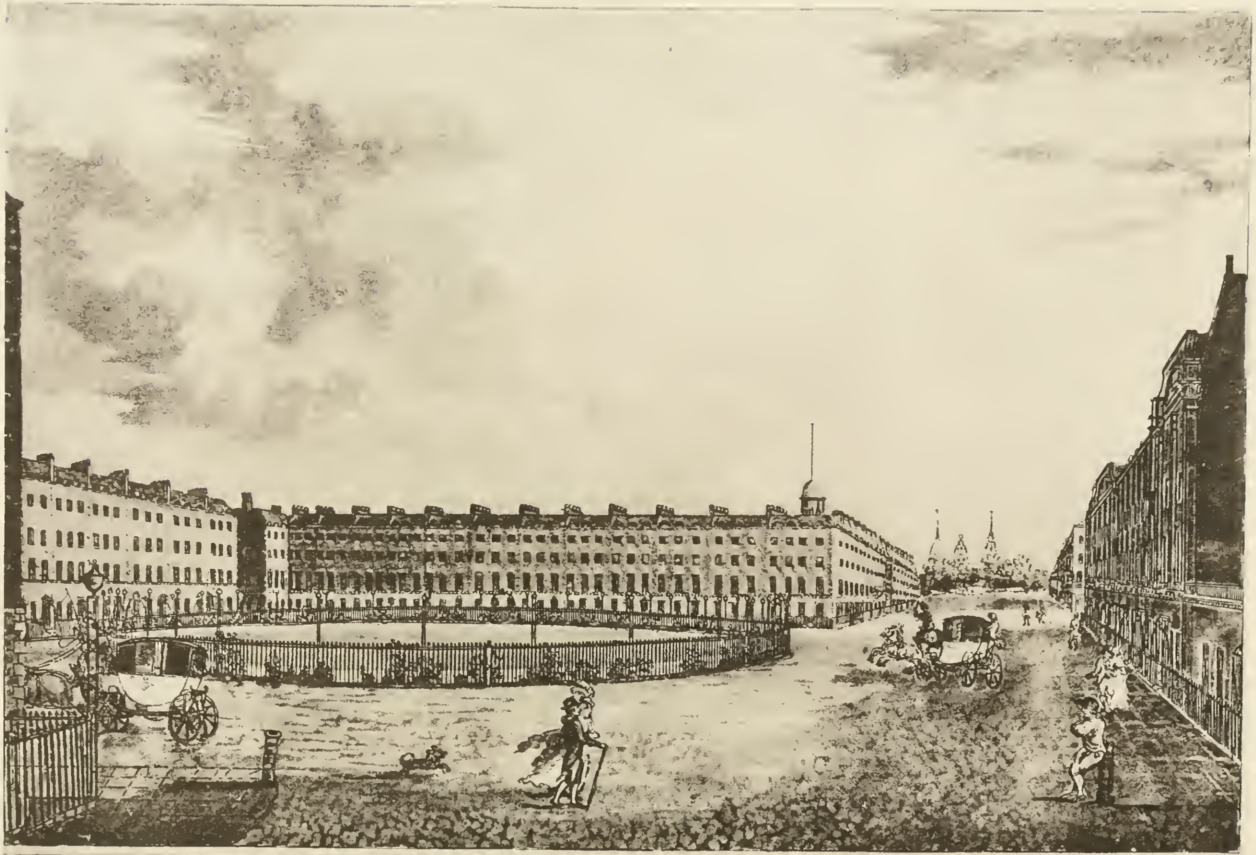
[1] Quoted by Pinks, who, I may mention, gives a long account of Messrs. Smith & Son's clock manufactory, which was then (1865) being carried on on the site of Wilkes's house, which had been previously demolished.

[2] These remains, consisting of no less than 325 bodies, buried between 1738 and 1853 were removed to Brookwood in 1894, that of "Scratching Fanny" being among them.



A VIEW *of* FINSBURY SQUARE, *taken from* ARTILLERY PLACE.

is said to have been disproved. I inquired of one of the churchwardens of the time, and he said the coffin had always been understood to contain the body of a woman whose spirit was said to have haunted the house in Cock Lane."[1]

Before taking leave of St. John's Square it may be interesting to give two old advertisements referring to houses within it; one, from the *Flying Post* of December 1699, states that "At St. John's House in St. John's Square, near Clerkenwell, are taught the Mathematics in French and Latin, Rhetoric, History, Cosmography, French, Greek, with the Propriety of the Latin tongue, pretended to by many and understood by few;" while the other is an advertisement dated January 21, 1714, which Pinks also quotes, without giving its genesis, thus: "To be Let, a new built brick house, fit for any gentleman or person of quality, in St. John's Court, near Clerkenwell, of 3 large rooms on a floor, and 2 little ones, besides small closets, with fore-stairs and back-stairs. Very well fitted up and repaired, with a court before the house and a garden; with coach-house and stables for 4 horses and other conveniences."

With regard to the description of the Square as St. John's Court, it is interesting to note that in Rocque's Plan of London, 1747, the little square is called St. John's Square, and the square proper St. John's Court. The little square, as the contracted portion of the western side is sometimes called, to use Pinks's words, was formerly known as North's Court. It took its name, as we have seen, from John North, son of Dudley Lord North, whose first wife "left him an estate in St. John's Court," says Roger North, "upon ground where the chief house and garden was placed, and now a set of fair houses are built, making three sides of a square, and is called North's Court."

FINSBURY SQUARE, which lies in a direct line east of Charterhouse Square, if not the most important of the East End squares, is the largest[2] and the most nearly approximating to the general conception of a square; indeed any one finding himself in Finsbury Square without a previous acquaintance with it, might reasonably suppose that he was in one of the West End squares; and the fact that business rather than social life now animates the place has no power, when one remembers the analogous case of Hanover Square, to destroy the illusion. Pennant remarks that Finsbury Square "does not give place in beauty, and not much in size, to the most boasted in the West End of the town," but he adds that "to the disgrace of the builders, two houses on the south side fell down almost as soon as they were built, and the rest of that side is in a most perilous condition."

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[1] Restoration in the crypt has brought to light two segments of the ancient circular nave which may now be seen. Noticeable, too, is the finely carved canopy over the west door, Michell's work, of 1723, who was also responsible for the brick front of the present church which covers the original stonework of Sir Thomas Tresham, a former Grand Prior. The stained glass arms of Robert Botall still remain in the east window.

[2] The view of the Square in Hughson's *Walks through London* gives a good idea of the uniformity of the houses.

The life of Finsbury Square is a particularly complex one. Here we find to-day solicitors and doctors, architects and engineers and surveyors largely predominating, while other businesses are interspersed among these; here is a hospital—that for Diseases of the Skin—at No. 12A; a Consulate—the Italian—at No. 44; the German Branch of the Y.M.C.A. at No. 23; while a number of Building Societies, as well as hotels, are scattered about within it, and, most interesting to most of us, at Finsbury House, the Income Tax Recovery Agency, to the elbow of whose efforts let us wish more power.

Finsbury Square on its west side is bounded by the City Road, and on the other side of this thoroughfare is the Artillery Ground,[1] which thus helps to give an additional airiness of situation to the Square, and one rarely to be met with in the purlieus of the City.

The Square was planned by George Dance, the Royal Academician, and completed in 1791, the west side having been the first portion to be laid out, with the exception of two houses, in 1777; the north in 1789; the east in 1790; and the south in the following year. In extent it covers about six acres, and it has the distinction of being, according to Walker in *The Original*, the first public place to be lighted by gas, as Grosvenor Square is notable as being the last of the squares to accept this innovation—surely another proof that indeed the wise men do dwell in the east.

The associations of Finsbury Square are not otherwise, however, numerous or notable; but it did, on one occasion, serve Dr. Johnson as a sort of apologue; for when Mrs. Burney "wondered that some very beautiful new buildings should be erected in Moorfields, in so shocking a situation as between Bedlam and St. Luke's Hospital," the doctor replied, "Nay, madam, you see nothing there to hurt you. You no more think of madness by having windows that look to Bedlam, than you think of death by having windows that look to a churchyard. . . ." "I think," he added, "a very moral use may be made of these new buildings; I would have those who have heated imaginations live there, and take warning."[1] With which sententious words it is to be hoped that the few permanent residents there are comforted. Finsbury (or, as it was sometimes written, Fensbury) Square and Circus and the adjacent ground was originally Moorfields, which we learn, on the authority of Stow, was such unprofitable property in the reign of Edward II. that the whole of it was let for the small sum of four marks a year. The opening of the City wall by the erection of Moorgate in 1415, however, seems to have improved its prospects somewhat, although then, and for long after, it was a sort of immense recreation-ground for the citizens and a playground for their children, especially patronised in winter on account of a large piece of water called by Fitzstephen "the great Fen or Moor which watereth the walls of the City on the north side."[2] This was drained in 1527, and laid out in walks in the time of James I., but no buildings were erected here till after the Great Fire of London. Immediately after that disastrous event, the wretched inhabitants camped out as best they could in the one spot at hand where no buildings attracted the fury of the flames. Evelyn mentions, in his *Diary* for September 5, 1666, the sad sight that here presented itself to his eyes. "The poore inhabitants," he says, "were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorefields . . . some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and well furnished houses were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty."

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[1] In the Crace collection is a view of the Square taken from the Artillery Ground; as well as a print by S. Rawle, 1801, showing its north side; and a water-colour by G. Shepherd, 1841, depicting its prospect "towards Moorgate."

Building on Moorfields commenced soon after this, for we find Pepys noting, on April 7, 1667, "that he went there and did find houses built two stories high, and like to stand," and he opines that "it must become a great place for trade, till the City be built." The Diarist has several earlier references to Moorfields; thus we find him on several occasions going to see the wrestling-matches which were held there; and he notices at some length a tremendous battle which took place on July 26, 1664, between the butchers and the weavers, in which the latter were ultimately victorious. From the Diarist's pages we learn, too, that Killigrew intended setting up a "Nursery for Actors" there, that is, "is going to build a house in Moorfields where he will have common plays acted," but by a later entry (February 12, 1667), we find that he was unable to carry this intention into effect.

The curious will find mention of Moorfields not only in Ben Jonson's, Shadwell's, and Davenant's plays, but in the amusing pages of Bassompierre; while Garth and Tom Brown and Gray all make allusion to the spot in connection with the second-hand bookstalls that were set up under the trees there.

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[1] Boswell's *Johnson*.

[2] *Old and New London*, vol. ii. p. 196.

That part of Moorfields known as Finsbury Fields—the site of Finsbury Square and Finsbury Circus—has an older historical interest, for here the Duke of Somerset after his return from Scotland, where he had been victorious at the Battle of Pinkie, was met in solemn state by the Lord Mayor and citizens of London on October 8, 1548; a meeting duly chronicled by Holinshed. Another contemporary but less-known Diarist, Machyn, notes various musters of train-bands at this spot, and he also informs us that on "The ix day of October was a servyng-man, (the) penters broder that was bornyd at Staynes, was bered in Morefeld be-syd the doge-howsse, be-caus he was not resseff (to receive) ryctes of the chyrche and thys lawe." A usual practice, it would seem, in such cases, and in Fox's *Book of Martyrs* there is a striking illustration of a similar ceremony. Here, too, the same chronicler mentions the appearance of the phenomenon known as march-fires "in Fynsbere feyld and in Morefeld at the wynd-mylle . . . by mony men."

At a later day, immediately indeed before the creation of Finsbury Square and the adjacent buildings, the site was used by Wesley and Whitfield for their field preaching, and vast congregations—numbering, we are told, 20,000, 30,000, and even 50,000 assembled here to listen to the eloquence of these remarkable men. These figures are probably exaggerated, however, for although Wesley in his *Journal* speaks of "a huge multitude," "an immense congregation," whenever he gives approximate figures, he never mentions more than 10,000 being present at a time in this spot.[1]

According to Pennant, the ground on which Finsbury Square stands was held from the Prebendary of Finsbury in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, and this official for the time being, in conjunction with the City authorities, granted the leases. "The late Prebendary," says the same authority, "got for himself and family about £2000 for the remainder of his lease, and it is said that the value of the rent to the Prebendary in possession, and to the City, is at this time (about 1813) not less than £6000 a year." What would the worthy antiquary say to its present value!

If we cannot identify Finsbury Square with any illustrious resident,[2] we can at least connect it with one whose sense of his own importance almost bordered on eccentricity; for here for a time Lackington, the bookseller, kept what he termed "The Temple of the Muses,"[1] at a house in the south-east angle of the Square, which had previously been occupied by Mr. Caslon, who had here set up his letter-foundry, for which specific purpose the premises were erected. At the sale of Mr. Caslon's effects, Mr. Lackington bought the house for £4100. Lackington, it would seem, never took a single step in life without calculating what measure of advertisement he could extract from it, and consequently the opening of his shop here was attended by a mild sensation carefully prepared by the new owner, for he laid a wager that a coach and four could be driven in and out of the house and round the interior of the shop, without being hindered by height or breadth, and the feat was actually performed, we are told, by the driver of the Yarmouth mail-coach; in which way Lackington was able to intimate to the public the spaciousness of his "Temple." Not content with this, he made his own coachman perform the same feat subsequently, with himself and two friends as passengers.

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[1] See Wesley's *Diary*, passim.

[2] I may note that Jeremiah Harman, one of the Governors of the Bank of England, was living here in 1797; while Dr. Birkbeck, the founder of the Mechanics' Institute, lived in a house in the north-east corner of the Square, and died there on December 1, 1841.

A propos of this carriage, a characteristic anecdote has survived to the effect that when he first set it up, he feared that the world would not know of this important addition to his state, and so he caused an advertisement to be issued to the effect that his coach-house and stables had been robbed of ten thousand volumes, chiefly of Dr. Watt's *Psalms and Hymns* (as if any mortal person would select such a book to purloin); by which he showed not only that he possessed a coach and horses, but also that his business was so extensive that a vast number of books had to be housed outside the premises in Finsbury Square.

There is no statue in the centre of Finsbury Square, but there was once talk of erecting one.[2] No sooner did the egregious Lackington hear of the proposed scheme, than he caused it to be known that he would bear the cost of it and that it should be a fine one, on one condition: that the authorities would allow it to be a statue of himself.[3] Even the taste of the later Georgian era stuck at this. If not able to preside in the centre of the Square in effigy, Lackington was at least determined that when he was there *in propriâ personâ*, the whole district should know it; to which end he caused a cupola to be added to the roof of his house, from which sprung a flagstaff; and on his arrival from his country house in the morning, the flag was hoisted, and when he left in the evening it was solemnly lowered. Lackington wrote an account of his own life, and notices of him are to be found in the various histories of booksellers, Curwen's and others, that have been written; by all accounts he seems to have been that curious compound, a shrewd business man and a conceited self-advertiser, whose egregious vanity might have made even Malvolio smile.

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[1] An aquaforte by T. Tegg, dated 1789, shows this shop, with the following inscription, "North-west Aspect of Lackington, Allen, & Co.'s 'Temple of the Muses,' Finsbury Square. The finest shop in the world, being 140 feet in front." An impression is in the Crace collection.

[2] It was originally intended to form a piece of water in the middle, but the fear that this might prove insanitary, caused the idea to be abandoned, and a garden was substituted. (Ellis, *History of Shoreditch.*)

[3] It would be interesting if we could identify this egregious personage with the gentleman who is said to have heard, at a public dinner, two royal brothers toasted as the "Adelphi"; whereupon he arose and said that as they were on the subject of streets "he would beg leave to propose Finsbury Square." See Leigh Hunt's *The Town.*

In 1794 Lackington made over his business in Finsbury Square to Messrs. George Lackington, Allen, & Co., and with the advent of the new firm the flagstaff was removed and a weathercock, probably with no motive of irony, fixed in its place.[1]

I have mentioned that, among those inhabiting houses in the Square, the medical profession is represented. Physicians are, however, now in a small minority, but at one time Finsbury Square was one of the fashionable quarters for doctors, who made large fortunes from patients who then lived in the City, but at a later date migrated westward after their day's work was done. One of these medical practitioners was Henry Jeaffreson, Senior Physician at St. Bartholomew's, who lived and died in a house in the Square; while Dr. Wigan, the father of Alfred and Horace Wigan, the well-known actors, also lived and practised here.[2]

Another City square that demands a short, but only a short, notice is Billiter Square,[3] which Strype describes as the chief ornament of Billiter Street, and as being in his day "a very handsome, open, and airy place, graced with good new brick buildings, very well inhabited." Like most of the City squares, this description held good till about the commencement of the nineteenth century, when the private houses gradually gave way to the encroachments of business. But before this change took place some important, if not exactly illustrious, people resided here. One of them was Mr. Cavalier, with whom Voltaire stayed when in England, or so at least we may reasonably presume, from the fact that the great Frenchman desired one John Brinsden to send him information with regard to Lady Bolingbroke's health, and to direct the letter "by penny post at Mr. Cavalier, Bellitery (*sic*) Square, by the Royal Exchange." Voltaire made his headquarters, while in England, at the house of Sir Everard Fawkener, at Wandsworth, but as that place was then regarded as almost country, it is probable that he stayed at various times at the houses of friends in London itself, as for instance here in Billiter Square, and, as we are told he did, at Lord Bolingbroke's in Golden Square, and further off, at Lord Peterborough's at Parson's Green, where he first met Swift.[1]

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[1] This house was burnt down in 1841. See *Old and New London*. I may mention that the offices of the London Friendly Society are in Finsbury Square, and the new buildings that house it have some fine bronze-work by Alfred Drury, Esq., on the front.

[2] Serjeant Ballantine's *Reminiscences*.

[3] The name was corrupted from Belzettar, either an owner or a builder, or both, of houses in the street and square. Stow spells the name Belzeter. In Horwood's map, 1799, twelve houses are given as constituting this square.

Another resident in Billiter Square was Nathan Basevi, the maternal grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield. The register of the marriage of his daughter with Isaac Disraeli runs: "January 13, 1802, Isaac D'Israeli, Esq., of the Adelphi, to Miss Basevi of Billiter Square."[2] Mrs. Basevi was, to quote Lord Beaconsfield's Memoir of his father, "the beautiful daughter of a family who (*sic*) had suffered much from persecutions (and) had imbibed that dislike for her race which the vain are too apt to adopt when they find that they are born to public contempt."

About the same time was living here William Manning,[3] a Governor of the Bank of England and a Member of Parliament, who married a niece of Lord Carrington, and becomes to us notable, as the father of Cardinal Manning.

Allen,[4] writing in 1828, mentions that the West India House, a large edifice with offices attached for conducting the business of the West India Docks, was situated in Billiter Square. This has since been rebuilt in the Gothic style and is now known as the East and West Indian Dock Company, and extends from the east side of the Square to Billiter Street; while the remainder of the Square is occupied by private business houses.

Another square must receive a passing notice; this is HAYDON SQUARE,[5] on the east side of the Minories. Nowadays it is practically monopolised by the goods office of the North-Western Railway Company and the offices of the Excise Bonded Spirit Warehouse, and what few other houses are in it, for it is a small square, are mostly connected with these. It is, as I say, a small square and has indeed always been so; in fact Strype merely calls it a yard; and although the name has become known as Haydon, it was formerly Heyden, being so christened from the owner of the land on which it stands, Alderman Heyden. With the following description given in Strype's edition of Stow, all there is to be said of Haydon Square has been said:—

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[1] *Life of Voltaire*, by Espinasse.

[2] *London Past and Present.*

[3] A Directory for 1797, gives his name as a resident.

[4] *History of London.*

[5] It appears to stand on the site of a former Priory of the Holy Trinity, and a spring of pure water, which once supplied this establishment, is mentioned by Timbs as existing in 1867.

"Heydon Yard, broad enough for coach or cart; at the upper end is a good large square, or open place railed about, with a row of trees, very ornamental in the summer season, having on the east side coach-houses and stables, on the west side a very handsome row of large houses, with courtyards before them, and are inhabited by merchants, persons of repute." According to Timbs, in his *Curiosities of London*, one of these "persons of repute" was no less than the great Sir Isaac Newton, who resided here during the time that he was Master of the Mint; the house he occupied being pulled down in 1852.

Two squares in the Hoxton,[1] or, as it was called in Domesday, Hocheston, district require a word. One of them, Hoxton Square, shown in Harwood's Plan of 1799, standing on ground once noted for its gardens, is an old one, and was once affected by City merchants on account of "the purity of the air." It is to-day a large enclosure with no less than 331 houses within its precincts, chiefly, if not wholly, occupied by small shopkeepers of every conceivable kind. The Rev. Edmund Calamy, the nonconformist, and grandson of the earlier Edmund Calamy, once resided here;[2] and there is a tradition that Nell Gwynne occupied one of the old houses, some of which still remain.[3] The Square itself possesses some interest in that it formerly belonged to Israel Wilkes, the father of John Wilkes, it having been part of his wife's rich dowry. The Roman Catholic Church of St Monica, in connection with the Irish Augustinian Monastery, is situated here, as well as the Parish Church dedicated to St. Peter. This was built through the munificence of the Haberdashers' Company, which owns considerable property in Hoxton, aided by the untiring energy of the Rev. F. Cardwell, the first vicar. The church was designed in the thirteenth-century style, by the late R. W. Drew, Esq., architect, and the total cost, including the purchase of the site, was about £12,000. The interior does not call for any particular notice, but the fine organ by Speechly may be mentioned.

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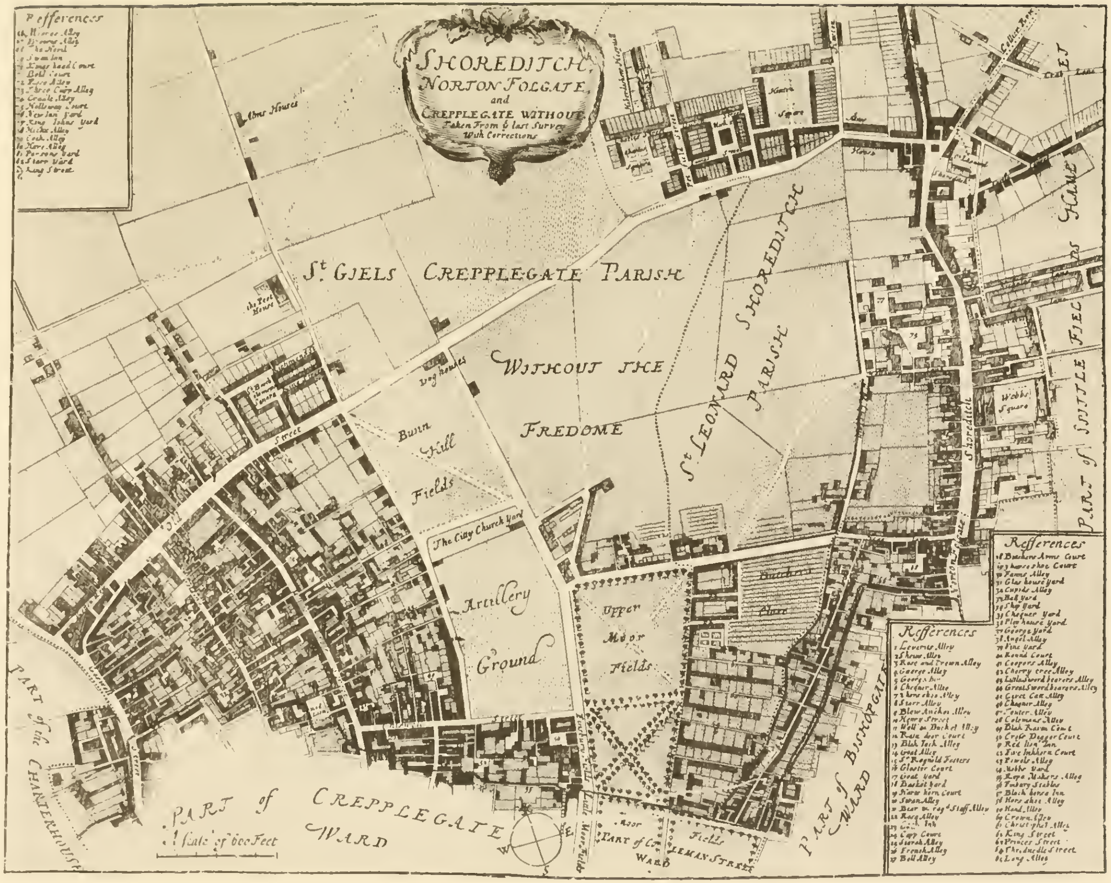
[1] Ben Jonson writes it Hogsden, and Andrew Marvell, Hogsdon. It was then a rural district largely affected, as was Moorfields, by holiday-making citizens. See also Robinson's *History of Hackney*, vol. i. p. 450.

[2] Thoresby in his *Diary*, under date of January 12, 1709, mentions walking to Hoxton Square, to dine with a Mr. Hackshaw who was then living there.

[3] From information kindly supplied me by the Rev. J. L. E. Hooppell, the present vicar.


SHOREDITCH, NORTON FOLGATE, and CREPPLEGATE WITHOUT, Taken From y^e last Survey With Corrections
St. GIELS CREPPLEGATE PARISH
WITHOUT THE FREDOME
St. LEONARD SHOREDITCH PARISH
PART of SPITTLE FIELDS
HAMLET
PART of BISHOPGATE WARD
PART of CREPPLEGATE WARD
PART of the CHARTERHOUSE
PART of Coleman Street WARD
Upper Moor Fields
Little Moor Fields
Artillery Ground
The City Church Yard
Bunn Hill Fields
Butchers Close
Webbs Square
Shoreditch
Norton Folgate
Street
Leman Street
Fields
Dog houses
the Pest House
Alms Houses
A Scale of 600 Feet
W
E
S
Refferences
48 Butchers Arms Court
29 3 horse shoe Court
30 Fanns Alley
31 Glas house yard
32 Cupids Alley
33 Bell yard
34 Ship yard
35 Chequer yard
36 Play house yard
37 George yard
38 Angel Alley
39 Vine yard
40 Round Court
41 Coopers Alley
42 Cherry tree Alley
43 Little Sword bearers Alley
44 Great Sword bearers Alley
45 Catet Catt Alley
46 Chequer Alley
47 Tenter Alley
48 Colemans Alley
49 Blak Raven Court
50 Cross Dagger Court
51 Red lion Inn
52 Five Inkhorn Court
53 Fowels Alley
54 Webbs yard
55 Rope Makers Alley
56 Finsbury Stables
57 Black horse Inn
58 Hors shoe Alley
59 Hand Alley
60 Crown Alley
61 Christophers Alley
62 King Street
63 Princes Street
64 Threadneedle Street
65 Long Alley
Refferences
1 Leveries Alley
2 Shewe Alley
3 Rose and Crown Alley
4 George Alley
5 George Inn
6 Chequer Alley
7 3 horse shoe Alley
8 Starr Alley
9 Blew Anchor Alley
10 Henry Street
11 Well an Bucket Alley
12 Rose door Court
13 Blak Jack Alley
14 Goat Alley
15 St Reynold Fosters
16 Gloster Court
17 Goat yard
18 Basket yard
19 Harts horn Court
20 Swan Alley
21 Bear an rag'd Staff Alley
22 Rose Alley
23 Cock Inn
24 Cap Court
25 Sarah Alley
26 French Alley
27 Bell Alley
Refferences
Horse Alley
The Nord
Swan Inn
Kings head Court
Bell Court
Three Cup Alley
Cradle Alley
Holloway Court
New Inn Yard
King Johns yard
Cock Alley
Moor Alley
Parsons yard
Starr yard
King Street

Until 1776, the freeholders had rights of common in the Square, but in that year the centre portion was enclosed, and trustees for its maintenance and preservation appointed by Act of Parliament. The central garden once contained a remarkable elm; and is large and noticeable. It is now leased to the Borough Council, as an open space.

The other Square of this district is CHARLES SQUARE; at No. 16 of which is now the Shoreditch County Court, and at No. 24 the Shoreditch Christian Mission House. Here once resided the Rev. John Newton, the friend of Cowper. His life was a curiously complex one. Born in 1725, his father was Governor of York Fort in Hudson Bay, and young Newton served in his father's ship and in others, and was also in the slave trade till 1755, when he was appointed Tide Surveyor at Liverpool. Subsequently applying himself to the study of the classics, he was ordained in 1764, and became curate at Olney in or about 1767, under which circumstances he became acquainted with the poet, in conjunction with whom he published the *Olney Hymns* in 1779. In the following year he was presented with the living of St. Mary Woolnoth. An *Authentic Narrative* of his early life, which he published in 1764, makes curious reading. He died in 1807, in Coleman Street Buildings. After his departure from Olney a voluminous correspondence with Cowper shows the closeness of their friendship, and this is further attested by the fact that Newton wrote the preface to the first edition of Cowper's Poems, which foreword is dated from Charles Square, Hoxton, on February 18, 1782.[1]

Besides the squares of the City and the East End which are still in existence, Maitland gives, among the forty-nine which he mentions, the names of several which have disappeared. Some of these, it is probable, were but courts taking their names from the adjacent thoroughfares on which they abutted, such as OLD STREET SQUARE, PETTICOAT SQUARE, and PLUMB TREE SQUARE; others were obviously named from individuals, probably their builders, as none of the names seem to belong to any one who has obtained celebrity; such as BALDWIN'S, COWPER'S, COX'S, GOULD'S, NIXON'S, WARREN'S, and WEBB'S SQUARES. Some of these squares are not mentioned by other topographers, and may, I think, be dismissed with this mere enumeration; as may also such squares as COLD BATH SQUARE, named after the famous Cold Bath discovered there in 1697, at Clerkenwell, where once resided that curious eccentric known as "Lady Lewson of Clerkenwell," whose strange mode of attire was the wonder of the neighbourhood, and who died here on May 28, 1816, at the credibly reported age of 116[1]; as well as Eustace Budgell from 1733 to 1736, whence he wrote articles for his friend and relative Addison, in the pages of the *Spectator;* GOULSTON SQUARE, Whitechapel, where, at No. 27, once lived William Herbert, the topographer; HABERDASHERS' SQUARE, Cripplegate, a plan of which, dated 1761, is extant; JEFFREY'S SQUARE, St. Mary Axe, where the eminent surgeon Sir Astley Cooper spent some early years (1792–1798)[2] of his career in one of its eight houses; and SPITAL SQUARE, Spitalfields, where Thomas Stothard was apprenticed to a draughtsman of patterns for brocaded silks, for seven years, and where after his day's work he was accustomed to read Homer and Spenser for amusement.[3]

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[1] See Grimshaw's *Life and Works of Cowper.*

The German Synagogue, the Central Foundation School of London for Girls, and the Home for Working Boys in London, are now to be found in the Square where Stothard's delicate genius gradually unfolded itself; and Georgian doorways carry us back to the days of hoops and patches.

On the other hand, there will be found in the London Directory a number of smaller squares which have been more or less neglected by topographical writers, as containing nothing of interest either in their buildings or past inhabitants; of these, although there are a variety of others, may be mentioned, in the Clerkenwell district, GRANVILLE SQUARE, GEORGE SQUARE, WILMINGTON SQUARE, KING SQUARE, LLOYD SQUARE, HOLFORD SQUARE, VERNON SQUARE, and CLAREMONT SQUARE; and in the City and further East End, FORD, SIDNEY, ALBERT, ARBOUR, BEAUMONT, TRAFALGAR, VICTORIA, and TREDEGAR SQUARES.[4]

Of these, Granville and Wilmington Squares lie to the east of the King's Cross Road. The latter takes its name from one of Lord Northampton's titles, and was formed between the years 1821 and 1831. At No. 7 was formerly the office of the Association for the Protection of Workers and Dealers in Precious Metals; and at No. 10, in

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[1] See an account of her in Timbs's *Eccentrics and Eccentricities.*

[2] Timbs's *Doctors and Patients.*

[3] Mrs. Bray's *Life of Stothard.* I may mention here that Ellis, in his *History and Antiquities of Shoreditch*, speaks of a house in this square, then occupied by a Mr. Pearson, and known as Spital House, where the great Bolingbroke is said once to have dwelt. It certainly belonged to Sir Rowland Vaughan "of the Spittle," whose daughter and heiress married Sir Paulet St. John, an ancestor of Bolingbroke.

[4] Some of these squares are now taken over by the L. C. C. Albert Square was opened to the public in 1906; Ford and Sidney Squares, in 1904; and Beaumont and Arbour Squares have been secured, by the Council, for a term of years.

1835, lived the Rev. W. J. Hall, M.A., the compiler of a favourite collection of Psalms and Hymns. Granville Square[1] was formed in 1841, but had been projected in 1826, and was to have been called Sharp Square, in compliment, it is thought, to the maiden name of the builder's (Baker) wife. At No. 30, then the residence of a Mr. Green, Pinks, the author of the *History of Clerkenwell*, died. In the centre of Granville Square stands St. Philip's Church, which was erected at Government expense from a grant to the Commissioners under an Act of George III. for building additional churches in populous districts. It was finished in 1832, and was designed by Mr. E. B. Lamb, the architect. Although it has little to commend it from an artistic point of view, it is interesting from the fact that in 1860, it was the scene of those anti-ritualistic riots, which occurred with some frequency at that period, and with which the name of Mr. Kensit has since been connected—riots that would seem to have for their object not only the meddling with a form of devotion disapproved of by certain noisy individuals, but the very abolition of toleration itself. It was, too, at St. Philip's that pew rents were first abolished and a weekly offertory substituted. The church is surrounded by waste ground that might well be utilised as a public garden, a scheme dear to the heart of the present vicar. King Square is on the east—across Goswell Road—of Northampton Square noticed before. It contains the Church of St. Barnabas, and at No. 33 is the East Finsbury Conservative Association's headquarters. Holford and Lloyd Squares are close together, not far east from the junction of the King's Cross and Pentonville Roads; and Vernon Square has been lopped away, to increase the adjoining road, and is no more a square; while George Square is just north of Hoxton Square and rather to the west of Kingsland Road. Claremont Square is said by Pinks, in his *History of Clerkenwell*, to have been formed between 1815 and 1825, the range of houses on the south side being only finished in 1828, and thus completing the scheme. In the centre of the Square were the reservoirs of the New River Company. Arbour Square is on the north and Albert Square on the south, of Commercial Road; Trafalgar Square on the east of White Horse Lane, Stepney; Tredegar Square north of Mile End Road, Stepney; Sidney and Ford Squares are also on the north of Commercial Road, and Beaumont Square communicates by Beaumont Street with the Mile End

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[1] Pinks, in his *History of Clerkenwell*, states that an early account of the ground on which Granville Square stands is to be found in a drawing-book dated July 1775, which shows what were known as Randell's Lime Kilns, the excavations from which account for the differences in the level of the Square.

Road. It has an extensive recreation-ground in the centre, and the Beaumont Institute, the Tower Hamlets Conservative Club, and the Stepney Conservative Association are situated in it.

There are perhaps another round two dozen of City squares to be found in the London Directory, but there is little or no interest to be attached to them. In order, however, that the curious may not have the trouble of searching them out in the official and interminable lists of streets, their names may at least here be set down. Taking those in the E.C. division first, we find AMERICA, CROSS KEY, FALCON, LIME STREET, LUDGATE, MITRE, MONUMENT, NEW, NICHOLL, PRUJEAN—which took its name from Sir Francis Prujean, President of the College of Physicians, 1650–54[1]—PATERNOSTER, QUEEN'S, and WARWICK SQUARES; while in the wilds of the further east are FASSETT, DUNCAN, GUN, NICHOLS (with St. Chad's Church in it), RATCLIFF, RECTORY, PATRIOT, ST. PETER'S (also with a church in its precincts), ST. THOMAS'S, SION, STEPNEY, YORK, and VICTORIA PARK SQUARES. There are, besides these, three squares which I might have been expected to deal with at some length, but which are judged to be outside the scheme of this work. These are CROSBY, PRINTING-HOUSE, and TRINITY SQUARES. The first has no interest except what attaches to the well-known Crosby Place,[2] from which it takes its name; and the annals of that building, with its associations both historical and Shakespearean, would alone, if adequately dealt with, fill at least a small volume. Printing-House Square is solely identified with the *Times* and the history that has grown up around that remarkable journal, although it marks the site of the ancient King's Printing-House, and was rebuilt in the middle of the eighteenth century; while the last Trinity Square, although partly surrounded by houses, is too much in the nature of a public square, such as Trafalgar and Sloane Squares, to be included in this work.

Various as they are in size, position, and association, one characteristic will be seen to be common to practically all the squares of the City and the East End—they were originally inhabited by private individuals, and they are now given over to business purposes. This is, of course, but

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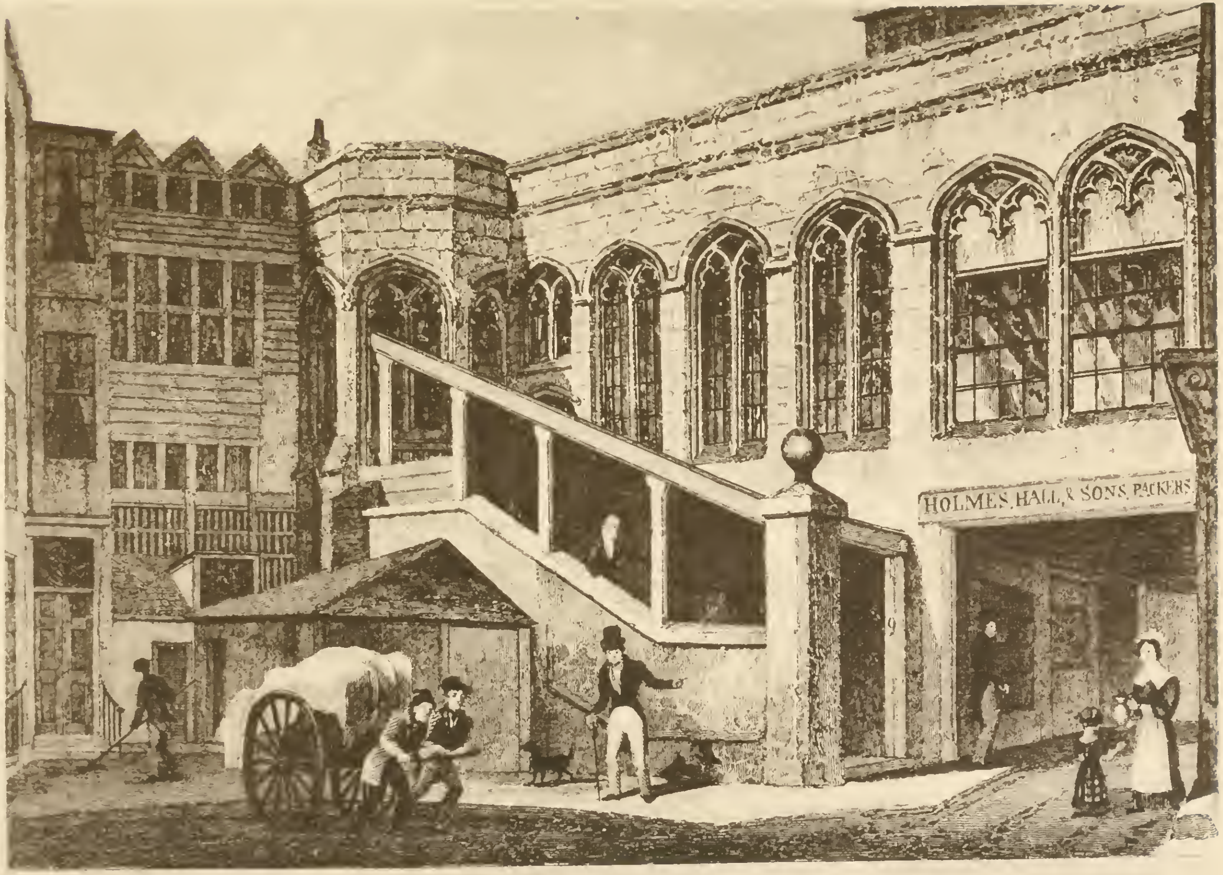
[1] *London Past and Present*, where we are told that Gunner, a fashionable hairdresser, lived, in 1783, at "Gunner's Original Academy, No. 6 Prujean Court."

[2] Some fine illustrations of Crosby Place will be found in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*. The square itself consisted of but eight houses, as we can see from Horwood's Plan of 1799.


HOLMES, HALL, & SONS, PACKERS

a reflex of the change which has taken place in the City generally, but considering the vast number of squares which are still in existence, it seems curious that there is not one which has retained its original character. Probably, were nine out of ten persons asked the reason of this they would deem the question childish, and would reply that the self-evident fact is that no one is so foolish as to live over their businesses as they did in the old days, when the facilities for getting westward or country-ward are so numerous and so constantly increasing. But there is another reason for this migration of citizens, which is not always remembered; it is that nowadays few people could afford to live over their offices or shops. Now when every square inch in the City has a certain value, the new buildings which are almost daily being erected must be paid for by vast rents which would seem to only become possible for mere residential purposes when we approach the giddy heights of the top stories; and where premises are not erected on this sky-scraper principle, then the rents are proportionately higher to meet the demands of ground-rents which, in the eyes of our forefathers, would have seemed incredible and preposterous.

NOTE ON THE SQUARES OF NORTH-EAST AND SOUTH LONDON

With a single exception, the squares of these districts, which are admittedly large and somewhat vague ones, covering two vast areas, as we look at them on a map of London, are of little or no interest. They are left unnoticed by general topographers, and even those who have given exhaustive attention to the particular districts in which they stand, have little of interest to say about them, and it is probable that their very names may be new to many readers.

The most westerly of those in the north-east is Rochester Square, which lies just to the east of the Camden Road; then there is Thornhill Square, an oblong east of the Caledonian Road, and to the north-east of this, Arundel Square. This square was formed on certain land left without title, by a Mr. Samuel Pocock, which was maintained for a few years by his trustees, as an open space. In March 1863, the trustees handed over the upkeep of the central garden and square to a committee of residents, in which manner it has since been maintained. The church connected with the Square is dedicated to St. Clement, and was built from designs by Sir (then Mr.) Gilbert Scott in 1865, the cost being defrayed by Lord Ashcombe, the patron of the living. It is of brick with dressings of Bath stone, and its interior is a handsome one, with a fine chancel arch and an effective east window. In 1903, the decoration of the chancel, pulpit, and font was carried out by the Rev. W. D. Fanshawe.

BARNSBURY SQUARE, which lies to the south of Arundel Square, has a curious pear-shaped cul-de-sac at its north-west corner, and a sort of *vermiform appendix*, called Mount Pleasant, on its south-west side; on the east it is bounded by the Thornhill Road. It is interesting to note that excavations and discoveries have proved the existence of a Roman Camp in this district.

A group of four squares consists of those called LONSDALE, MILNER, GIBSON, and CLOUDESLEY SQUARES. Of these there is little or nothing to be said, although mention may be made of the fact that the last takes its name from the ancient Cloudesley family who once possessed land here, and that the Church of the Holy Trinity, which stands in the centre, was erected in 1826–29, and was designed by Sir Charles Barry, after the model of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. It is an imposing and commodious Gothic structure, and cost £11,535. In 1902, it was restored at a cost of over £3000. At the east end of the church there is a handsome window of painted glass which commemorates Sir Richard Cloudesley. In the central compartment of the window is the portrait of a gentleman in the costume of the sixteenth century, kneeling, and beneath is the following inscription:—

> RICHARD CLOUDYSLY
>
> A parishioner of Islington, of pious memory, gave to this parish by will dated the 13th of January 1517, a certain parcel of ground called Stony-Field, comprising about 16 acres, upon part of which this church is built by the assistance of his Majesty's Commissioners for building churches, and dedicated to the service of Almighty God on the 19th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1829.
>
> To perpetuate the memory of so great a benefactor to the parish, the feoffees of the said estate have caused this window to be thus embellished.

Another square that takes its name from an old family is DE BEAUVOIR

Square, to the west of Kingsland Lane. Indeed not only this particular square but the large surrounding district, known as De Beauvoir Town, and lying to the north of Hoxton, has the same genesis of nomenclature,[1] where, as Thornbury says, streets, squares, and terraces are named from the De Beauvoir or Tyssen family (also large landowners here), their connections and alliances in endless succession. In De Beauvoir Square itself, at its south-west corner, is a pseudo-Gothic church dedicated to St. Peter, erected shortly before the formation of the Square, from designs by W. C. Lockner, the architect. The church was built by the late Mr. Binyon de Beauvoir, and was dedicated to St. Peter, to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. Peter de Beauvoir, Rector of Downham in Essex. It was consecrated by Bishop Blomfield, on July 29, 1841, and cost upwards of £10,000.[2] Other squares in this large area are known as Alwyne, Albion, Carlton, Edward, Hammons, St. Thomas's, Tottenham (or, as it is written in Domesday Book, Totanam), and Union Squares. But the London Directory is probably one of the few books in which they are mentioned.

Canonbury Square possesses a little more interest in itself, on account of the bibliographer George Daniel having lived at No. 18, and Samuel Phelps having resided at No. 8, during his management of Sadler's Wells Theatre, which expired in 1862, but chiefly on account of its proximity to the celebrated Canonbury Tower, the windows of some of the rooms of which faced the Square. The Tower is the sole remaining portion of old Canonbury or Canbury House, which is said to have been built in 1362, but the Tower itself probably dates from over two hundred years later, as it is supposed to have been the work of Sir John Spencer,[3] who took up his residence here in 1599. Its chief interest lies in the fact that Goldsmith once lodged here; while among other occupants of the Tower, which was let out in lodgings, was Newbury the bookseller, who died here on December 22, 1767,[4] Speaker Onslow, Woodfall, the printer of *Junius*, and other less distinguished individuals. Its history, an interesting one, does not here concern us, except in so far that its reflex is what gives Canonbury Square an importance not shared by the other "quadrates"—even Maitland could not have called them "stately"—which I have mentioned.

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[1] In Rocque's map of 1745, the site of the Square is shown as fields divided by hedges. The centre garden of the square was originally kept up by the tenants of the houses, but about twelve years ago was opened by Lord Amherst as a public garden, to be maintained by the Borough Council.

[2] Robinson's *History of Hackney*, vol. i. p. 180.

[3] For an account of Spencer and Canonbury House, see Nelson's *History of Islington*, p. 217 *et seq.*, where a fine engraving of the mansion, as well as one of a magnificently carved mantelpiece once in the house, is given.

[4] Mr. Austin Dobson, in his *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, has an amusing account of Newbury, who, he thinks, was probably the landlord of the Tower with, as contemporary advertisements put it, "its superlative room, having a prospect into five counties."

THE SQUARES OF SOUTH LONDON

London south of the Thames is something of a *terra incognita* to many people, for, unlike Paris, London has only one real side to its river. True Bankside and Southwark take us back to Chaucerian and Shakespearean days; while the Borough and the New Kent Road are reminiscent of Dickens at his earliest, and, as some will say, at his best; but to the ordinary Londoner, this part of his mighty City spells Waterloo and London Bridge Stations, Lambeth Palace, and, above all, Kennington Oval. Few parts are, however, more thickly populated, although it can hardly be termed residential within the meaning of the word, as understood in Mayfair or Belgravia; indeed, not to mince matters, South London is squalid and probably always will be, and yet it has wide thoroughfares, many open and green spaces, and, which here interests us and brings me to my subject, some squares.

These squares number nearly a score, at least I have only been able to discover nineteen of them, and there may be others; but as even those I shall mention have not much interest attaching to them, it is not probable that those I have overlooked, if there be any, will have more

These South London squares are spread over a relatively large area, for from Albert Square, south of the Oval and abutting on the Chatham Road in the west, to Avondale and Leyton Squares in the east, must be nearly two and a half miles as the crow flies; and from Nelson Square in the north to Brunswick Square in the wilds of Camberwell in the south, is quite two miles. The remaining squares which lie within this boundary are West Square, near the Bethlehem Hospital, Trinity Square, Merrick Square, and St. Stephen's Square, forming a small group near the commencement of the Great Dover Road; Lorrimore Square, east of Kennington Park; Addington Square, on the west of the Camberwell Road; the tiny Mansion House Square, on the east of that thoroughfare and rather to the south of Addington Square; Prince's Square,[1] to the west of the Kennington Park Road; BONNINGTON SQUARE, near the Oval; SUTHERLAND SQUARE, east of Lorrimore Square; SURREY SQUARE, near the Bricklayers' Arms Station; and UNION SQUARE, a little back square of small houses; as well as ST. MARY'S SQUARE, Lambeth, and WHITE HART SQUARE, south of Lower Kennington Lane.

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[1] Both West and Prince's Squares are shown in Horwood's Map of London, 1799, the former having a highly ornamental central garden.

It is a sad fact, but few of these squares have any historical interest attaching to them; *London Past and Present* passes them by without an allusion, and even Walford, who penetrated to these regions, one of the first that ever burst into them, indeed, mentions only two—Trinity and Nelson Squares. They are, in a way, outside London proper, but the London Directory map includes them, although some of them, it is true, will not be found in the pages of that monstrous work itself; but in a book like the present sins of commission are not, perhaps, so heinous as those of omission, and I will therefore set down what I have been able to glean about a few of these squares, and will leave the bare record of the others to indicate that I at least recognise their existence.

TRINITY SQUARE is a comparatively modern one, dating from the days of George IV. Once inhabited by well-to-do City people, its houses have now become largely lodgings once affected by students at Guy's Hospital, and others—the "others" now being in the majority, as the medical student has sought other fields. The metamorphosis of the Square is but indicative of most of the rest in this neighbourhood. The fact that Horsemonger Gaol once stood on its southern side formerly added to the sadness that seems to have overtaken it; and yet, anomalous as it may seem, the prison has had more interesting, apart from notorious, inmates than, it is probable, any of the tenements in the Square itself ever had; for here Leigh Hunt spent two years for calling the Prince Regent "a fat Adonis of fifty"; and here he was visited by Byron and Moore and Cyrus Redding (who has left an account of his visit) and Shelley and Horace Smith. Here Hunt wrote his *Story of Rimini*. It was in this gaol, too, that Colonel Despard was executed in 1802, being hanged and beheaded—surely an addition of insult to injury only possible in those unregenerate days; and here Dickens saw the Mannings executed in 1849, of which scene he has left a harrowing picture. A church dedicated to the Holy Trinity stands in the Square. It was erected in 1824, from designs by Francis Bedford, the architect, and although possessing no points of architectural beauty, is not uninteresting from the fact that it had to be built on piles as the borings showed a sort of quicksand, and also because its large portico, consisting of six fluted Corinthian columns supporting a plain entablature, is placed on the north instead of the south side of the building. The present vicar tells me that he has been informed that the reason for this innovation was because "it was thought the Square on the whole would look better"!

The vast interior of the edifice is roofed in one span, and has a panelled ceiling, and galleries round three sides; but there are no monuments of interest in it, and only three modern stained-glass windows; beneath is a large crypt used for meetings, &c. The first stone was laid by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Manners Sutton) on June 2, 1823, the ground having been given by the corporation of the Trinity House. I may add that a chancel and side-chapel were built, and the church reseated, during 1891–8.

In the centre of the Square stands a statue which Walford states to be of King Alfred. Doubt has been thrown on its identity, however, and even *Notes and Queries* invoked; the children have been heard to call it "Father Trinity," which perhaps does as well as any other name.

Merrick Square takes its name from land known once as Merrick's Fields, on which it stands. It is still more modern than even Trinity Square, and may be accounted happy in that it has no history; this state of felicity from the same causes may be predicated of the other squares I have mentioned, including Nelson Square,[1] called obviously after the great sea captain, and possessing a tavern known as the "Lord Nelson," and, for the rest, small lodging-houses and petty tradesmen; although it should not be forgotten that Thomas Barnes, editor of the *Times* during the Grey, Peel, and Melbourne Administrations, once lived in it. But Nelson Square had once a far greater resident than Barnes; for here, at No. 13, lived Robert Browning, and here he wrote the lines entitled *A Forest Thought*, which he inscribed to one of his early friends, William Alexander Dow. The poem is dated November 4, 1837, and helps to fix the approximate date of the poet's residence in the Square.[2]

Lorrimore Square, however, requires a few words, because it not only possesses a church where the first Harvest Festival ever celebrated in London was held, but also because it perpetuates in its name Lowen Moor, which once adjoined Kennington Common, on the site of which it was formed in the fifties. A brook is said to have formerly run through the Square, and a pond existed where the Vicarage now stands; while the present parish clerk used to rent part of the Square as a cabbage-garden; so recently have the attributes of the country existed in this neighbourhood.

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[1] A number of the East End squares have been taken over by the L. C. C. A list of them will be found in *London Parks and Open Spaces*—a pamphlet issued by the Council.

[2] See *Browning and Domett*, by F. G. Kenyon.

Close to Lorrimore Square stood the Surrey Gardens, or Surrey Zoological Gardens, as they were termed, which lingered till within thirty years ago; indeed many public pleasure-grounds were situated in this district in past days, such as the notorious Dog and Duck Tavern with its gardens close to where West Square now stands; the Apollo Gardens to the north, and Lambeth Wells to the south, to mention but these.[1]

Lorrimore Square was once a favourite residential quarter, but to-day it is a poor neighbourhood, and it is, perhaps, only by its superior size and the presence of a church in its central garden that it is enabled to take precedence of the neighbouring Sutherland Square and the little Alpha Square with its odd blocks of buildings.

The church, dedicated to St. Paul, was erected in 1857, from the designs of H. Jarvis, the architect. It is in the Early English style, with transitional details, and its spire surmounting the tower at the north-east angle is 122 feet high. It was in "Lorrimore Church," as it was frequently called, that under Mr. Goring, services with very High Church ritual were held, at a time when such a revival was somewhat exceptional, and a good deal of criticism was expended on the innovation by the less tolerant of those who preferred a more sombre form of worship. The Harvest Festivals, first held, as I have said, in this church, were regarded by the Low Church party as an integral part of ritualism, and feeling ran so high that it was not thought derogatory to parody the circumstance in posters prepared and paid for by the protestants. In more recent days, many of us have wondered at an equal display of intolerance, and the strange and not always dignified manner in which dissentients made known the bitterness of their feelings and the uncompromising nature of their opposition.

In our perambulation, to use the pleasant old-fashioned word beloved of earlier topographers, we have now passed through practically all the squares of London; paying them more or less attention as their varied interests, whether historical or topographical, would seem to require. In the important ones we have loitered, perhaps over-much; in many we have quickened our steps, I hope not too hurriedly, as recognising nothing to rivet our gaze or to repay minute investigation. The reader has, in truth, been taken into some strange localities, and has been induced to, as Gay phrases it,

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[1] A full and interesting account of these places of entertainment will be found in Wroth's *London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century*.

> "The silent court and opening square explore;"

but I hope it has not been, for him, an altogether unamusing or unprofitable ramble, as I am sure it has been for me, his so inadequate *cicerone*, a source of great interest and much pleasure.

INDEX OF PERSONAL NAMES

Abel, Charles F., 77
Abercorn, Marquis of, 40
Aberdeen, Lord, 17
Abergavenny, Marquis of, 336
Abingdon, Earl of, 77
Abrahams, Mr., 170
Ackermann, 104
Ackland, Rev. T. C., 314
Adair, James, 124
  Robert, 283
Adam brothers, 3, 4, 6, 7, 64, 83, 101, 206, 210, 216, 237, 251, 252, 263, 272, 281
Adams, Governor Robert, 57
Addison, 149, 165, 191, 302, 306, 307
  Judge, 320
Aders, Charles, 256, 257
  Mrs., 124
Aggas, 1, 142, 183, 202
Aikin, Lucy, 307, 308
Aikman, William, 153
Aislaby, Mr., 175
Aitchison, G., 346
Aitkin, 191
Airey, General Lord, 349
Akenside, Mark, 191, 192
Albany, Duke of, 236
Albemarle, Dowager Countess, 8
  Earl of, 14, 15, 32, 100
Alberoni, 119
Allanson, Mrs., 40
Allen, 21, 39, 110, 269, 374, 385
Allerton, Lord, 289
Allingham, 180
Allsop, 61
Almond, 28
Altamont, Earl of, 94
Althorpe, Sir H. G., 40
Athole, Duke of, 97
Alvanley, Lord, 34, 78, 339
Ames, Captain Oswald, 318
Amherst, Lord, 29
  General Lord, 98
Amiconi, 87
Amies, Felix, 206
Amory, Sir John, 266
Ancrum, Earl of, 12
Ancaster, Earl of, 342, 344
Andersen, Hans, 240
Anderson, Dr., 295
Andrea del Sarto, 137
Andrée, Mrs., 290
Andriani, Count, 76
Angelo, 28, 44, 123, 129, 150, 194, 195
  Michael, 162
Angier, John, 89, 91
Angerstein, John, 87, 158
Anglesey, Earl of, 64, 111
Anson, Lord, 68, 69
  Thomas, M.P., 86, 99
Apsley, Sir Allen, 82, 83, 101
  Sir Peter, 82, 83, 101
  Lord, 101
Arabin, Mrs., 40
Arbuthnot, Dr., 38, 39, 165, 339
Archer, John Wykeham, 378
  Thomas, 45, 186, 326, 327
Argyll, Duke of, 26, 57, 119, 154
Arlington, Earl of, 82, 87, 103, 191, 251
Armistead, Lord, 106
Arne, Dr., 133
Arnold, Matthew, 142, 284, 336, 337
Arnould, 335
Arran, Earl of, 94
Asgill, Sir Charles, 98
Ashburnham, Earl of, 85, 90
Ashburton, Lady, 338
Ashcombe, Lord, 392
Ashley, Right Hon. Evelyn, 288
Askew, Dr. Anthony, 230, 231
Asquith, Right Hon. H. H., 59
Assheton-Smith, T., 319
Atterbury, 65
Aubrey, 173, 246, 353
Austin, Henry, 240
Avebury, Lord, 87, 88
Awbry, Mary, 169
Aylesford, Dowager-Countess of, 40
  Earl of, 94, 331
Ayrton, Professor, 320

Babbage, William, 311, 325
Bach, John Christian, 77
  John Sebastian, 77

Bacon, 104
Baden-Powell, 318
Bailey, Sir J. Russell, 95
Bailie, James, 208
  Matthew, 54
Baker, John, 247
  Dr. John Hopper, 206
Balcarres, Earl of, 12
Ballantine, Serjeant, 220, 384
Ball, John, 98
Baltimore, Lord, 96, 213
Balzac, 78
Bamfylde, Sir Charles Warwick, 276
Banbury, Earl of, 175
Bancroft, Lady, 55, 57
  Sir Squire, 55, 57
Bangor, Bishop of (Dr. Herring), 309
Banks, Sir Joseph, 67, 84, 120
  Miss Sarah Sophia, 120, 121
Bannister, John, 34, 35
Barbauld, Mrs., 361
Barber, Alderman, 229
  Dr., 127
  Francis, 357
Barebone, Dr. Nicholas, 88, 173, 174
Barge, Rev. Thomas, 128
Barham, 271
  Henry, 354
Barillon, Paul, 92
Baring, 17
Baring, Sir Francis, 341, 366
  Viscount, 344
Barnaby, Sir Joseph, 333
Barnard, Lady Ann, 12, 14
  Mr., 20
Barlow, Mr., 303
Barnes, Thomas, 124, 396
Baron, B., 106, 154
Barrett, Miss, 223
Barrington, Lord, 54
  Shute, Bishop of Durham, 54
Barrow, Rev. Dr., 126
Barry, Sir Charles, 107, 392
  C., junior, 327
"Barry Cornwall," 209
Barton, Bernard, 179
  Charles, 280
  Mrs. Catherine, 165
Barwell, Richard, M.P., 91
Barwis, Cuthbert, 125, 126
Basevi, George, 342, 346
  Nathan, 385
Bassompière, 381
Bateman, Sir James, 84
  Lord, 112, 113, 114
Bath, Earl of, 130
  Marquis of, 40, 41
  Marchioness of, 284
Bathurst, Earl of, 101, 165
  Dr., 357
  Lady, 370
  Lord, 38, 39
  Sir Benjamin, 101
Baxter, Rev. C. Parkhurst, 254
  Richard, 189, 373
Bayley, Justice, 207
Beaconsfield, Earl of, 197, 198, 329
Beake, Thomas, 130
Beattie, Dr., 74, 273, 334, 335
Beauchamp, Earl, 98
  Countess, 344
Beaufort, Duke of, 40, 97
  Duchess, 18, 40
Beauclerk, Lady Di, 91
  Topham, 91
  Family, 99
Beaumont, Sir George, 32, 33, 40
  Mrs., 268
Beaupré, 21
Beauvoir, Rev. Peter de, 393
Beavan, 196
Beaver, 288, 351, 352, 354, 355
Beazley, Samuel, 124
Beckford, Alderman, 31, 122, 123, 283
Bedford, Dukes of, 25, 185, 188, 202, 225, 239, 245, 246, 249, 250, 343, 344
  Duchess of, 14, 188
  Rev. Edwin, 228
Bedingfield, Lady, 67, 70, 261, 265
Beeston, 208
  William, 360
Behrens, Henry, 319
Beit, Otto, 343
Belgioiox, Count, 269
Bell, Sir Charles, 123, 164
  Malcolm, 179
Bellasis, Lord, Lady Anne, 82, 83, 85, 86
Bellenden, 148
Bellingham, 264
Beloe, 3, 215
Beltinglass, Lady, 191
Belzettar, 384
Benfield, Paul, 40
Bennet, Sir John (Lord Ossulton), 87, 88
Bennett, Hon. A. G., 217
  Lady Isabella, 251
Benson, A. C., 301
  Lord Bingley, 44
  Thomas Stirling, 224
Benstede, John de, 334
Bentham, Jeremy, 332
Bentinck, Lord George, 59
  Lord Henry, 279
  William Henry, first Duke of Portland, 85
Bentley, 165
  Mrs., 245

Benyon, Richard, 40
Beresford, Viscount, 49
Berkeley, Lord John, 1, 2
  William, 2, 30, 114
  Charles, Lord Dursley, 84
  Hon. Grantley, 1, 11
  Mr., 306
  Lady, 2, 3
  Lady, of Stratton, 4
Bernal, Ralph, 339, 340
Bernard, Lord, 36
Berry, Miss, 10, 49, 113
Bertie, Lady Betty, 77
Besant, Sir Walter, 65, 66, 113, 117, 120, 127, 138, 140, 281, 326, 334, 350
Bessborough, Lord, 50, 51, 52, 58
Best, Lord Chief Justice (Lord Wynford), 207
Bethell, Christopher, 40
Betterton, 360
Betty, Henry West, "The Infant Roscius," 250
Bingley, Lord, 58
Birch, Dr., 357
  Mr., 54
Birkbeck, Robert, 12
Biron, 339
Black, Dr., 208
  Rev. J., 228
  Miss, 314
Blackmore, Sir Richard, 309
Blackwell, T. F., 119, 120
Blagrove, William, 360
Blake, William, 254, 256
  Mrs., 254
Blanchard, William, 354
Blandford, Marchioness of, 27
Blane, Sir Gilbert, 106
Blanquefort, Marquis of, 83, 84
Bleackley, 135
Blessington, Lady, 17, 94, 95, 283, 337
  Lord, 94, 95
Bligh, Captain, 20
  Lady Theodosia, 20
Blomfield, Bishop, 393, 441
Blore, Edward, 325
  J., 297
Blount, Martha, 19, 24
Blundel, Lord, 129
Blunt, Reginald, 194, 305, 353, 355
Boccaccio, Valdafar, 64
Bodichon, Madame, 286
Bodley, 219
Boehm, Sir E., 99
  Lady, 100, 270
Bolingbroke, Lord, 131, 133
  Viscount, 91
  Lady, 385
Bolton, Duke of, 64, 87, 214
Bonheur, Rosa, 253
Bonomi, 318
Boodle, Walter, 2
Booth, Miss Sarah, 200
Bordeaux, Duc de, 346
Borrow, George, 298
Boscawen, Admiral, 271, 273
  Mrs., 271, 273
"Bo'sun Smith," 368
Boswell, J., 29, 126, 135,232, 233, 357, 359, 381
Bouverie, Hon. Edward, 20, 21
Bowack, 304
Bowen, Mrs., 266
Bowles, John, 104, 140, 173, 366
Boyle, 12, 70, 76, 88, 208, 283, 331
  Rev. G. W., 336
  Hon. Mrs. Richard, 252
Bradfield, Dr., 326
Bradford, Earl of, 119, 345
  Countess of, 100
  General Sir Thomas, 441
Bradshaw, 173
Bragelone, Mrs. Claudine de, 305
Braham, John, 242
Braine, 285
Braithwaite, 25
Bramston, Bishop, 138
Brand, Thomas, M.P., 103
Brandenburg, Elector of, 110
Brassey, Lord, 348, 349
  Thomas, 348, 349
Bray, Mrs., 388
Brayley, 214
Breadalbane, Earl of, 248
Brettingham, Matthew, 84, 89, 102
Breun, J., 114
Bridgman, Sir Henry, 100
  Sir Orlando, 100
  Madame, 64
Bridgewater, Duke of, 107, 213
  Earl, 88, 366
Bright, Miss, 27
  Robert, 134
Brisco, 175
Brisit, John, 374
  Muriel, 374
Bristol, Marquis of, 90, 91
Brook, Lord, 64
Brooke, Earl of, 264
  Lord Willoughby de, 331
  Rev. Stopford, 284
Brooks, Shirley, 297
Brookfield, Rev. W. H., 294, 298
  Charles, 298
  Mrs., 224
Brougham, Lord, 5, 12, 14, 15, 199, 215
Broughton, Miss, 23
  Mr., 110
Brouncker, Lord, 146

Brown, "Capability," 73, 288
Brown, Ford Madox, 253, 254
  Robert, 120
  Tom, 381
  Rev. W. Haig, 314
Browne, Sir Robert, 84
  Mrs., 11
  Harold, Bishop of Winchester, 102
  General Sir Thomas, 315
  Sir William, 336
Browning, Robert, 9, 222, 223, 335, 396
Brownlow, Lord, 52, 58, 182, 344
  Lady, 100
Brummell, Beau, 78, 211, 270
Brunel, Sir Isambard, 123, 318, 332
Brunswick, Augusta, Duchess of, 67, 68
Brydges, Sir Egerton, 215
Buccleugh, Anne, Duchess of, 92
Bucke, 192
Buckingham, Earl of, 103, 117
  Duchess of, 91
Buckle, Mrs., 235
Buckley, Lady, 64
Buckstone, 292
Budgell, Eustace, 388
Buller, Charles, 337, 338
Bunbury, Sir Charles, 30
Bunsen, Baron, 35
Bunting, Rev. Jabez, 368
Burden, Miss, 181
Burdett, Sir Francis, 8, 9, 74
Burke, Edmund, 69, 134, 151, 162
Burleigh, Lord Balfour of, 288
Burlington, Earl of, 89, 194
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 179, 180, 181, 253, 313
  Lady, 291, 313
Burnet, Gilbert, 46, 118, 165, 193, 376
  Bishop, 122, 378
  the Misses, 314
Burney, Dr. and Miss, 126, 132, 134, 166, 230, 233, 273, 274
  Mrs., 380
Burrough, Justice, 207
Burroughs, J. S., 124
Burt, Miss, 314,
Burton, J. H., 64, 175, 363
Bute, Earl of, 3, 4, 5
  Lady, 50
Butler, Samuel, 28, 165
  C., 197
  Captain, 175
  Mrs., 317
Butterfield, 207
Butts, Thomas, 254
Byerley, Thomas, 93
Byng, General Sir John, 267
Byron, Lord, 16, 18, 74, 75, 96, 114, 268, 292, 337, 395

CADOGAN, Lord, 63, 98, 288, 352
  Hon. George, 350
Cæsar, Colonel, 331
Calamy, Rev. Edmund, 386
Caldwell, James, 329
Calthorpe, Lord, 40, 41
Calvert, Charles, 35
Camden, Earl of, 20
Camelford, Lord, 52
Cameron, Dr., 362
Campbell, Lord, 215
  Sir Colin, 9, 340
  Colin, 90, 119
  Sir Henry, 348
  Dr. John, 232, 233
  Thomas, 72, 74, 334
  Major-General Barrington, 284
  Mary, 334, 335
  Mrs., 162
  Mrs. Patrick, 315
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, 345
Canning, Earl, 33
  Sir Stratford, 33
Canova, 7, 16
Canterbury, Lord, 17
Canute, 178
Carberry, Earl of, 97
Carden, James, 208
Cardigan, Earl of, 263
Cardwell, Right Hon. Edward, 340
  Rev. F., 386
Carewe, John W., 143
Carington, Sir William, 289
Carlisle, Lord, 30, 31, 88, 114, 117, 377
  Bishop of, 229, 331
Carlton, Lord, 191
Carlyle, Thomas, 299, 241, 243, 320, 338, 357 367
Carmarthen, Marquis of, 97, 151
Carnarvon, Earl of, 191
Caroline of Brunswick, 265, 266
Carpenter, Lord, 27, 64
  General, 63
Carrington, Lord, 385
Carron, Abbé, 260, 261
Carstone, Richard, 237
Carter, Mrs., 273
  Miss, 358
Cartwright, Bishop, 310
Casanova, 185
Caslon, 383
Cassel, Sir Ernest, 40
Castlemaine, Viscount, 90
Castlereagh, Lord, 37, 101
Castlewood, Lady, 308
Catherine of Braganza, 174, 191
  of Russia, 157
Cavalier, 384

Cave, 358, 360, 375
Cavendish, William, Duke of Devonshire, 86
  Hon. Henry, 209
  Lord John, 20
  Lady Margaret, 42
  Mr., 120
Chabot, Charles, 178
Chalie, John, 208
Chalmers, Dr., 77
Chambers, Captain, 68
  Sir William, 68
  Mr., 125
Chamberlaine, 327
Chandos, Duchess of, 40
  Duke of, 45, 46, 47, 50, 93, 94, 140
Chantrey, Sir Francis, 16, 78
  Lady, 252
Chapone, Mrs., 273
Charles I., 25, 81, 87, 137, 144, 170, 187, 353
  II., 80, 87, 90, 100, 107, 108, 110, 121, 182, 169, 191, 221, 251, 304, 334
  V., 137
  XI., 377
  XII., 75
Charleville, Countess of, 52, 53
Charnock, 176
Chase, Richard, 314
Chatelaine, 303
Chatham, Earls of, 8, 88, 123, 273, 278, 306
Chatterley, Mrs., 293
Chatterton, 122
Chaworth, Lady, 87
Cheere, John, 58
Chelmsford, Lord, 340
Chester, Bishop, 229
Chesterfield, Earls of, 25, 26, 65, 100, 136, 148, 165, 191, 326, 358, 370
Chichester, Bishop of, 229
Child, Daniel, 227
  Sir Richard, 90
  Robert, 19
  Sir Thomas, 89
  Miss, 20
Chinnock, Dr., 292
Chisley, George, 89
Chittester, Bishop of, 331
Chorley, 335, 337
Christian V., 369
Christie, 98
Chubb, J. B., 182
Churchill, Arabella, 82, 102
  Charles, 228, 233
  Mrs. Susanna, 329
Cibber, Colley, 11, 12, 39, 128
  Mrs., 129, 133, 134
  Caius, Gabriel, 269
Cipriani, 78, 83
Claneboyne, Lord Dufferine, 58
Clanricarde, Marquis of, 99, 306
Clanwilliam, the Earl of, 345
Clare, Martin, 125
Claremont, Earl of, 20
  (artist), 89
Clarence, Duke of, 68, 248
Clarendon, Earl of, 3, 12, 98, 153, 187
Clarges, Sir Thomas, 81, 82, 96
  George, 97
  Lady, 97
Clark, Rev. Adam, 376
  Sir Andrew, 55, 69
  Sir James, 69
  Godfrey, 14
  Mr., 374
Clay, James, 279
  Sir William, 441
Clayden, 218
Clermont, Lord and Lady, 17, 18
Cleveland, Duke of, 101
  Duchess of, 107, 251
Clifford, Sir Augustus, 441
  Lord, 263
Clift, 163
Clinch, 45, 57, 128, 185, 194, 203, 228, 248, 252, 276, 277, 334, 347
Clive, Lord, 13, 252
Cloete, Montrose, 20
Clonmel, Countess, 263, 265
Cloudesley, Sir Richard, 392
Clyde, Lord, 9
Coatesworth, Dr., 131
Cobham, Lord, 73
  Lady, 73, 74
  Mr., 148
Cochrane, 340
Cockburn, Sir Alexander, 57
  Lady, 267
Cock, Edward, 2
Cocks, Robert, 77
Codd, Harrison G., 315
Codrington, Admiral Sir Edward, 340
  General Sir William, 340
Coell, Sir John, 81
Coke, 20, 43
  Edward, 89, 92
  Viscount, 288
Colbert, 146
Colbourn, Henry, 278
Cole, 151
  Sir Henry, 297
Colebrooke, Sir George, 114
Coleridge, S. T., 209, 256, 257, 300
  Lord, 247
  Sir John Taylor, 247
Collier, John Payne, 293, 325
Colley, Jane, 269

Collins, Anthony, 54
  J. Churton, 320
  Wilkie, 57, 240, 241
Collinson, James, 298
Colman, George, 123, 291, 292
Columbus, 339
Colyear, Beau, 102
Combermere, Lord, 346
Compton, Lord, 191
  Sir Spencer, 103
  Speaker, 332
Comyns, 113
Congreve, 73, 165
Connaught, Duke of, 69
Connolly, Lady Anne, 40
Conway, Earl of, 84
  Hon. H. S., 14
  Marshal, 113
  General, 115
  Miss, 115
  Moncure, 352
Conyngham, Lady, 281, 345
Cook, 241
Coombe, Dr., 194
  Harvey, 263
Cooper, Sir Astley, 388
  Sir George, 58
Coote, Captain, 169
Coram, Captain, 159
Cordell, Sir William, 377
Cornbury, Lord, 12
Cornelys, Mrs., 77, 114-117
Cornwall, Barry, 335
Cornwallis, 364
Corot, 346
Corry, Montagu (Lord Rowton), 198
Cosimo, Grand Duke, 184
Cotes, Francis, 55, 58
Cotton, Sir Robert, 20
  Sir Willoughby, 348
  Colonel, 64
Courtin, 82, 91, 92
Courtney, 21
  Viscount, 40
Coventry, Lord, 30, 64
Coverley, Sir Roger de, 343
Cowper, Lady, 24, 147
  Lord, 34, 65, 66, 89
  William, 211, 272, 387
Crace, 380
Cracherode, Rev. C. M., 331
Crane, Walter, 235
Craven, Lord, 44, 129, 130, 131, 145
  Rev. Dacre, 228
  Mrs., 319
Crawford, Earl of, 59
Crawley, Captain, 45
Creevey, 17, 217, 221, 278, 279
Cremorne, Lord, 352
Crewe, Lord, 345
  Mrs., 117
Croft, Miss, 219
Croker, 26, 54, 135, 232, 290, 291, 292
  Crofton, 354
  J. Wilson, 211
Croly, 149, 150
  Rev. George, 233
Cromartie, Lord, 149
Cromell, 291
Cromwell, Oliver, 118, 144, 173, 244, 373
Crosland, 200
Cross, 286
Cruikshank, Dr., 163, 164
Crutchrods, Colonel, 331
Cubitt, 335, 339, 348
Cumberland, Duke of, 58, 59, 134, 188, 274
Cundy, Thomas, 332, 333, 338
Cunningham, 2, 10, 12, 56, 72, 109, 121, 128, 159, 173, 191, 193, 198, 203, 219, 233, 262, 276, 360, 365, 441
Curzon, Hon. Miss, 22
  Nathaniel, 227
Czarina Anne, 75

DAGGENFELT, Count, 84
Dahl, 46, 133
Dalrymple, John, 281
Damer, Hon. Mrs., 29, 40
Dance, George, 380
Danvers, Sir John, 353
Danway, Sir John, 97
Darcy, Lord Conyers, 98
Darell, Sir Lionel, 36
Darley, Admiral, 58
Darnley, Earl of, 12, 20
Dartmouth, Earl of, 9, 87, 88, 90, 114
Dasent, Arthur, 80–104
Dashwood, Sir James, 27
  Lady, 40, 64
Davenant, Sir William, 373
Davenport, Lady, 194
Davey, Thomas, 351
David, 104
Davidson, 207
Davies, Alexander, 334
  Mary, 334
Davis, 74, 115, 290, 339, 340, 345, 347, 349
  Mrs. Mary, 82, 83, 102
Davison, Alexander, 95
Dawson, Edward, 40
  Nancy, 233
Day, H. A., 297
  Thomas, 370
Deasle, William, 235
Decker, Sir Matthew, 92, 93
Deffand, Madame du, 273

Delafield, Edward T., 347
Delamere, Lord, 58
Delaney, Mrs., 70, 73, 132, 136, 271, 272
Delavel, Lord, 66
Delmé, Peter, 27, 30, 31, 138
  Lady Betty, 162
De Manneduke, Dr., 194
Denman, Lord, 221
Denton, Sir Edmund, 84
Denys, Hon. Lady Charlotte, 288
  Mr., 288
Derby, Earls of, 31, 40, 86, 94, 95
  Lady, 32
De Saussure, 184
Desnoyers, 150
Despard, Colonel, 395
Despenser, Lord Le, 74, 75
Deval, John, 198
De Vere, Aubrey, 86
Deverell, Walter H., 179
Devonshire, Dukes of, 2, 9, 88, 209, 363
  Duchess of, 18, 363
Dewes, Mrs., 66
De Wilde, 260
Dibdin, Charles, 167
  Dr., 64
  R. W., 223
  Thomas, 260, 367
Dickens, Charles, 57, 77, 139, 197, 209, 220, 238–247, 329
  John, 26
Dickenson, Mrs., 57
Digby, Lord, 4
Dilke, Sir Charles, 354
Dillon, Lord, 113
Diprose, 291
Disraeli, Isaac, 197, 311, 385
Dobbin, Sir William, 226
Dobie, 202, 208, 212, 224, 243, 245
Dobson, Austin, 177, 393
Dockra, 365
Docwra, Thomas, 375
Dodd, Dr., 370
Dodimy, 52
Dodington, Bubb, 26, 148, 149
  Eliza, 130
Dodsley, 46, 186, 192
Domett, Alfred, 335
Dominicque, Paul, 165
Donaldson, Sir George, 206
  T. L., 243, 327
Donegal, Marquis of, 88
  Lady, 54
Donnellan, Mrs., 66
Doran, Dr., 11, 12, 22, 83, 149, 250
Dorchester, Countess of, 102
Dorset, Earls of, 72, 191, 359
  Duke of, 102, 180
Dove, 377
Dover, Lord, 14
Douce, Francis, 311
Douglas, Bishop, 127
Dow, W. A., 396
Dowden, 337
Downe, Viscount, 97
Downshire, Marquis of, 70
Drage, Geoffrey, 280
Drake, William, 40
Drew, R. W., 386
Drummond, Henry, 135
  Lady Harriet, 345
Dryden, 72, 144, 360, 361
Dubost, 16
Ducie, Earl of, 264, 345
Duckenfield, Lady, 194
Dudley, Lord, 75, 218
Duff, Sir M. Grant, 21
Dufferin, Lord, 33
Duncombe, Sir John, 83
Dunmore, Lord, 4, 64
Durham, Lord, 40, 41
  Bishop of, 64
Dyson, 191, 192

EASTLAKE, Sir Charles, 252, 253
  Lady, 253, 253
Eaton, Rev. S., 228
Edgcumbe, Lord, 117
  Hon. Richard, 30
Edward the Confessor, 347
  I., 334
  II., 381
  IV., 116
Edwards, 37
Egerton, Earl of, 91
  Colonel, 40
  William, 40, 91
Eglinton, Earl of, 96
Egmont, Lord, 149
Elcho, Lord, 288
Eldon, Lord, 38, 202–206
Eliot, Lord, 87
  Sir John, 87, 197, 221
  George, 285, 286
Ellenborough, Earls of, 17, 99, 194, 195, 340
  Lord Chancellor, 97
Ellesmere, Earls of, 107, 344
Ellice, Sir Charles, 441
Elliot, Right Hon. Hugh, 267
Ellis, Sir Henry, 207
  Mr., 383
Elmes, 327
Elwes, Sir Hervey, 264
  J. M., 263
Ely, Talfourd, 222
  Mrs., 222

Emerson, 207, 371
Emperor Toma, 328
Empress Maria Theresa, 134
England, Dick, 166
Ernley, Sir John, 84
Espinasse, 385
Essex, Earls of, 64, 97, 101, 144, 145, 343, 344, 377
Etheridge, 189
Etty, 219
Evans, General, 63
  Rev. T. S., 314
  Anne, 315
Evelyn, John, 1, 2, 3, 121, 146, 153, 167, 183, 184, 187, 367, 377, 381
Eyre, Lieutenant-Colonel, 9
  General, 9
  Mrs., 9

Faber, 222
Fagniani, Maria, 51, 282
Fairfax, Sir William, 75
  Lady, 75
Fairholt, F. W., 290
Fairthorne, 81, 143, 144
Falconberg, Lord, 118, 119
  Viscount, 129
Falkland, Lord, 64
Falmouth, Lord, 88
  Lady, 136
Fane, Lady Sarah, 19
  Colonel John, 64
Fanshaw, Rev. W. D., 392
Faraday, 311
Farran, Miss, 31, 32
  William, 293
Farmer, Dr., 231
Farquhar, Lord, 40, 41
Fauconnier, 180
Faulkner, 235, 302, 303, 305, 310, 347, 353
Fauntleroy, Henry, 278
Fawcett, 125
Fawkes, Guy, 37
Fawkener, Sir Everard, 96, 385
Fellows, 222
Felton, Lavinia, 214
Fenwicke, Sir William, 377
Feversham, Earl of, 84
Fielder, 441
Fielding, Sir John, 117, 149
  Henry, 5, 50
Fife, Duke of, 267
  Duchess of, 267
  Earl of, 55
  Lady, 57
Finch, Lady Bell, 12
  Lady Betty, 14
  Lady Charlotte, 14
Finch, Lady Elizabeth, 44
  Lady Isabella, 14
  Saville, 58
  Hon. William, 14
Findlater, Lady, 67
Fish, 22
Fisher, Edward, 155
  Jasper, 364
Fitzgerald, 28
Fitzhardinge, Lord, 22
Fitzherbert, Mrs., 11, 18
Fitzmaurice, Lord Edmund, 33
Fitzpatrick, Lady Anne, 267
Fitzroy, Charles (Duke of Grafton), 251, 255
  Admiral Robert, 297
Fitzwilliam, Earl, 40, 41, 91
  Viscount, 93
  Dr., 188
  Edward, 292
  Mrs., 292
Flaxman, 16, 113, 256, 257
Fletcher, of Saltoun, 154
Flower, Sir Charles, 216
Foley, Lord, 18, 64
Folkestone, Lord, 17
Fontana, 171
Foote, 155, 371
Forbes, 273
Forster, 197, 220, 240, 241, 362
  Mrs., 203
Fortescue, J. B., 14
Fothergill, Dr., 13
Fountaine, Sir Andrew, 166
Fox, C. J., 4, 8, 9, 16, 18, 48, 134, 137, 201
  Caroline, 311, 312
  George, 57
  Sackville, W. L., 88
Fox-Burgoyne, Field-Marshal Sir John, 321
Francis I., 137
Francis, Sir Philip, 95, 100
Francklin, Thomas, 331
Franklin, Dr., 159
  Benjamin, 194
Fraser, Sir W., 38, 208, 346
  Dr., 145
Frederick, Prince of Wales, 67, 84, 148, 149, 150, 170
Freeling, Sir Francis, 279
French, 169
Freshfield, Edwin, 225
Frith, Richard, 56, 98, 277
Froude, 357
Fulford, 291
Fuller, Isaac, 199
  Rev. Thomas, 342
Fullerton, Lady Georgina, 319
Furness, Henry, 64
Fyvie, 371

Gainsborough, Earl of, 49, 306
  Thomas, 4
Gallini, Sir John, 76, 77
  The Misses, 77
Galloway, Earl of, 336
Galway, Lord, 117
Gamble, Ellis, 157
Gardelle, Theodore, 154, 155
Gardiner, Mrs., 358
Garnett, Dr., 199
Garrick, David, 27, 123, 133, 134, 273, 358, 371, 375
Garth, 381
Gartshore, Mrs., 252
Garvagh, Lord, 267
Gascoign, Sir Thomas, 169
Gascoigne, Mrs., 348
Gaskell, Lady Catherine, 266
  Mr., 266
Gay, 39, 106, 154, 165
Gayfere, Thomas, 328
Gaze, Sir W., 64
Genest, 68
George I., 25, 39, 72, 104, 147, 154, 170, 188, 350
  II., 25, 47, 67, 93, 103, 108, 112, 140, 148, 150, 326
  III., 4, 21, 36, 67, 77, 148, 150, 151, 203, 215, 269, 273, 370
  IV., 9, 20, 44, 70, 202, 218, 220, 255, 281
George William, Prince, 147
Gerard, 137
Germain, Sir John, 99
  Lady Betty, 99, 165
Gibbon, 5, 28
Gibbons, Grinling, 112
  Orlando, 208
Gibbs, Herbert C., 266
  Sir Vicary, 216
  Mr., 43
Gibson, 253
Gifford, 120, 247
  Stanley Lees, 368
Gilchrist, 219
  Mrs., 253
Gillett, 363
Gillray, James, 186, 354
Gilman, 257
  Mrs., 257
Gladstone, W. E., 94
Glascock, Captain, 294
Gliddon, Mrs., 301
Gloucester, Duke of, 116
Glover, "Leonidas," 149
Goddard, Dr. William, 377
Godding, James, 343
Godolphin, Lord, 174
Godwin, George, 162, 259, 294
Godwin, William, 259, 260
Goethe, 7
Goldsmid, Lady Louisa, 266
Goldsmith, 4, 12, 362
Goodenough, 121
Gordon, Duke of, 242, 346
  Duchess of, 99
  Lord George, 106
Gore, Hon. Captain, 227
  Charles, 15
  Lady, 70
Goring, 397
Gosling, George, 206
  Mrs., 206
  Lydia, 206
Gotzenberger, 256
Goulbarn, Rt. Hon. Henry, 276
Gounod, 240
Gouvermet, Marchioness de, 98
Gower, Lord Ronald, 56, 147
Grafton, Duke of, 87, 97
  Duchess of, 87, 88
Graham, Baron, 207
  Dr., 264
Grammount, de, 190
Granby, Lord, 4
Grandison, Earl of, 115
  Sir Charles, ix, 105
Granger, 118
Grant, Baron, 129, 171
  Donald, D.D., 328
Grantham, Lord, 88, 97, 147
Granville, Lord, 53, 71, 72, 97
Grattan, 127
Gray, Sir George, 441
  J. M., 73, 74, 157, 187, 232, 381
Greatorex, 77
Green, Edward, 350, 389
  Dr. Samuel, 228
  J. R., 312
  Mrs. J. R., 312
Greig, Rev. George, 325
Granville, Thomas, 106
  W. W., 102
Greville, Hon. C., 263
  Charles, 17, 220, 345
  Hon. Francis, 91, 264
  Henry, 9, 10, 33, 37, 138, 293, 338, 339, 344
Grey, Anthony, 88
  Earl, 15, 99, 153, 267, 268, 331
Griffinburgh, Mrs., 213
Griffith, Bishop, 138
  W. P., 375
Grignion, 154
Grimshaw, 387
Grimston, Lord, 40, 114
Gronow, Captain, 339
  Mr., 34, 102, 268, 271

Groom, William, 224
Grossmith, George, 225
  Weedon, 206
Grosvenor, Earl, 40, 331
  Hon. Thomas, 58
  Sir Richard, 25, 39, 158
  Sir Thomas, 334
  Mrs., 40
Grote, 346
Guadagni, 117
Guerchy, Comte de, 113
Guernsey, Lord, 27
Guest, A. R., 208
Guiccioli, Countess, 157, 167,
Guiche, Duc de, 346
Guildford, Earl of, 30
  Countess of, 30
Guinness, Hon. Rupert, 95
  Lady Gwendolen, 95
Gunnell, Richard, 360
Gunter, 20
Gurney, Hudson, 95
Gwynn, John, 156
Gwynne, Nell, 333

HACKETT, 94
Hackman, 209
Haggitt, Rev. D'Arcey, 328
Hakewell, Henry, 441
Hallam, 7
Hale, Judge, 178
Hales, Sir Robert, 375
  Lady, 58
Halifax, Earl of, 27, 82, 84, 98, 100, 346, 347
  Countess, 84
Hall, Rev. W. J., 389
  S. C., 198, 301
Halsbury, Earl of, 368
Halsey, Edmund, 74
Hamilton, Duke of, 85
  Duchess, 12, 117
  Marquis, 365
  Lady Anne, 265, 266
  Sir Robert, 305
  Sir William, 264
  Lady, 56, 264
  Elizabeth, 264
  Rev. Dr., 314
  Antony, 98
  Gavin, 7
  Godfrey, 236
  William G., 69
  "Single Speech," 196
Hampton, Lord, 441
Handel, G. F., 133
Hanover, Elector of, 110
Hansard, Luke, 208
Hanson, 18
  Miss, 18
Hanway, Jonas, 176, 177, 178, 370
Harcourt, Earl of, 44, 45, 58
  Countess, 263
  Clarence, 208
Hardie, Martin, 157
Hardman, 258
Hardwicke, Earl of, 88, 266
  Lord Chancellor, 27
  Mr., 342, 343
Hare, 21
Harewood, Earl of, 65
Harley, Lord, 43
  Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, 43
  Dr., 131, 165
Harness, 222
Harrington, Earl of, 249
  Lady, 117
Harrison, 10, 199, 203, 278, 301, 334
  Frederick, 277
  Harris, William, 206, 360
Harrowby, Lord, 36, 37, 38, 270
Harte, 375
Harvey, Mrs., 213
Hastings, Warren, 134
Hatton, 80, 110, 129, 131, 176, 330, 364, 374
Hawkesbury, Lord, 269
Hawksworth, Dr., 358
Haversham, Lord, 33, 34
Hay, Sir J. C. Dalrymple, 333
Haydon, 15, 20, 32, 33, 43, 56, 219, 270, 284
Hayley, 56
Hayter, Sir Arthur, 40
  Sir George, 284, 285
Hayward, 4, 7, 8, 36, 53, 441
  Abraham, 53, 349
Hazlitt, 107
Head, J. G., 285
Heathcote, Sir Gilbert, 178
  Sir John, 100
  Sir William, 94
  Lady, 40
Heath, Judge, 207
Heatley, Tod, 22
Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, 44
Henley, 277
Hennell, Sara, 286
Henry VIII., 184
Henry, Prince of Wales, 143
Herbert, Right Hon. Sidney, 346
  William, 346
Hereford, Lord James of, 289
Herring, Archbishop, 303
  Mr., 348
Heron, Sir Richard, 40
Hersey, Rev. Dr. Francis, 314
Hertford, Earl of, 36, 119

Hertford, Marquis of, 281, 282
  Lady, 281, 282
Hervey, Lord, 25, 27, 47, 67, 119, 150
  John, 90, 147, 148, 149
Hewers, Mrs., 64
Heyden, Admiral, 386
Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, 210
Higgins, M. J., 340, 348
Hill, Clement, 70
  Constance, 166
  Rowland, 320
  Mr., 327
  Viscount, 345
Hillsborough, Lord, 64, 70
Hillyard, Francis, 2
Hilton, 441
Hoare, Sir Henry, 94, 95
  Sir Richard, 95
  Prince, 241
Hobart, Lord, 87
  Mr., 117
Hobhouse, John Cam, 74
Hodder, 296
Hodson, Miss, 178
Hogarth, 6, 55, 141, 142, 153–159, 167, 231, 362
Hogg, Dr. Jabez, 206
Holdernesse, Lord, 66
Holinshed, 382
Holland, Earl of, 144, 145
  Lord, 30, 47, 48, 103, 150
  Sir Henry, 120, 344
  Mr., 288
Hollingshead, John, 142, 166, 167
Holman, 125
Holroyd, Justice, 221
Holt, Lord Chief Justice, 176
Hood, Tom, 241
Hook, Sir Hele, 305
  James, 126
  Theodore, 17, 106, 126, 270, 271, 282, 358
Hooker, 335
Hope, Anthony, 210
  Henry, 48, 49, 64
  Thomas, 15, 16, 48
Hopetoun, Lord, 48
Hopkins, 249
  Mrs., 249
Horn, Count Frederick de, 137
Horn, Rev. T. H., 199, 200
  Thomas, 369
Horner, Thomas, 370
  Miss, 76
Horwood, 40, 49, 202
Hotham, Admiral Sir F. C., 36
  Baron, 194
Houghton, Lord, 138
Hough, Bishop, 303, 310
Howard, Lord, 114
  Lady, 30, 153
  Mrs., 148
Howe, Countess, 263
  John, 373
Howell, John, 100, 372
Howes, 360
Howley, Bishop, 441
Hoyle, Edmund, 53, 234
Hughes, 241
Hughson, 64, 267, 374, 379
Hulse, Edward, 263
Humble, Lady, 331
Hume, Joseph, 279
Humphrey, Ozias, 292
Hunloke, Lady, 283
Hunt, F. W., 263
  Holman, 208
  Leigh, 28, 198, 289, 300, 301, 358, 395
  Thornton, 301
Hunter, Dr. John, 142, 163, 164, 171, 207, 222
  Rev. Joseph, 247
Hurd, Bishop, 27
Hurley, Samuel, 370
Hutchins, 285
Hutchings, 352, 353
Hutchinson, Dr. Jonathan, 53
  Barry, 224
  Mr., 20
Hutton, 10, 123, 198, 295, 326
Hyde, Henry (Earl of Oxford), 83
  Henry (Earl of Clarendon), 89
  Lawrence (Earl of Rochester), 83, 96

Inchbald, Mrs., 166, 300
Inchiquin, Earl of, 162
Ingestre, Viscount, 284
Inglesby, Sir Henry, 110
Inglis, Sir Robert, 207
Inwood, William, 248, 328
Ireton, General, 173
Irvine, Viscount, 281
Irving, Rev. Edward, 242, 243, 248, 367
Irwin, Sir John, 103
Isaacs, 213

Jackson, 344
James I., 112, 365, 381
  II., 59, 92, 100, 191, 302, 308, 378
James, Mr., 50, 171
Jameson, Mrs., 209, 252
Jansen, Sir Theodore, 64, 330
Jarvis, H., 397
Jefferies, Richard, 189, 277
Jefferson, 318, 384
Jekyll, 5, 204
Jennins, William, 40
Jephson, Miss, 16

Jerdan, William, 128, 137, 279, 289, 295
Jermyn, Henry (Earl of St. Albans), 81–89
  Henry (Earl of Dover), 92
  Hon. Thomas, 82, 83, 99
Jerningham, Sir Edward, 36
  Lady, 67, 136, 265
  Chevalier, 261
Jerrold, Douglas, 241, 301
Jersey, Earls of, 19, 20, 27, 40
  Lady, 20, 48
Jervas, 6
Jesse, 3, 19, 30, 48, 50, 118, 130, 131, 189, 229, 360, 374
Jodrell, Paul, 227
Joicey, Sir James, 289
Johns, Miss, 268
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 26, 29, 72, 105, 125, 135, 136, 156, 164, 192, 232, 244, 273, 274, 356, 358, 362, 370, 375, 378
  Brimley, 16
  J. (architect,) 251
Johnston, Charles, 74
Jones, Dr., 124
  Inigo, 49, 184, 194, 373
  Sefton, 210
  Sir William, 58, 189, 231
  W. A., 208
Jonson, Ben, 381
Jordan, Mrs., 68, 75, 258
Joseph, 83
Junius, 188

Kaufmann, Angelica, 83, 129, 136, 137, 206, 216
Kean, Charles, 246, 247
Keeley, Mrs., 293
Kelk, Sir John, 101
Kelly, Dr. C., 348
  Hugh, 358
  Mrs., 353
Kemble, Charles, 35, 123
  Fanny, 123, 209, 225, 250, 298, 317, 345
Kemp, C. E., 333, 345
Kendal, Duchess of, 25, 26
Kendall, H. E., 344, 345
Kenmare, Earl of, 265
Kennet, Bishop, 2
Kensington, Lord, 299
Kensit, John, 389
Kent, 2, 12, 14, 39, 222, 263
Kent, Duke of, 88, 89, 98
  Duchess of, 345
Kenyon, Hon. E., 298
  F. G., 396
Kerr, 137
Kerslake, Sir John, 234
Kildare, Earl of, 84, 98
Kilmansegge, Count, 62, 114, 184, 185
Kines, Andrew, 371
King Alfred, 178, 396
King John, 122
King, Gregory, 110
  Dr., 347
  Mrs., 155
Kingsley, Rev. Charles, 351
Kinnaird, Lord, 95
Kintore, Earl of, 288
Kitton, 240, 260
Knapton, 55, 58
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 232
Knight, Charles, 242
  Payne, 8, 124
  Thomas, 84
  (author), 120, 130, 275, 276, 278, 281
  Mrs., 138
Knightley, 175, 176
Knowles, Sir James, 144, 171
Knyvett, 77
Kosciusko, 157

Lackington, 383, 384
Lacy, Walter, 290
Laguerre, 154
Lamb, Lady Caroline, 51
  Charles, vii, 124, 178, 179, 242, 257
  Mary, 124
  E. B., 389
Lambert, 43, 66
  Daniel, 166
  Judge, 178
Lamplugh, Rev. Dr., 308
Landor, W. S., 223, 257
Landseer, Sir E., 252, 253
Lane, 44, 158
Lang, Andrew, 280
Langham, Sir James, 54, 58
Langton, 358
Langtry, Mrs., 351
Lansdowne, Marquis of, 4, 5, 6, 7, 21
Larking, Mrs., 288
Lascelles, Beau, 65
Lathom, Earl of, 279
Laurie, Sir Peter, 259
Lauriston, General, 269
Lawes, 186, 187
Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 6, 155, 218, 219
  Justice, 207
Lawson, Captain, 175
  Cecil, 352
  F. W., 288
Layer, Lawyer, 65
Leader, M.P., 346, 348
Leake, 303
Lear, John, 260
Lechmere, Sir Edward, 375
Lecouvreur, Adrienne, 177

Lee, Sir George, 94
  Jack, 78
Leech, John, 244
  Miss, 244
Leeds, Duke of, 40, 85, 88, 102, 151, 267
Lefevre, Rt. Hon. Shaw (Lord Eversley), 279
  Dr., 103
Legg, Rev. Stanley, 245
Leicester, Earls of, 4, 40, 64, 96, 114, 144, 145, 146
Leigh, Lord, 264
  C. Austen, 288
Leighton, Lord, 6, 346
Leland, 69
Lely, Sir Peter, 98
Lemon, Mark, 241
Lennox, Lord W. Pitt, 7, 9, 70
  Lady Sarah, 48
Leroux, 260
Leslie, 151, 160, 279
L'Estrange, Rev. A. G., 355, 356
Le Sueur, 170
Lewes, G. H., 286
Lewis, W., 244
Lever, Sir Ashton, 151, 152, 167
  Charles, 151
Levett, 358
Lichfield, Bishop of, 129
Liddell, Anne, 97
Lincoln, Earl of, 85, 189
Lindsay, Lady Anne, 12
Linnell, 256
Linwood, Miss, 78, 169
Lisburne, Lord, 30
Lisle, Lord, 143, 146
Lister-Kaye, Sir John, 284
Liston, John, 294
Litchfield, Lord, 64
Littledale, Justice, 206
Liverpool, Earl of, 90, 91
Lloyd, Sir Richard, 351
  Bishop, 153
  Miss, 298
Locke, 359
Lockhart, 247
Lockner, W. C., 393
Lodge, Edmund, 200
Loggan, David, 155
London, Bishop of, 85
Londonderry, Lord, 64
Long, Canon, 128
  Edwin, 289
Loraine, Lord, 263
Lord, Thomas, 280
Lough, John Graham, 284, 285, 318
Loughborough, Lord, 202
Louis Philippe, 71
Louis of Bavaria, 195
Louis XIV., 59
Loutherbourg, De, 185
Lovat, Lord, 158
Lovelace, Earl of, 96
Lowe, Rt. Hon. Robert (Lord Sherbrooke), 349
  Hon. Colonel, 227
Lowndes, William, 347
  Madame, 331
Lubbock, Sir John, 88. *See* Avebury
Lucas, 223
Lucy, Sir Fulke, 82, 97
  Lady, 34
  Charles, 113
Luffman, 325
Lushington, Sir Henry, 207
  Vernon, 315
Luttrell, Narcissus, 84, 92, 94, 108, 111, 169, 173, 174, 175, 176, 186, 187, 189, 266, 292, 293, 305, 306, 366, 377
Luxmore, Rev. J., 228
Lyall, Sir Charles, 76
Lyndhurst, Lord, 17, 38
Lyons, Emma (Lady Hamilton), 264
Lyttelton, Lord, 49, 268, 269, 273, 294
  Sir Richard, 47
Lytton, Lord, 23, 35, 241, 277, 346
  Mrs. Bulwer, 277
Lysons, 263

Macarteney, Lord, 232
Macaulay, 7, 13, 98, 108, 166, 187, 343
  Mrs., 358
  Zachary, 233
Macclesfield, Earl of, 58, 95, 114
Macfarren, Sir Walter, 78
Machyn, 23, 377, 382
Mackail, 180, 234, 235
Mackay, 42
Mackean, Rev. Herbert, 342
Mackworth, Sir Herbert, 54
Macky, 133, 378
Maclise, 346
Macpherson, Sir John, 289
Macready, 200, 220, 223, 241, 243, 278
Madden, 52, 337
Maginn, 346
Maguire, Rev. Robert, 368
  Rochfort, 107
Maitland, 43, 110, 227, 358, 370, 387
Malcolm, 25, 40, 62, 73, 75, 362
Mallett, 149, 154
Malmesbury, Lord, 96, 346
Malone, 70, 244, 365
Manchester, Dukes of, 19, 280, 281
  Duchess of, 20, 40
Manley, Mrs., 230
Mann, 136

Manners, Sir Roger, 364
  Lady, 40
  Lady Dorothy, 306
Manning, Cardinal, 322, 385
Mansel, Lord, 114
Mansfield, Lord, 186, 195, 196, 197
Mantell, Dr., 336
Manvers, Earl, 263
Mapother, Dr. E. D., 57
March, Lord, 51
Marcy, Louis, 206
Markham, Sir Clements, 336
  Archbishop, 231
Marlborough, Dukes of, 96, 131, 188, 198, 351
  Duchess, 50
Marochetti, Baron, 296
Marshall, Dr. J., 228, 234
Martin, Baron, 340
  Sir Theodore, 294, 297
  Lady, 294
Martyn, Rev. J. L., 228
Mason, 10, 21, 346
Masquerier, 244
Master, Sir Streynsham, 227
Matthews, Charles, 35, 36, 294, 326
Mauley, Lord de, 103
Maurice, Frederick Dennison, 223, 224, 236
Maurier, George du, 240
Mawson, Bishop, 303, 308
May, Hugh, 2
Maynard, Lord, 27
Mayo, Countess of, 284
Mazarin, Duchess of, 304, 305, 308
McCalmont, Colonel Henry, 95
McCarthy, Justin, 4, 15, 25, 66, 175
McLaren, Charles, M.P., 345, 346
Mead, Dr., 165, 193, 230, 231, 339
Medina, Sir John, 153
Medway, Lord, 289
Mee, Miss, 67
Meehan, J. F., 22
Mellor, Right Hon, J. W., 333
Melville, 296
Mendip, Lord, 64
Merriman, Dr., 302, 304, 314
Meryon, 33
Meux, Richard, 194
Meyer, Henry, 178, 179
Mia'Ville, Andrew, 224
Michaelis, Professor, 7
Micklewaite, Lord, 331
Mildmay, Lord, 78
  Mr., 12
Miles, Samuel, 224
Mill, John Stuart, 311, 312, 346
Millais, Sir John, 6, 208, 279, 297
Miller, Sir John, 8
  J. Lewis, 228, 234
Miller, Joaquin, 253
Milman, Sir William, 227, 334
Milton, 162, 231
Mitton, G. E., 305
Minto, Earl of, 74
Mirabeau, 157
Mitchell, 137
Mitford, Miss, 16, 218, 233
Mohun, Lord, 85, 175, 186
Molesworth, Sir William, 346, 348
Monckton, Lady, 210
  Lionel, 225
  Miss, 117
Monk, Lady, 364
Monkbarns, 64
Monkhouse, Cosmo, 127, 257, 300
Monmouth, Dukes of, 87, 110, 111, 121, 305
Monson, Lord, 30
Montague, Duke of, 125, 229
  Viscount, 86
  Lady Mary Wortley, 14, 16, 50, 66, 70
  Wortley, 50
  Basil, 244
  George, 116
  Matthew, 274
  Mrs., 66, 138, 263, 271–276
Montalembert, 8
Montgomery, Marquis, 310
  Mr., 255
Montrose, Duke of, 64, 346
  Duchess, 346
Moon, Sir F. Graham, 267
Moore, 5, 26, 54, 76, 120, 268, 281, 295, 334
  Dr., 103
More, Sir Thomas, 194
Morgan, Lady, 53, 349
  Pierpont, 35
Morison, Dr., 290
Morland, George, 103, 276
Morley, John, 223, 284
Morpeth, Lord, 114
Morris, William, 179, 180, 181, 234, 235, 25 291, 313
Morton, 125
Moss, Miss, 303
Mountfort, 175, 186
Mowbray, 169
Müller, 164
Munro, Sir William, 208, 253
Munsden, 35
Murchiston, Sir Richard, 344
  Roderick, 318
Murray, Sir George, 343
  John, 14, 74, 247
  Robert, 365
Myddelton, Sir Hugh, 367
Myers, 22, 170
Mylne, W. C., 368

NAPIER, Lord, of Magdala, 340
Napoleon, 19, 198, 270
Nares, Archbishop, 311
Naumann, J. C., 208
Neeld, Joseph, M.P., 34
Neish, Mrs., 298
Nelson, Lord, 31, 54, 263, 266, 351
  Robert, 167, 227, 233, 234
Nerinck, Rev. J., 260, 261
Neville, Lady Dorothy, 23
Newborough, Lady, 83
Newbury, 393
Newcastle, Dukes of, 15, 42, 61, 147, 262, 263
Newlands, Lord, 41
Newport, Lord, 143
Newson, Rev. G. E., 245
Newton, Lord, 343
  Sir Isaac, 165, 386
  Bishop, 27, 142, 326
  Rev. John, 387
Nicholl, Sir John, 216
Nicholls, Sutton, 43, 104, 110
  Dr., 206, 230, 361
Nicol, 163
Nicolas, Sir Nicholas, 247
Nightingale, 58
Noble, 118, 154
Nollekens, 51, 52, 53, 111, 112, 113, 138, 199
Noorthouck, 108, 170, 172, 187, 212, 213, 227, 228, 369, 371
Norfolk, Dukes of, 25, 84, 85, 87, 92, 97, 101, 148
North, Dudley, 27
North, Lord, 27, 28, 30, 44, 153, 331, 377, 379
  Sir John, 377
Northampton, Lord, 191, 366, 388
  Countess of, 103
Northcote, 32, 137, 159, 160, 161
Northumberland, Duke of, 96
  Duchess, 117
  Earl, 144, 146, 191
Norwich, Bishop of, 331
Nottingham, Lord, 67, 114, 191

OATES, Titus, 105
O'Brien, Lady Catherine, 89, 90
  Captain, 70
Ogilby, 2
O'Grady, Hon. Mrs., 206
O'Keefe, 105, 123
"Old Q.," 119
O'Leary, Father, 127
Oliphant, Mrs., 131
Oliver, William, 208
Ommaney, E., 194
Onslow, Lord, 114
  Right Hon. Arthur, 125
  George, 125
  Speaker, 46, 119, 153
Opie, 253
Ord, Craven, 194
  William, M.P., 101
Orford, Lord, 10, 58
Orme, 320
Ormond, Duke of, 86, 93, 191
Orrery, Lord, 358
Orrock, James, 210
Osborn, Emily D., 19
Osborne, George, 226
Osnaburgh, Bishop of, 258
Ossory, Earl of, 88, 97, 101
  Lady, 10
Ossulston, Lord, 103
Otto, 269
Oughton, Sir Adolphus, 64
Ouless, W. W., 279
Owen, Sir Richard, 163
Oxford, Earls of, 83, 88, 90, 95, 364

PACKER, 170
Paget, Lord, 191
Pakington, Sir John, 340
Paley, Dr., 195
Palice, 127
Palladio, 2
Palmer, 371
  Miss, 162
Palmerston, Lord, 66, 67, 88, 283
Panini, 7
Panizzi, Sir Anthony, 199
Panton Colonel Thomas, 105
Papendiek, George, 9
  Henry, 9
  Mrs., 9
Park, 191
  Sir James Allen, 207
Parker, 94
Parkinson, James, 208, 263, 276, 278
Parnell, 103
Parr, Dr., 231
Parry, Sir Charles H., 315
  Catherine, 214
Parsons, Dr. James, 178
Pass, Simon, 155
Passevant, 256
Pater, Walter, 301
Pattison, Justice, 207
Paulet, Charles (Duke of Bolton), 214
  Sir W., 287
Payn, James, 235
Peabody, George, 341
Peake, 123
Pearpoint, Lady, 57
Pearson, 182, 281
Peck, G. Harland, 343
Peel, Sir Robert, 49, 275
Pegge, S., 108

Pembroke, Earl, 92, 95, 96
  Countess, 36
Pennant, 60, 61, 108, 109, 130, 147, 151, 152, 172, 189, 290, 327
  Colonel Douglas, 345, 364, 380, 382
Pepper, General, 64
Pepperell, Sir William, 267
Pepys, 82, 101, 109, 145, 146, 184, 333, 365, 377, 381
Perceval, Spencer, 264
Percy, 38
Perreau, Daniel, 135
  Robert, 135
Perry, James, 239
Peter the Great, 151
Peterborough, Lord, 132, 133, 385
  Lady, 132
Peto, Sir Morton, 259
Petre, Hon. Edward, 36
  Hon. Robert, 40
  Lord, 136, 263
  Lady, 136, 263
Petty, Sir William, 6
Phillips, Ambrose, 72, 73, 100
  Sir Richard, 77, 117, 127
Phipps, General, 17
Pickering, Sir Gilbert, 57
Pickersgill, 124
Pierrepoint, Lord Peterborough, 114
  Mr., 78
Pigot, 114
Pike, J. F., 208
Pilcher, 110
Pilkington, 55, 233
  Mrs., 69
"Pindar, Peter" (Dr. Walcot), 120, 255
Pink, 374, 375, 376, 378, 379, 389
Pinkerton, Miss, 273, 356
Piozzi, 76
  Mrs., 76, 357
Pirrie, Rt. Hon. W. J., 343
Pitt, William, Earl of Chatham, 8, 36, 78, 79 94, 95, 134
  Governor, 306
  Hon. Mrs., 306
Planché, 241, 269, 340
Pocock, Samuel, 134, 391
Pole, Chandos, 366
Pollard, 39, 79, 140
Polidori, 337
Pollock, Sir Frederick, 277, 278
Pomfret, Earl of, 64
  Lady, 14, 263
Pontefract, Lord, 64
Pope, 6 19, 24, 35, 46, 50, 72, 73, 96, 133, 154, 192, 231, 232, 374
Porter, David, 276, 278
  Mrs. Lucy, 358
Porter, Miss, 246
  Lucy, 357
Portland, Dukes of, 9, 40, 41, 44, 45, 84, 97, 128, 129
Portman, Lord, 262, 268
  Seymour, 147
Portmore, Earl of, 57, 102
Portsmouth, Earl of, 18
  Duchess of, 90
Postlethwaite, J., 325
Pott, Perceval, 69
Potter, Rev. J., 311
Poulett, Earl, 131
Poussin, 44
Power-Cobbe, Frances, 298
Powis, Earl of, 12, 13, 14
Poynter, Sir Edward, 313
Poyntz, 132
Pratt, William, 224
Prestwick, Sir John, 173
Price, John, 46
Priestley, Dr., 5
Prince Albert, 296
  of Brunswick, 150
  Edward, 150, 370
  Eugene, 94, 131, 146, 147
  Frederick William, 150, 151
  George, Esq., 289
  Regent, 11, 72, 100, 204, 248, 281, 282, 292
Princes of Wales, 9, 18, 48, 50, 119, 137, 147, 150, 215, 236, 368
Princess Amelia, 14, 21, 47, 48
  Anne, 2
  Augusta, 149, 150
  Christian, 236
  Emily, 14
  Sophia, 122
  of Wales, 136, 149, 150, 309, 368
Prior, 70, 165
Proctor, Adelaide Ann, 209
  B. W. ("Barry Cornwall"), 209, 223, 244
Prothero, G. W., 208
Prujean, Sir Francis, 390
Pusey, Dr. E. B., 34, 35
Pulteney, 148, 273
Purbeck, Lord, 83, 87, 99

QUAIN, Sir Jonas, 57
  Sir Richard, 57
Queen Anne, 58, 65, 88, 131, 154, 193, 212, 226, 280, 302, 303, 326, 330
  Caroline, 66, 90, 100, 165, 221, 306, 340
  Charlotte, 17, 77, 137, 215
  Elizabeth, 142, 334, 364
  of Bohemia, 145
  Henrietta Maria, 81
  Mary, 23, 193
  Maria Antoinette, 17

Queen Victoria, 293, 345, 441
Queensberry, Duke of, 92
  "Old Q.," 119
  Duchess, 165
Quick, 35
Quin, Dr., 149, 157
Quincey, de, 123, 138

RACE, Francis, 293
Radcliffe, Dr., 167, 192, 193
Radnor, Earl of, 90, 91
Raggett, George, 102
Raikes, Thomas, 33, 35, 36, 65, 70, 177, 293
  Robert, 35
  Miss Harriet, 33
Ralph, James, 24, 43, 60, 80, 81, 112, 158, 172, 184, 202
Ramsey, Lord de, 343
Ramsey, Allan, 154
Ranelagh, Earl of, 91, 96, 98
Raphael, 185
Ravenat, 154
Ravensworth, Earl of, 97
Rawlinson, John, 224
Ray, 193
Raymond, Lord Justice, 176
Read, Robert, 362
Reay, Miss, 209
Reading, Dr. Cyrus, 395
"Red Lion Mary," 180
Redcliffe, Lord Stratford de, 33
Reed, Sir Robert, 149
Reeve, John, 294
Reeves, 252, 337
Reichstadt, Duc de, 6
Rennie, Sir John, 349
Renshaw, Arthur, 265
Repton, George, 206
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 6, 29, 55, 56, 59, 68, 137, 141, 156, 159-163, 171, 197, 232, 244
  Mr., 358
  Miss, 331
Revett, 156
Ricardo, Francis, 266
  Halsey, 208
Ricci, Marco, 156
  Sebastian, 87
Richard I., 297
  III., 197
Richardson, Sir John, 207
  Jonathan, 65, 231, 232, 233
  Samuel, 357, 361, 362
  Fire-eater, 146
Richelieu, 145
Richmond, Duke of, 89, 90, 115, 343, 346
  Duchess, 98
Ridgley, Dr., 201
Rigby, Miss, 252
Rigby, Dr., 253
Ripperda, 119
Ritchie, Richmond, 333
  Mrs. Thackeray, 295
Rivers, Earl, 306
Robertson, Norman Forbes, 210
Robins, 320
Robinson, Crabb, 124, 179, 206, 207, 222, 244, 256, 257
  Mrs., 16
  Miss, 132
Robson, Richard, 283
  William, 293
Rochester, Lord, 131, 189
Rockingham, Earls of, 27, 30
  Marquis of, 134, 135, 153
Rocque, 39
Rodney, Lord, 68, 69, 106
Rogers, Samuel, 7, 8, 17, 19, 48, 58, 195, 197, 218, 252, 257, 292, 334
Rokeby, Lord, 275
Romer, Mrs., 337
Romilly, Sir Samuel, 217
Romney, Earl of, 93, 99,
  George, 56, 57, 264
Rooper, 244
Roos, Lord, 87, 372
  Lady, 38
Rosalba, 55
Roscius, 200
Rose, Sir Hugh, 20
  George Henry, M.P., 90
Rosebery, Lord, 19
Ross, Sir William, 253
Rossetti, 179, 181, 253, 346
Rosslyn, Earl of, 96, 215
Rotier, James, 176
Roubillac, 231
Rough, Serjeant, 206
Rousseau, Jacques, 125
Roxburgh, Duke of, 64, 97, 100
  Duchess, 263
Rudd, Mrs., 135
Rumford, Count, 67
Rumsey, Colonel, 110, 121
Rundell, Philip, 34
Russell, Lord William, 86, 112, 187, 188
  Lady Rachel, 187, 188
  Hon. Henry, 103
  W. E. H., 337
Rutland, Duke of, 306
  Duchess, 18
  Earl, 373
Rutton, W. L., 198
Rutzen, Sir Albert de, 333

SACHEVEREL, Dr., 176
St. Albans, Duke of, 89, 90, 92, 102, 103

St. Asaph, Lord, 11
  Bishop of, 331
St. Aulaire, Count, 282
St. Evremond, 304, 305
St. John, Dr., 165
  Miss Florence, 209
St. Vincent, Earl of, 311
Sandleir, John, 317
Salisbury, Earl of, 363
  Marquis of, 70
  Bishop of, 122, 359
Sampson, Miss, 181
Sandford, 36
Sandon, Lord, 40
Sandwich, Lord, 134, 209
Sandwith, F. L., 57
Sant, J., 125
Sartorius, 55
Sassoon, Reuben, 343
Saussure, De, 316
Savage, Richard, 105, 375
Savile, Sir George, 150, 151
  Henry (Lord Eland), 84
  Sir William, 151
  Lady Ann, 151
Sevonyans, 199
Scarborough, Earl of, 148, 263
Scarlock, Mrs., 308
Schwen, Thomas, 91
Schomberg, Duke of, 90
  Meinhardt de (Duke of Leinster), 89
Schuster, Lady Isabella, 59
Scotin, 154
Scott, Sir Gilbert, 392
  Sir Walter, 12, 200
  Sir William, 203
  Hon. John, 203, 270
  Captain. 331
Scriven, 26
Scrope, 344
Scurlock, Mrs., 308
Sebastiani, General, 282
Sedley, Sir Charles, 189
  Amelia, ix,
Sefton, Lord, 70
  Earl of, 345
Sejanus, 221
Sellars, 175
Selwyn, George, 30, 51, 96, 138, 196, 282
  Mrs., 148
Senescino, 133
Senior, Nassau, 315
  North, 179
Serenius, Dr., 372
Seward, 273
Seymour, Lord Hugh, 11
  Lady Horatia, 11
  Mary, 11
Shackleton, 151
Shadwell, 109, 359, 381
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 34, 279, 343
  Countess of, 34
Shakespeare, 142, 171
Sharpe, 318
Shaw, Edward, 88, 103
Shee, Sir Martin Archer, 57
  Mr., 52
Sheffield, Sir Charles, 95
  Sir John, 95
Shelburne, Earl of, 3, 4, 5, 7
  Lady, 4, 10
Sheldon, Mr., 64
Shelley, 395
  Timothy, 178
  Lady, 19
  Mrs., 336, 337
Shepherd, Rev. G., 224
  Samuel, 351, 353
Sheridan, R. B., 35, 36, 50, 51, 52, 211, 282, 292, 339, 376
  Tom, 35
  Mrs., 6
Short, Rev. W., 228
Shovel, Sir Cloudesley, 119
Shrewsbury, Duke of, 88, 89, 90, 131, 364
Sibthorpe, Colonel, 441
Sichel, 264
Siddons, Mrs., 68
Sidmouth, Lord, 37
Sidney, Viscount (Earl of Romney), 99
  Rev. Edwin, 345
  Henry, 146
Simon, John, 315
Simons, 25
Simonini, 185
Simpson, Sir James, 340
Sims, 245
Skeffington, Sir Lumley, 126
Sligo, Marquis of, 336
Sloane, Sir Hans, 193, 194
  Dr., 165, 339
  Stanley family, 353
Smart, Sir George, 208
Smiles, 74
Smith, Albert, 134
  "Bosun," 368
  Henry, 326
  Horace, 221, 395
  Sir James, 326
  Sir J. E., 120, 121
  Mr. J. E., 325, 326, 327, 328, 329
  J. T., 26, 51, 53, 111, 113, 124, 153, 154, 156, 170, 330
  Judge Lumley, 288
  Rev. R. Payne, 314
  Sir Sidney, 106

Smith, Sydney, 71, 78, 79, 217, 268, 292, 339
  Thomas Assheton, 263, 265 ; also 57, 112, 194, 198, 199, 216, 218, 219, 231, 246, 330
  Mrs., 118
Smithers, 38
Smyley, Judge, 333
Sneyd, Ralph, 289
Somers, Lord, 102, 153
Somerset, Dukes of, 29, 41, 382
  Duchess of, 27
Somerville, 154
  Mrs., 75, 76
Sommers, Lord, 58
Sondes, Lord, 20, 30, 102
Sorbière, 6, 185
Sotheby, Admiral, 348
Southampton, Earl of, 187
Southey, 275
Southwell, Lord, 358
Spagnoletti, Paul, 293
Spanheim, 102
Spencer, Sir John, 393
  Sir Robert, 20
  Herbert, 21
  Mr., 145
Spielmann, 283
Stacpoole, Duc de, 289
Staël, Madame de, 8
Stafford, Lord, 107
Stamford, Earl of, 110, 121
Stanfield, 223, 241
Stanhope, Philip (Earl of Chesterfield), 85, 191
  Lord, 38, 100
  Lady, 117
  Mrs. Eugenia, 136
Stanley, Hans Sloane, 288
Staremberg Count, 64
Stawell, Lord, 129
Steele, Richard, 192, 276, 302, 307, 308
Stephens, Kitty
Stephenson, Robert, 318
Stewart, General, 64
Stirling, Sir William, 264
  John, 280, 320
Sterne, 161
Stevenson, 235, 236
Steyne, Marquis of, 45
Stewart, General, 64
  Sir Michael, 345
Stillingfleet, 273
Stone, Frank, 240
Stonehouse, Dr., 192
Storer, Anthony, 31, 138
Storrs, Rev. Prebendary, 342
Story, Abraham, 89
Stothard, Thomas, 388
Stow, 23, 152, 173, 364, 375
Stowell, Lord, 106, 203
Strachan, Admiral Sir Richard, 278
Stracey, J. H., 278
  Mrs., 254
Strafford, Earl of, 89, 153
  Countess of, 84
Strahan, 162
Strathcona, Lord, 40
Strathnairn, Lord, 20
Strickland, Miss, 83, 147
  Mr., 182
Strode, Lieutenant-General William, 58, 59
Strype, 62, 65, 105, 110, 128, 130, 184, 364, 366, 384
Stuart, Lady Augusta, 117
  James, 156, 271
  Stubbs, 55
Stukeley, Dr., 228
Sturt, Andrew, 325
Stutfield, A. R. O., viii, 202
Suffield, Lord, 284
Suffolk, Earl of, 99
  Lady, 306
Sumner (Bishop of Winchester), 102
Sunderland, Earl of, 84, 96, 188
  Lady, 144, 146
Surtees, 205
Sutton, Sir Richard, 64
  Thomas, 372
Swan, 181
Swedenborg, 249, 371
Swift, 63, 72, 131, 133, 154, 165, 166, 229 230, 307
Swire, Dr., 204
Sydenham, Dr., 154
Sydney, Earl, 40
  Viscount, 106
  Algernon, 121

TALBOT, Lord, 12
  Lord Gilbert, 364
  Major-General Sir Reginald, 284
  John, 84, 85
Talfourd, Sir T. N., 207, 220
Tallard, Count, 94
Talleyrand, 70, 71, 281, 310
Tankard, 175
Tankerville, Earl of, 87
Tarring, John, 351
Tassie, James, 156, 157
  William, 156, 157
Tavistock, Lady, 156
Taylor, " Demosthenes," 231
  John, 11
  Tom, 87, 142, 143, 144, 147, 155, 157, 158, 161, 163, 167, 169, 185, 218
  Watson, 49
Teignmouth, Lord, 263, 345

Temple, Sir Richard, 73
Tennant, Sir Charles, 40, 41
Tennyson, 286
Tenterden, Lord, 220, 221, 224
Terrick, Bishop, 86
Thackeray, 45, 191, 241, 295, 296, 297, 338
  Miss, 268
Thanet, Countess of, 27, 89
Thesiger, Sir Frederick, 340
Thiers, 7
Thirlwall, Bishop, 22
Thistlewood, Arthur, 37, 38
Thomas, J., 327
Thoms, 325
Thomson, Baron, 207
  James, 149, 154, 332
Thoresby, Ralph, 122, 166, 247, 386
Thornbury, 363, 393
Thornhill, Sir James, 154, 185
Thornton, General, 271
  Samuel, M.P., 103
Thorwaldsen, 16, 240
Thrale, Henry, 29, 244
  Mrs., 29
Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, 100
Thynne, Thomas, 73
  Lady Mary, 72
Tickell, 326
Ticknor, 285, 337
Tilley, Sir John, 333
Tillotson, Dr., 187
Timbs, 6, 44, 52, 58, 115, 126, 130, 137, 155, 166, 187, 209, 216, 232, 243, 258, 265, 339, 362, 363, 378, 385, 386, 388
Tindal, Sir Nicholas, 207
Titchfield, Countess of, 284
Tite, Sir William, 248, 348
Tissot, 346
Tocqueville, de, 338
Todhardy, 22
Tollemache, Lord, 95
Tomline, 8
Took, William, 223
Tooley, Arthur, 227
Toplady, 328
Torriano, Major, 314
Torrington, Earl of, 98
  Viscount, 98
Towers, Dr. Joseph, 376
Townshend, Lord, 106, 377
Towny, Miss, 194
Travers, Samuel, 104
Tree, Miss, 223
Trench, 224
Trevithick, 243
Trevor, Sir John, 289
  Lord Chief Justice, 195
Tritton, Sir Charles, 288
Trollope, Anthony, 277
  George, 325
Trotter, John, 128
Truro, Lord, 340
Tulloch, Colonel, 341
Turner, 127
  Sharon, 178
Twain, Mark, 351
Tweeddale, Marquis of, 85, 345
Twiss, 202, 203, 205
Tyrconnel, Lady, 66
Tyler, Dr., J. E., 208
  Wat, 375
Tylney, Earl of, 119

UNDERHILL, 360
Unwin, 360

VALENTIA, Lord, 289
Vanbrugh, 326
Vandyck, 137
Vanneck, Sir Joshua, 40
Van Nost, 39, 170
Veitch, Dr., 311
Velasquez, 6
Velasyse, William, 57
Vere, Aubrey de, 286
Verelst, Henry, 94
Vernon, Admiral, 331
  Mrs., 136
Vesey, Mrs., 273
Villiers, Edward (Earl of Jersey), 84
Vincent, Sir Howard, 40, 41
  Dr. William, 325
Vining, James, 292
Vioyse, 57
Vivian, Colonel Ralph, 40, 41
  W. Graham, 343, 344
Vivre, Mrs., 20
Vœux, Sir William, 289
Voltaire, 384, 385
Vosey, Mrs., 300
Vuillamy, 245, 322

WADDILOVE, Edward, 278
Wakley, Thomas, 208
Walcot, Dr. ("Peter Pindar"), 120, 255
Walcot, Rev. Mackenzie, 290
Walcott, 326, 328, 331
Waldegrave, Earl of, 29, 279
  Lady, 10, 11, 116, 162
Walderen, Count, 100
Wales, Princes of, 9, 18, 48, 50, 119, 137, 147, 150, 215, 236, 368
  Princesses of, 136, 149, 150, 306, 368
Walford, 31, 56, 67, 68, 78, 122, 178, 191, 195, 214, 225, 228, 242, 245, 248, 252, 281, 291, 295, 321, 325, 332, 351, 395

Walker, Charles, 314
Walker, Rev. John, 332
  Mr., 59, 60
Wall, C. B., 14
Wallace, Sir Richard, 282, 283
  Lady, 282, 283
  Mr., 43
Waller, Edmund, 72
  Lewis, 280
Walpole, Horace, 3, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 21, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 44, 47, 50, 55, 66, 70, 74, 91, 94, 103, 106, 112, 113, 116, 120, 125, 136, 147, 148, 149, 151, 170, 176, 185, 186, 197, 231, 232, 256, 271, 272, 273, 370, 373
  Sir Robert, 3, 149
  S. H., 341
Walrond, Lieutenant-Colonel, 288
Walsingham, Lady, 25
Walter, John, 222, 225
Walters, Lucy, 110
Warburton, Bishop, 27
Ward, W. B., 371
Wardle, Colonel, 363
  Mr., 235
Ware, Isaac, 198
Warner, 196
Warr, Lord de la, 27
Warren, 348
Warrender, John, 36
Warton, Dr. Joseph, 72, 232
  Mr., 125
  Madame, 167
Warwick, Earls of, 86, 169, 331
  Countess of, 83, 85, 306, 307
Washington, Rev. Henry, 333
Watson, 30
  General, 37
Watts, G. F., 346
Webb, Sir Thomas, 87
  Major-General, 139
  John, 373
Webb-Peploe, Rev. Prebendary, 297
Wedderburn, 215
Wedgwood, Josiah, 93
Welldon, Mrs. Georgina, 239
Wellesley, Marquis of, 100
Wellington, Duke of, 17, 19, 198, 351
Wenman, Lady, 58
Wesley, 382
West, Sir Algernon, 268, 342, 346
Westmacott, 201, 225
Westminster, Dean of, 182
  Duke of, 236, 332, 336, 339, 347
Westmorland, Earl of, 19, 20
  Lady, 267
Weymouth, Viscount, 98
Whalley, Sir Samuel, 49
Wharton, 73, 78, 187
Whastre, 334
Whately, Archbishop, 311
Wheatley, 2, 3, 12, 18, 21, 60, 92, 105, 143, 151, 156, 205, 245, 288, 360, 364
Whiffen, 216, 280
White, 223
Whitelocke, Bulstrode, 359, 360, 373
Whiteside, 349
Whitfield, 382
Whitman, Alfred, 270
Whiston, 165
Whistler, 346
Whood, Isaac, 185, 199
Wicklow, Earl of, 59
Wigan, Dr., 384
Wilberforce, Bishop, 102
  William, 289
Wilbraham, Sir Roger, 375
Wilcox, Edward, 45
Wilkes, John, 28, 29, 40, 74, 178, 378
  Israel, 386
Wilkie, 32
Wilkins, W. H., 11, 18, 105, 266
Wilkinson, Rev. G. H., 340, 390
William I., 178
  III., 90, 92, 100, 104, 110, 175, 186, 192, 193, 303
  IV., 202, 258
Williams, Sir George, 224
  Sir John, 96
  Captain, 331
  Gilly, 30
  Helen M., 76
  Mrs., 357, 358
Williamson, Sir Joseph, 90, 102
Wills, General, 63
  Admiral, 288
Willes, Chief Justice, 195, 340
Willmore, J. T., 260
Willoughby, G. P., 207
Wilmot, 310
Wilson, Sir Robert, 54
  Frank, 207
  Godfrey, 281
  Harriet, 290
  Mr., 186, 187
Winchelsea, Earl of, 14, 58
  Lady, 331
Winchester, Marquis of, 54
  Bishop of, 102
Windham, William, 134
Windsor, Lord, 229, 331
Wingfield, R. B., 349
Winn, Sir Roland, 95
Winser, 26
Wiseman, Cardinal, 138, 139
Woffington, Peg, 6, 331
Wollaston, William, 94, 120, 374

Wolseley, Sir W., 12
Wolstencraft, Mary, 259
Wood, Sir George, 207
  Alderman, 266
Woodburn, 218
Woodcock, Sarah, 213
Woodfall, William, 239, 393
Woodhouse, Richard, 208
Woodhull, 18
Woodville, Elizabeth, 116
Woolner, 179
Wootton, John, 55
Worcester, Marchioness of, 85
Wordsworth, 61, 124, 207, 209, 223, 257
Worsley, 307
Wortley, Lady Mary, 274
Wraxall, 3, 8, 15, 28, 66, 106, 150, 195, 214, 281
Wrayburn, Eugene, 329
Wren, Sir Christopher, 105, 110, 111, 154, 165, 361
Wriothesley, Thomas (Earl of Southampton), 183
  Lady Rachel, 187
Wroth, 397
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, 23, 75, 377
Wyche, Sir Cyril, 82, 83, 92, 95
Wyck, John Van, 55
Wyld, 170
Wyndham, Hon. Percy, 40, 346
Wynn, Sir Watkin Williams, 83, 101, 102

YARMOUTH, Lord, 129
  Countess of, 87, 95
Yates, Edmund, 57, 224, 294
  Frederick, 224, 294
  Thomas, 224
York, Archbishop of, 38, 345
  Dukes of, 66, 83, 92, 151, 187, 215, 258, 363, 365
Yorke, Charles, 195
  Henry Redhead, 441
Young, Dr., 154, 362
  Thomas, 302
Yoxall, J. H., M.P., 216

ZIMMERMANN, Miss Agnes, 266
Zon, his Excellency Mr., 125
Zuccarelli, 125
Zucchi, 14, 83, 137

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